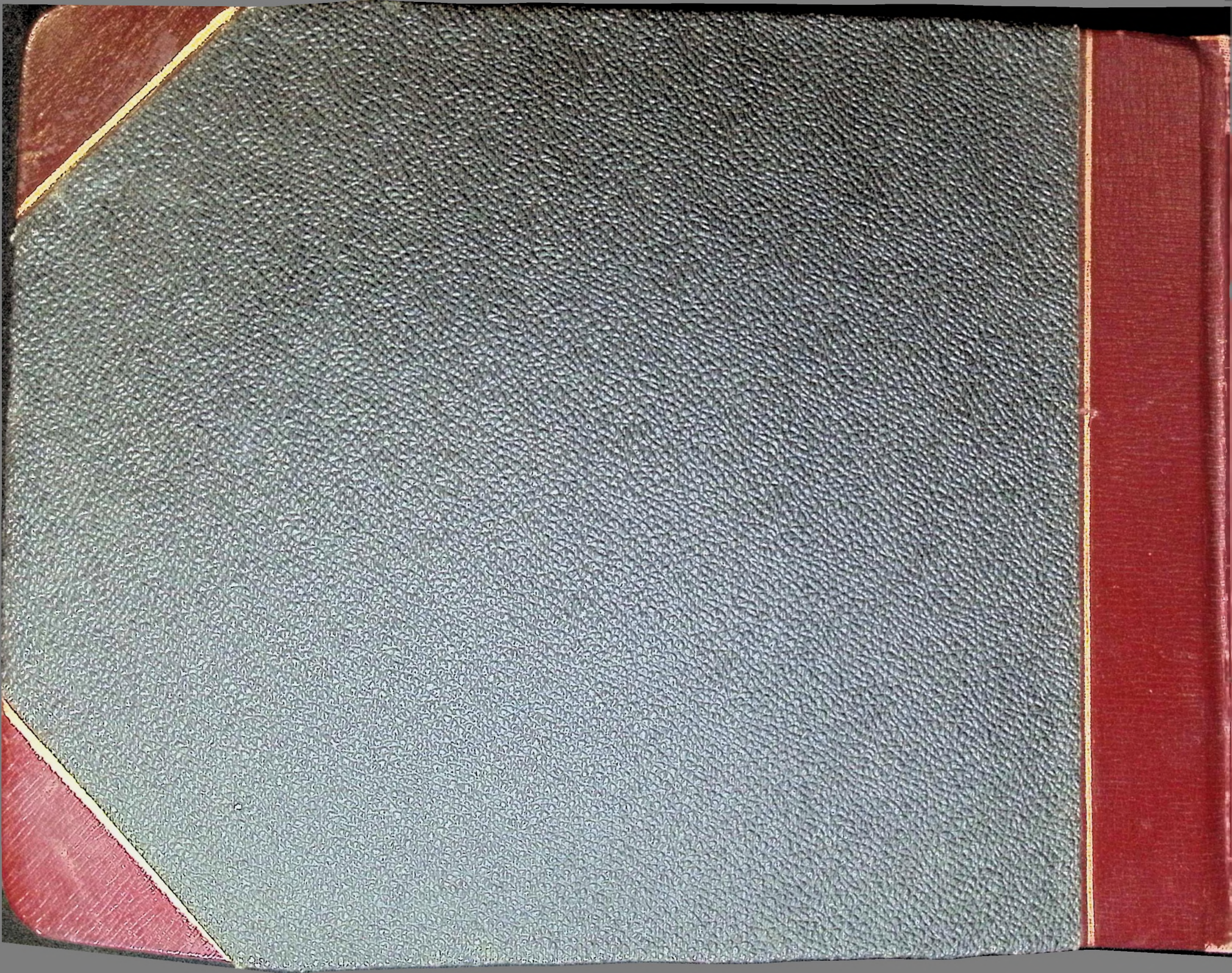

Standard Blank Book

No. 42

Records with Margin Line

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THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

The first, last and only broom factory in Saco as far as can be learned was located in the building at the corner of Free and Main streets, Saco, built in 1823, and now occupied by Ralph H. Merrow, the grocer. This was many years ago and few people questioned today remember much about the factory. They recalled that a man named Wood came here from Boston, hired the building and engaged in the manufacture of brooms. How extensive a business he did is not known, but, according to an old resident of Saco, not many hands were employed. After Mr. Wood came here, he married a woman named Cole, and some wag at the time suggested that they engaged in the wood and coal business. After a while, Mr. Wood closed his broom factory and returned to Boston with his wife.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS — March 20 '31

Inasmuch as Saco is to celebrate the 300th anniversary of its settlement it will be interesting to know that in 1630, the same year in which the grants of this city and Saco were made, the Plymouth Council issued the so-called "Plough Patent." The boundaries of the patent were Cape Elizabeth on the east and Cape Porpoise on the west. It thus included the districts granted on the Saco river. The holder of the "Plough Patent" came over from England in the vessel Plough whence the name of the grant, but the place did not please them so they sailed away and did not molest the settlers at the mouth of the Saco river. The patent was practically forfeited by not being taken up and was apparently forgotten until it became an instrument of mis-

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

Folks of this generation who use exquisitely scented soap for their bath, and laundry soap chips, flakes, or powdered soap for dainty lingerie and sheer silk hosiery, would turn up their nose in disgust if obliged to use soft soap, the same as their great-grandmother or great-great-grandmothers did half or three-quarters a century ago. In the days before hard soap was known housewives saved their wood ashes and soap grease and exchanged it for soft soap, when the soap makers came along. Little coal was used in those days, everyone burning wood, the ashes being saved for the soap manufacturers.

James Cummings, James Buck and another man whose name John Buck, Father of James, does not recall, were the manufacturers of soft soap years and years ago. Mr. Buck, whose soap factory was on Market street, near the end of the bridge, kept two teams collecting wood ashes and soap grease paying for the same in soft soap. He supplied the York, Laconia and Pepperell boarding houses with soft soap and in 1870 extended his business to Old Orchard Beach, where he sold soap to the hotels and cottagers. The soap business was one of many angles. Mr. Buck collected waste, or swill as it was called, at all the corporation boarding houses in the two cities, giving soap in return. At that time he kept from 50 to 75 hogs, and the swill he fed to them. After extracting the lye from the wood ashes, he sold the ashes to the farmers for fertilizing purposes. The meat scraps collected by Buck were tried out for the grease, and the bones buried in the wood ashes, which ate up the bones. The combination of ashes and bones made a rich dressing for grass land, and was much sought after by the agriculturists. Later a number of French-speaking residents of the two

there were at least a dozen in business with the result that competition became so keen that the profits were small, and Mr. Buck closed his factory and devoted his entire attention to farming. James Cummings, who was well-known in those days, had a good sized soap factory in Saco, and did a flourishing business. A story is told by Joseph Swett about one of the small soap makers, who went to the carriage factory of Theodore Stone, at the corner of Elm and Pleasant streets, to have a wheel of his soap cart repaired. He paid for the job in soft soap. Later he called at the factory of Mr. Stone and complained the wheel was all gone, whereupon Mr. Stone, who was quick-witted and something of a wag answered "And so has the soft soft soap I got of you."

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS — March 26 '31

How many have knowledge that Andrew Alger; his brother, Arthur Alger, and two companions were slain by Indians at Black Point, two days after the burning of Saco, Sept. 20, 1675? They came from Dunster Parish in England in 1650 and purchased of the Redskins 1,000 acres of land in what is now Scarboro. Andrew had no children, and John, son of Lieut. Arthur Alger, inherited the whole estate, which he transmitted to five daughters, one of whom married John Milliken of Boston, who in 1727, purchased the interests of the other heirs, established his claim, and settled with his family on the estate. The numerous families of Millikens hereabouts descended from this John. Dunstan, a local name for a part of Scarboro, is a corruption of Dunster, from which came the Algers, who were the first English settlers in that part of Scarboro. The Algers were exploring when shot down by the savages.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

Who can remember when there was a small wooden building in York square in Saco on the opposite side of the street leading from the billboard to the home of Agent Howard R. Whitehead of the Pepperell Mfg. Co.? This building must have stood near the site of the tower of the Cumberland County Power & Light Co. Later this structure was moved to the corner of Elm and Market streets this city and is now a candy and cigar store. While there are many who contend that there never was a building in York square, opposite where the Pepperell billboard is now located, the late Horace S. Hall, for many years superintendent, remembered this building, and when it was moved to its present site in Biddeford. Joseph Swett recollects this small wooden building, and says it was occupied by Capt. Languard, a photographer. There was no water in the building, and Mr. Swett lugged water for the photographer from the York block, back of the Boston & Maine station. These blocks owned by the corporation and occupied by workers in the York cloth mills were torn down some years ago. As a reward for service rendered the photographer took a tintype picture of Mr. Swett, who at that time was a lad of 10 years. This was the first and last picture Mr. Swett ever had taken. Mr. Swett does not remember when the photographer retired from business, but recalls that he wore a silk hat and dressed like a dandy.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

The Old Settler has received an anonymous communication from an Augusta man who admits that he is no spring chicken, being 79 years of age the 26th of this month, and still able to hold his own with any old-timer in Saco or Biddeford. This unknown, who says he was born on the Pool road in this city, complains that the history of the island as published in the Journal was incomplete, but admitted that the stories of the island were O. K. as far as they went but they did not go far enough. He writes that he can distinctly remember when there were some 30 different stores on the island, and also some rum shops. He did not go into detail, however, regarding the number of saloons or where they were located.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

A clipping from the Journal which found its way to the Old Settler's desk recently gives a report of one of the first meetings of the York Loan & Building association. George R. Andrews, member of the grocery firm of Andrews & Horigan, presided. He had been elected president at a previous meeting. D. B. Ricker of Portland, secretary of the Casco Loan & Building association, gave an admirable explanation of the work of such an organization. Following his address the association loaned $1,400 at auction, the premiums being $1 per share per month. E. E. Sherman, station agent, for the Boston & Maine at the Eastern division station in this city, took $400 on these terms and Philias Gendron, $1,000. President Andrews nominated as a finance committee, S. C. Hamilton, Jr., Royal E. Gould and Charles E. Atwood, James A. Strout, Dr. Frank S. Warren and John Berry, druggist, was elected security committee.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

In response to the query of a Journal reader for facts about Gee Hill, an old resident of Saco, James W. Smith of Portland, formerly of Saco, gives the following interesting information regarding the old-timer:

When I was a boy 10 years of age, Gee Hill lived in a house at the corner of Front and Wharf streets and had a fishmarket in a room in the back part of the building where W. J. Vinton formerly made and sold cigars. At that time a walk was built to go to the fishmarket and Elder Fernald's furniture store beyond the fish market on the outside of the building. At that time customers could buy a nice haddock for 5 cents and a good sized lobster for 10 cents. Carpenters were paid $2 a day of 11 hours. After many years Mr. Hill moved to the Captain Morrell place on High street, next to my former home, 87 High street, and he, his son and daughter died there.

A Saco man asked the Old Settler for information regarding the Saco & Boston Steamboat company, incorporated in 1867 and operated between those two cities and referred to as the packet. Can any reader give the facts regarding the company?

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

Brandy, wine and rum were considered indispensable on all occasions late in 1600. The launching of a vessel or the raising of a building were attended by men and women for miles around. The workers and on-lookers were "cheered" with brandy and rum, and it was considered a breach of etiquette not to treat the women with wine. At a launching in Saco in 1696, a barrel of rum and a cask of wine were s
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the liquid refreshments consisted of a barrel of beer, two gallons of rum, a quarts of brandy. Br gratulations were drinking to the healt newly-weds, and at the sighs of the berea the tears of symp friends were mingle the departed, while together a glass of sp uor.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

Inasmuch as the Old Settler has been taken to task for stating that Lewis Durgin kept a small store in a little building which hung over the bridge near York Institute building further inquiry was made although the information was furnished by Saco citizens who have an intimate knowledge of the doings in Saco in the early 70's. It was claimed by those who disputed the story that it was Hodgdon, and not Lewis Durgin, who was engaged in trade in the diminutive bridge store. There was a Lewis Hodgdon, however, who kept a store on Factory Island and a Lewis Durgin, who sold peanuts, candy, etc., in a little shanty on the bridge. He was called "Lame" Durgin, and used a chair as a cane. Later "Lame" Durgin was engaged in the same business in a little store at the corner of Mill and Main streets, where the Deering block now stands. At that time there was a small wooden business block on the site. The Old Settler's informant says he knew "Lame" Durgin. There was also a man named Enoch Durgin, who kept a small store in York Square. He was called "Cow" Durgin. But Joseph A. Swett insists that "Lame" Durgin kept a store on the bridge, being located on the island until the Boston & Maine was extended through to Portland in the early 70's.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

Speaking of school books of other days, an old-timer says that one of the oldest books he ever saw was "The Improvement of the Mind," by Isaac Watts, D. D., published in 1822, and "Intellectual arithmetic upon the Inductive Methods of Instruction," printed in Boston, in 1828, by Warren Coburn, A. M. The title of the book written by Roswell C. Smith and published in Boston, in 1831, bore the title "Practical and Mental Arithmetic on a New Plan, in which Mental Arithmetic Is Combined with the Use of the Slate." Fifty years ago slates were used in the public schools instead of paper, and all the problems in arithmetic were figured on the slate. A slate and slate pencil could be found in the desk of every pupil in the schools. These slates were dropping on the floor every little while, making a racket, and causing the pupils to giggle, and the schoolmaster to look stern and admonish the boy or girl who dropped the slate to be more careful. A geography, with maps, for beginners was printed in New York in 1847. The population is given as 400,000 and the North America countries are listed as Greenland, Russian-America and British America at the north; the United States in the middle, and Texas, Mexico, Guatemala in the south. The Union then contained 26 states.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

The old picket fence that formerly enclosed the grounds of nearly every residence not only locally but everywhere is today non-existent except in a few instances where front yards are enclosed with an iron or wooden fence. About the time the automobile began to replace the horse-drawn vehicle fences began to disappear and soon it was only here and there one was seen. These fences were built primarily to mark the owner's premises and keep out the neighbors' children and dogs, and in the old days cows when they were driven home from pasture would frequently wander from the roadway unless the boy who drove them was watchful and would have strayed into the yards, tramping down the flowers. The fences were for the most part painted white and some of them were quite ornamental.

How many people remember Benny McCusick, who for years drove cows from a pasture above the Eastern railroad on North street, Saco, to his home at the corner of Beach and Middle streets, Saco?

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

Inasmuch as the church history will be featured to a considerable extent in the celebration of the 300th anniversary of the settlement of Saco in June, it will be interesting to learn that Rev. Robert Jordan, who came to Saco from the west of England in 1640, and remained until 1675, was imprisoned for baptizing infants. In the fragmentary account of Rev. Richard Gleason and Rev. Mr. Jordan is summed up most of the entire history of the Episcopal church for 100 years. The religious tenet of the Episcopalians, by the action of the court, held in Saco, Sept. 17, 1640, which ordered, "That the Worshipful Thomas Gorges and Edward Godfrey, councillors of the province, shall order all the inhabitants from Piscataqua to Kennebunk, which have any children unbaptized, that as soon as a minister is settled in any of their plantations they bring their children to baptism, and if any shall refuse to submit to the said order, that the party so refusing shall be summoned to answer to a contempt charge at the next General Court to be holden in this province."

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

Mrs. Ellen C. Getchell of West Buxton, reader of the Old Settler's column, sends valuable information about the history of Factory Island. She says that she remembers when Lewis Durgin had a little store on Factory Island that was later moved across the bridge. She had passed the store several times a day for some years.

She says: "Enoch Cow Durgin, whose wife was Roxanna Furling, had a store in the first building on the right as you came up York hill in Saco. He lived over his store. In the next store John Lord, Honest Sam Lord's brother, druggist on Factory Island for years, had a shoe repairing shop. Next in line was the Hodgdon fancy goods store, then came the store of Asa Durrell. Lougee's store and then Mrs. Tapley's and Mrs. Record's. My husband, Charles A. Getchell, was engaged in the dry goods business on the opposite side of the street for years and is well remembered by older residents."

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

During the King Williams war the Saco settlement enjoyed comparative immunity from attacks by the Indians. It is related by a historian that during this war a boy named Robinson discovered Indians about the Scamman house in Saco, and made his escape on horseback. Arriving at Grays Point, he swam the horse to Cow island, where he left him and swam himself to the opposite shore, reaching the fort in safety. He found a few old men and women within. The women garbed themselves in men's clothes and showed themselves about the fortifications, and the Indians did not dare cross the river.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

March 1931

A former resident of New York, who has lived in Saco for some years, when he read the story of the ringing of the bell on Trinity church for fires, hunted up the Old Settler to tell him of the fire alarm system in that city in 1835 or thereabouts. There were sub-watch stations in different parts of New York City where men in cupolas watched out for fires and gave the alarm by ringing the bell. At night they hung out of the window a pole with a lantern on the end pointed in the direction of the blaze. This was done in order that the firemen might know in which direction the fire was.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

In the day of long ago, when William O. Gay was engaged in business in the Hayes block, located near the present site of the York cloth hall in Saco, women had their hats reblocked instead of buying new ones every spring or fall. Mr. Gay, a short, thick man, with smiling face, who was engaged in reblocking hats, was especially busy before Easter. The spring or summer hats of the previous seasons were taken to Mr. Gay, where they were reblocked into an up-to-the-minute shape. Nowadays, most hats are consigned to some closet or attic at the close of the season, where they remain until some day when the housewife has a cleaning-up spell, when she consigns them to the waste can or rubbish barrel. In the old days after Mr. Gay had changed the shape of the hats, they were trimmed with ribbon and flowers. The styles of headgear worn by the fair sex has changed greatly in the past 50 years. Instead of the little brimless, close-fitting hats of today, with scarcely any trimming, they were broad-rimmed with a high crown and covered with flowers, plumes or feathers. They used to say "just look at my Easter bonnet, with a flower garden on it," or something like that."

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

phrase "Shoo fly, don't bother phrase "Shoo, fly don't bother me!" but few are aware of the origin of the expression so common years ago. An old-timer in Saco says that Gen. Benjamin F. Butler was the accredited originator of the expression. Some one was pressing Gen. Butler for attention to something that he regarded as trivial, so he dismissed the incident by saying, in irritation, "Shoo fly, don't bother me!" accompanied by an impatient wave of the hand which was quite characteristic of General Butler. Later in the 70's "Shoo Fly" was written and was sung by Jim Fisk. The song was nonsense, but was popular at the time. Here is one line of the song the Old Settlers informally recalls: "Shoo fly, don't bother me!" "For I belong to Co. G." This was followed by, "I feel like a morning star." Probably few of the Journal readers know that Gen. Butler was the originator of the term. "Contraband," as applied to the southern negro during the War of the Rebellion.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

The sinewy Red Man in full ceremonial panoply, proferring in extended right hand votive tapers of purest Havana, has disappeared from in front of the cigar stores of the two cities. The picturesque cigar store Indians who guarded the portal of the shrines of Lady Nicotine are now resting in some attic or barn chamber or museum. In the old days nearly every tobacco emporium of repute in every city in the country had the figure of an Indian as a sign. Heedless of the boiling summer suns or the frigid blasts of winter he stood in stolid calm, striking awe to the little boys and girls who went down town to buy a stick of candy at a nearby confectionery store. There was an Indian in front of the Fenderson & Cole cigar store in this city, and another at William J. Bradford's tobacco manufactory in Saco. Nowadays cigars are sold as a side line in many stores and a whole tribe of cigar store Indians would be needed if one was placed in front of every store where tobacco is sold.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

In 1822, Thomas G. Thornton, marshal of Maine. gave the Saco academy 10 shares of Saco bank stock. It was in consequence of this gift that the name of Saco academy was changed to Thornton. The Saco academy was incorporated by an act of the general court of Massachusetts, Feb. 16, 1811, an act of that date providing that there be and hereby is established in the town of Saco an academy for the purpose of promoting piety and virtues for the youth, in such languages and in such liberal arts and sciences as the trustees shall order and provide. The school building erected on the common property was opened for instruction Jan. 4, 1813. Of those who entered on that day of course none are alive. The last to die was Mrs. Elizabeth Hartley Greene of Saco. The academy and the powder-house utilized but a small portion of the "common," so-called, and after the burying ground had been enclosed with a fence, built by subscription, it was agreed that the remainder of town and parsonage lands should be rented for pasturing or tillage, the money received therefrom to be paid into the town treasury. This thrifty disposition of the tract remained in force for many years.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

In response to the query Who can remember when there was a small wooden building in York Square? James W. Smith, aged 84, of 68 Illsley street, Portland, employed for many years by the York Mfg. Co., and known by hundreds of people in that city, writes the Old Settler as follows:

"I remember it well. The next building after passing Peter Victor's store was occupied by Mr. Durgin, candy maker, and the little building next beyond was the one in which the photographer did business for a while. He employed a small band of musicians to parade the streets to advertise and for some time did a large business. My mother went to him and he took the first and only picture ever taken of her by an artist. Since that time I had a large one copied from that one, and one of my father from a daguerreotype 90 years old. They are very nice and hang on the wall in our parlor, where I can see them every day. Being dead, they yet speak and say: 'Honor thy father and mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.' That is a true saying. My sister is 82 and I am 84 and both young. We were born in Saco and lived there the best part of our lives."

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

The early history of Factory Island seems to be of much interest to Journal readers, if one can judge by letters received by the Old Settler from people in different parts of New England, who formerly lived in Saco. Mrs. Alice C. Cleaves of Brooklyn, Conn., writes that her husband, a former resident of Saco has been reading the stories regarding Factory Island with interest. He remembers Sargent Ambler, who kept a store on the island in a building on the opposite side of the street from Enoch Durgin's shop. Mr. Ambler wrote a history of his life, which he placed on sale in his little store. Mr. Cleaves also recalls when the Van Amburg circus came to Saco and erected its tents on the site of the Boston & Maine western division station on the island. He attended the circus with his father and mother, who were both old-time residents of Saco.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

Years and years ago there was a carriage factory at the corner of Pleasant and Elm streets in Saco, the site selected months ago by an oil concern for a filling station. The property is now owned by Mrs. Inez Twambley. The carriage factory was located in a two-story wooden structure of the type of half a century or more ago, and on the second floor John B. Motley painted the carriages manufactered, and also carriages that needed repainting. Many Saco people remember Mr. Motley, who, it is understood, lived at one time in a house on the opposite side of the street. Mr. Stone did a thrifty business, as the vehicles he turned out were built on honor, and lasted longer than those turned out on a wholesale scale in Amesbury and other carriage manufacturing centers. Next to the carriage factory on Pleasant street was the blacksmith shop of Thomas Brand. Mr. Brand's shop before the Boston & Maine went through was located on Pepperell square near the tracks of the railroad. When the road was put through he was obliged to get a new location, and moved his business to Pleasant street. On Elm street, next to the carriage factory, was the carriage

METAL CEILINGS—Free estimates. Tel. 1771-W. Wm. J. DeRoberts Co., 89 Hill St.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

...man says that ...r the "sheep ...but May 24, will ...damage to prop... ...ean front be ...-called "sheep ...lly one of the ...ason, according ...an, who was ...the Old Settler ...d of it before. ...n do not set ...until after the "sheep storm," he said, for fear that the pots will be damaged or swept out to sea at that time. If there is a high run of tide about that time, the danger to sea-front property is two-fold. He says that sometimes the storm come a few days before May 24, and sometimes a day or two after. Following the "sheep storm," the owners of summer homes on the sea-front can rest easy until another fall, as there is not much danger of tempestuous gales like the March tempest which did so much damage to property. And, by the way, this man says that he never saw the sea much rougher or the wind tear across Camp Ellis with such force as that night when cottages were swept out to sea, or foundations undermined.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

Factory island was the heart of the mercantile district years ago, whereas today it is the quietest. Many of the stores are vacant, and the York storehouse now occupies the site of the block of the Saco & Biddeford Savings bank. All kinds of business was represented. The American Express office, the Western Union Telegraph office, dry and fancy goods stores, and the boarding houses of the York Mfg. Co. George A. Carter was American express agent for years. In a building, facing York square, a Mrs. Stone and Miss Swett carried on a millinery and dress-making business. Everybody in those days either made their dresses or had them made by a dressmaker. Some of the dressmakers went to the homes of their patrons, being paid so much a day.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

Referring to the story of the time Humphrey Scamman and his family were taken captives and carried to Canada, the Old Settler says he learned from a clipping dated 1842, still prized by a descendant, the story as related by an aged lady, a granddaughter of Samuel, the youngest son of Mr. Scamman. She said that when Samuel was about 10 years old, as his granddaughter had often heard him relate, he was sent one day by his mother with a mug of beer to his father and brother who were at work on a piece of marsh in the neighborhood of the lower ferry. He had not gone far from the house when he discovered a number of Indians at a distance and immediately ran back to inform his mother. He regained the house and wished to fasten the doors and windows, but his mother prevented, saying that the Indians would certainly kill them if he did. They soon came into the house and asked the good woman where her sanap (husband) was. She refused to inform them, when they threatened to carry her off alone, but promised if she would discover where he was, to take them together without harm. She then told them. After destroying much of the furniture in the house, breaking many articles on a flat stone by the door and emptying the feather bed to secure sacks, they went away with the prisoners towards the marsh where they succeeded in capturing Mr. Scamman and his other son. A boy named Robinson, who had been for the team, as he was returning, perceived the savages in season to make his escape. Mounting a horse, with only his garters for a bridle, he rode up to what is now called Gray's point, swam the horse to Cow island, and leaving him there, swam to the opposite shore and reached the fort in safety. He found only a few old men and women in possession of the place. The guns were immediately fired to alarm the soldiers belonging to the fort, who were at work some distance off. The women meantime put on men's clothes, and showed themselves about the fort so that they could be seen by the Indians who had come up to the opposite island. Deceived by this strategy and supposing the fort to be well manned, as they afterwards acknowledged, they did not venture an attack but drew off with a number of prisoners besides Scamman and his family. As the peace took place soon after the prisoners were all restored, having been probably about one year in cantivity. Mr. Scamman, on his return, found his house in precisely the same condition in which it had been left: even the mug of beer, which Samuel placed upon the dresser, was found remaining there. The clipping was credited to Folsom's History of Saco and Biddeford. The mug was still preserved by Joseph S. Moody in 1842. It was a handsome article of brown ware with the name of King William stamped upon it, and its age at that time was about 190 years. The owner of the clipping did not know where the mug was at the present time, but thought that it might be at the York Institute.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

The battered wood-box in the corner of the kitchen or behind the old cook stove in many a kitchen in which wood was burned, has taken a back seat. Every morning it was one of the duties for the children of the household to fill the wood-box before they went to school. Many of the youngsters used to saw the wood after school. After they had done their bit in the wood-shed they could play until dark. They played hare-and-hounds, baseball and other games. Many of the youngsters had to lug water from the old pump back of the house. On Saturdays the boys would often go to the wood-lot, perhaps a mile from the house, where they would help pa load the cord wood on the bob-sleds and ride home on top of the wood. This was considered a great treat. It was all work and little play in those days, but for all that the lads seems as happy as the boys of today, who go to the movies, motor or ride around town on their bicycles. They know nothing about the backaches, resulting from bucking a woodsaw all the afternoon or blisters on the hands produced by the woodsaw.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

In 1700 an effort was made to crush the Quakers. The Husseys and Bunkers and a family by the name of Collins, who came to Biddeford Pool from Nantucket were Quakers. They were excellent, upright people and were much respected in the community, though Parson Fletcher, under whom most of the inhabitants had been reared, was bitterly opposed to the Quakers, and their doctrines. Fletcher was a Puritan. Laws passed by the Puritans in 1700 show the religious intolerance at that period. They were: "Whoever knowingly brings a Quaker into the colony is imprisoned until he pays or brings security for £100, and carries him away again. Whoever conceals a Quaker pays 40c an hour, or lie in prison until he does. Quakers not inhabitants, to be imprisoned and then banished, not to return on pain of death. If vagabond Quakers return after three times, they are to be in the court of correction till the county court brands them with the letter "R" on the left shoulder. If they return after this, to be banished on pain of death."

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

Merchants in the 60's realized the value of advertising as well as proprietors of retail business establishments in this age, and in cities printers' ink was quite extensively used, some of the dealers advertising a la P. T. Barnum style. The phrases and words they used in their ads seem to have had a tremendous "pulling" power. The writers of advertisements knew their business and some of their ads were masterpieces. The Old Settler was handed a clipping today that appeared in a newspaper 60 years ago. It recited that the firm had spared no expense to pick up the latest offerings in the New York markets and continued:

"Not to pile up the agony of western eloquence, we state with great confidence that ladies attired in our new style of fall and winter dress goods will find the effect so rejuvenating that all the cares incident to domestic life will be as blithesome as kisssing the dewdrops from the roses of beauty that bloom in perennial fragrance in the Elysian fields of ecstatic love."

A subsequent issue of the paper reveals that the ad caused a "sell out."

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS

How many Saco people remember the little building, about as big as a gate shanty, that hung over the river on the Cataract bridge, just beyond the York Institute building. Lewis Durgin, who was crippled, sold confectionery in this little shop. He used a high chair for a cane and when he became fatigued on his way to and from his place of business, he would sit down in the chair and rest. His first little shop was where the Boston & Maine gatehouse now stands. When the Boston & Maine went through here in 1873, the company built a shop for the merchant on the other side of the tracks, on the bridge. Here he was in business for some years. Children patronized Mr. Durgin, buying stick candy he kept in glass jars. While his daily receipts were not large, he managed to make a living. Later the little building was moved away.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS

In ye old times, folks washed their eyes in the melted snow of the first snow storm in March.

As an eye-wash, they believed it better than any wash a doctor could prescribe. People whose vision was failing would melt the snow from the first March storm, bottle it and use it as an eye-wash as long as it lasted. Whether or not the snow-water contained any medical qualities, helpful to people with eye trouble, is not known, but those who used nature's wash claimed they received benefit, it is said. There were no opticians in the old days and physicians prescribed for patients afflicted with eye troubles.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS

An old railroad man in Saco today said that the first appearance of a railroad train over the rails of the P. S. & P. R. R. was a source of wonderment to people, and there are a number living in the two cities and at Old Orchard Beach, who can remember when people went to the railroad station or gathered beside the railroad tracks to see the trains go by. The Saco man tells of a character in Portland, called "Gen. Warren," who came to the railroad station in that city to see the train come in. It was said that he once held an office of high rank in the state militia, but later he became demented. He traveled the streets of Portland, arrayed in his regimentals, armed with a long, rusty sword, and carrying a tattered flag. One day, he rushed into the railroad station just as a train was coming in and stepping in front of an incoming train, he waved his flag and gesticulated wildly with his sword. In a loud voice he called upon the train to halt. The engineman thinking there was some obstruction on the track, quickly brought the train to a stop. "Gen. Warren" stood his ground, never saying a word until the engineer stepped down from his cab and inquired the cause of the waving of the flag. "Why," shouted the general in reply, "I have fought and vanquished lions, bears, tigers and men. Do you suppose I'm going to turn back for your old cook stove on trucks?" The good-natured engineer, who realized the man was off balance mentally, gave him a silver dollar. The general stepped aside. Warren was so puffed over his performance and became such a nuisance that it was necessary to place him under restraint.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS

Joseph A. Swett, formerly a patrolman in Saco and one of the best night officers in the years Saco has been a city, remembers when a circus was held on the present site of the Boston & Maine railroad station in Saco, although he did not attend the performance as he did not have the price, neither were any of his relatives guardians of the peace. He afterwards attended a circus in the old Pepperell park. He recalls when the York county fair was held in the park half-a-century ago at least. One fall the outstanding attraction was a pulling match between a snow white stallion, weighing 1,700 lbs., owned by Horace Woodman, who lived in what is now the parochial residence of Most Holy Trinity church, Mr. Woodman being the head of the gas company and later of a water company, and a span of horses owned by Israel Shevenell of this city. The white stallion was the largest horse in York county at the time. The span won for the reason that no breast-plate could be found strong enough to hold the powerful animal. It was impossible to get a collar large enough for the stallion and after breast-plate had been broken when the animal began to exert his great strength, the match went by default to the Biddeford pair.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS

It is said that some wag wrote on the tombstone of John Bonython, who died in 1684: "Here lies Bonython, the Sagamore of Saco; he lived a rogue and died a knave and went to Hobomocko." As late as 1830, the ruined cellar of the outlaw's house, burned by the Indians in 1675, which stood on the easterly side of the Saco river, below the falls, and a quarter of a mile back from the water, might still be seen. It is related that shortly before his death, as if to atone for his misdeeds, he gave the town of Saco 20 acres of upland for the minister. Bonython rebelled against the usurpation of Massachusetts in 1653. He was the son of the patentee. His caustic denunciations smote harshly upon the ears of the claimants and in 1658 he was pronounced "a rebel or common enemy," and a reward of 20 pounds was offered for his capture, dead or alive. This thunderous manifesto seemed to have had the desired effect on the obdurate John for shortly after he took the oath of allegiance and resumed the position of a citizen in good standing. He apparently had no just cause of complaint and acted simply from the promptings of an unruly nature. He had always led a lawless life; had been outlawed by the government of Maine and had acquired by his bravado the sobriquet of "Sagamore of Saco."

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS

The Old Settler was told a story today by an aged resident of Saco, who declares that it is true as gospel, as he got his information from the man who figures as one of the principals in the near-to burglary years ago in a Maine city. The request was made that it be printed in this column so here goes. A young man, who in his younger days trained with a gang of burglars, entered a dwelling at 2 a. m. in quest of loot. He entered the house as quietly as possible, but his boots were not padded and made quite a racket. As he was about to enter one of the rooms, he heard some one moving in bed, as if about to get up, and he paused. The sound of a woman's voice floated to his ears: "If you don't take off your boots when you come into this house," it said, "there's going to be trouble and a whole lot of it. Here it's been raining for three hours, and you dare tramp over my carpets with your old muddy boots on. Go upstairs and take them off." He went downstairs instead. but he didn't take off his boots. Instead he walked out of the house into the dark and still night. His "pal," who was waiting outside, inquired, "Where's the stuff?" "I can't rob that house," the young burglar said, "it reminds me too much of home."

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS

February 26 1931

Perhaps some of the readers of the Old Settlers column do not know that the firm and determined action taken by Gov. John Fairfield of Saco, prevented bloodshed during the so-called Aroostook war. It was a sort of tempest in a teapot, but might have resulted in a conflict that would have ended in serious trouble. The Aroostook war created a lot of talk, and about everyone in the commonwealth was stirred up. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Longley of Greene, wishing to show their appreciation of the governor in averting hostilities, caused to be made a cheese, the biggest, ever seen in the state, which was moulded in the inside of a cart wheel tire, and weighed 380 pounds. The legislature was in session when the cheese arrived at the state house and was presented to the chief executive of the state, with the compliments of Mr. and Mrs. Longley. The cheese was cut up and a slice given to every member of the house and senate as well as attaches at the state sapital. The Longley cheese became almost as famous as the Aroostook war.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS

March 4 '31

The only horse in Saco to have a monument erected over its grave is the snow-white stallion, owned by the late Horace Woodman of that city, a story of which appeared in the Old Settler's column this week. The animal after his death was taken to the Woodman farm on the Buxton road, now owned by William Grant, and buried in a field back of a big barn. The monument of granite erected on the spot was some three feet square, and on the front of the block was cut the name of the horse, "Conquerer." The Saco man, who gave the information, says he remembers the stallion quite well. Conquerer was one of the first, if not the first, Percheron stallion to be brought into Maine. Mr. Woodman paid so much a pound for the stallion, the price being about $1,000. Later the stallion weighed 1,700 pounds. This man says Conquerer was one of the most beautiful animals he ever saw, and the strongest.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS

February 17 '31

At the outbreak of the Indian wars the mill rights on the eastern bank of the Saco river from Gray's point known at an earlier date as Pipe Staves point—because staves for wine casks were cut there—to the Buxton line, together with a large share of the original patent, were owned by Blackman and Walker, two enterprising citizens. During the hostilities, the improvements begun by them were abandoned and Blackman's mill was burned. Blackman's third of the property, moreover, passed out of his hands, and in 1716 it was held by Thomas Goodwill of Boston. In 1716, Samuel Walker, sold his two-thirds to William Pepperell, Jr., and the following year Goodwill disposed of his portion to the same young man. Immediately after these transactions Pepperell sold one-half of the whole tract to Nathaniel Weare of Hampton and Humphrey Scamman, Jr., of Saco. These men in part payment of their shares built a double sawmill on the site of the Blackman mill and a dwelling house for the workmen, one-half of which became Pepperell's.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS

February 4 '31

Moses Quarter, who at the time of his death was the dean of Maine brickmakers, first worked in the brickyard of John Gowen, afterward owned by Marston & Durgin. Quarter worked for 63 years making bricks of clay, before he retired from active service to pass his declining years on a small farm on the Ferry road. A Hobbs machine was first used in making brick in the Saco yard. It was circular in shape. A horse hitched to it went round and round, grinding out the clay. It was a sort of merry-go-round contraption and brick manufacturers today would laugh at it. Quarter made the brick used in the construction of No. 2 Pepperell mill in this city. Wages in a brick yard in the early days were $8 a month, he told the Old Settler a few years before he died. He was not able to bank much but managed to pay his bills, he said. Eggs were from eight to 10 cents a dozen. Meat was cheap, in fact a man could buy a good meal for 15 to 20 cents.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS

March 18 '31

How many members of the Saco Toboggan club, formed about 1880, recall that the total assets of the club when it disbanded at a farewell banquet held at the Falmouth Hotel in Portland, after being in existence a quarter of a century, consisted of a silver dime and one pair of snowshoes. These were the assets turned over into the custody of President R. A. Fairfield, who still has them. The dime is stowed away among the archives at the Fairfield home and the snowshoes are still hanging in his barn. The stipulation was made at the time of the disbandment that Mr. Fairfield was to loan them to any member whenever they desired them. He loaned them a number of times but in recent years there has been no call for them. The toboggan slide was located in the Capt. Hartley field on upper Main street, not far from the site of the Clementine Kendrick Burns school. The club membership was composed of the society people of the city and flourished from the time of its inception. Nearly every night in winter, when the weather was suitable, the slide was swarmed with tobogganists. It was healthy sport, and furthermore everyone seemed to like the outdoor pastime. The members wore picturesque toboggan costumes. Mr. Fairfield made his suit out of a blanket, doing every bit of the cutting and sewing. When the charter members met and discussed the location of the slide, some one suggested the Capt. Hartley field, as being an ideal spot, but a number declared that it would be impossible to get the captain's consent to build the slide on his land. Henry M. Burns volunteered to interview Mr. Hartley and ask him for permission to build on his property. Mr. Burns called at the Hartley home on Main street one day, made known his errand and was surprised when the captain readily gave his consent. Then the money was collected to build the structure, prominent people subscribing quite liberally. The late Annie Bowers was secretary of the club for years and following her death, the books and records were turned over to the custody of Mr. Fairfield, who still has them in his possession. Sumner Cummings, station agent at the Boston & Maine railroad station on the Western division in Saco was the first president. Years after another toboggan slide was erected at Goose Fare, but it was short-lived.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS

February 28, 1931

The Old Settler has been asked to write something about Rev. John Fairfield of Saco. He was a well-balanced and accomplished gentleman. He possessed the rare combination of business ability with the qualifications of clergyman. His church records and family accounts are monuments of accuracy. It was the custom of this method-loving clergyman to preach twice on a Sunday from the same text. The two sermons, neatly written on the diminutive sheets of that time were securely bound in pamphlet fashion by a stout string. Beginning with the first page at the morning service the preacher would discuss the first passage as far as thirdly or thereabouts and then complete the discourse in the afternoon. The improvement which was the practical application of the sermon of the text to the lives of the hearers came at the end and was sometimes pointed and severe. In the middle of the pamphlet were blank pages where the parson made records of the happenings. From them it is learned that the "Psalms of David" were sung in his church. Nov. 8, 1772, he wrote: "Preached all day at Pepperellboro. The measles and chin-cough are prevalent among our children, of which a number have died." Parson Fairfield was an excellent penman. His early sermons were in a very fine hand being scarcely legible to ordinary eyes at customary reading distance. As the pastor increased in years his eyesight failed and he was compelled to increase the size of his letters. This he continued to do year after year, the growth of his penmanship keeping pace with the weakening of his vision until he came to compose in characters that could be read across the room.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS

March 7 '31

The English settlers in Saco lived in peace with the Indians that dwelt on the Saco river for nearly 50 years. There were occasional private feuds, but they were settled without bloodshed. During the years of peace a barter trade was carried on between the Indians and settlers to the advantage of both. The Indians exchanged furs for woven fabrics and metal implements but the settlers, so far as possible, withheld from them firearms or their use. Laws were enacted concerning the sale of firearms to the Red Men, or even the repairing of them was a violation of the law. A law of 1644 was as follows: "If any man shall repair or mend any guns or arms for the Indians he shall forfeit XX for each one." In 1676 the law for selling guns to Indians was made more stringent: "Whoever shall be found to sell, barter or give directly or indirectly any gun or ammunition of any kind to Indians, or the same legally proved against them, every such person or persons shall be put to death." Notwithstanding these precautions the Indians obtained arms and ammunition and at the commencement of the Indian wars were skilled in the use of them. The French, who were the inhabitants of Canada and the province of Maine, east of the Penobscot, were always the friends and allies of the savages and from them arms could be easily obtained. The English settlers at Saco, although living and trading in peace with the Indians, by way of precaution, erected a strong house, the same being secured by heavy timber walls. It was well that this precaution was taken for when the Indian war commenced it burst in sudden fury and the unguarded settlements suffered severely.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS

March 9 '31

The Old Settler has been asked for information regarding two of the worst fires in the history of York county. The Old Orchard Beach conflagration occurred August 15, 1907, breaking out at about 7.45 p. m., and raging until early in the morning. The loss was nearly three-quarters of a million dollars. Help to fight the fire was sent from a number of cities, including Saco and Biddeford.

The so-called Somesville fire, when the George L. Crossman box factory was destroyed occurred Sept. 15, 1908. The fire loss was estimated at $300,000, according to records in the possession of Albert L. Chellis, chief of the Saco fire department at that time. Thirty-one buildings were destroyed; many were turned out of work and many were homeless by the fire, one of the worst in the history of Saco. Some twelve million feet of lumber was reduced to ashes.

The sparks were blown to the Biddeford shore, where the Diamond Match Co.'s plant is located and the Biddeford firemen returned to that city to save the plant and the thousands of feet of lumber stacked about the plant. No great damage was done in that city, however. Portland sent two steamers to Saco, one came from Portsmouth, another from Dover, N. H., and apparatus also came from Old Orchard Beach, Sanford and Kennebunk. The firemen fought the flames all night, and for a week they received calls to put out fires, which broke out anew in the lumber yard, adjacent to the box factory.

The third question was in regard to the freshet on the Saco river, when the Springs Island bridge was swept away by the ice and high water. The date was March 4, 1895.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS

March 16 '31

Joseph Hobson, who was the first man to take the oath of office as mayor in Saco, was a man of shrewdness, energy and business ability. That he was a man of energy, determination and resources, was proved in 1843, when the great freshet which cleared about everything from the banks of the Saco river, swept his mill bodily away, during his absence from the city on business. It is related that on his return, when he came in view of the site, where his mill once stood, his friends attempted to console him, but his only answer was: "What a splendid site to build a new mill on," and a new saw mill stood there within a year. How many Saco people are aware that Mr. Hobson's son, Joseph W. Hobson, was elected mayor of Saco in 1884.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS

February 4 '31

Of course you remember when all the young men and many of those who had reached middle age, wore a silk handkerchief in the breast pocket of their coat. It was considered quite the proper thing and gave members of the male sex a nifty appearance, or something like that. Then manufacturers of men's clothing began to line the breast pocket with silk, and by pulling it up, one had to all intents and purposes a silk handkerchief in his breast pocket. Gradually the fad become obslete although now and then a young man is seen with a slik handkerchief protruding from his breast pocket. At that time many men carried a silk handkerchief instead of one made of linen.

THE OLD SETTLER SAYS

February 14, 1931

Now that the so-called political pot is boiling in the two cities people will read with interest that back in 1700, Maine, Pepperellboro included, was Republican. In 1793, when Daniel Granger was teaching the village school in a one-story house on the south side of Main street, there were but eight "Fed" votes in town. Almost every man in town, from Parson Fairfield down, was affiliated with the Republican party. As a token of this fact the master pinned upon each boys' hat, a felt hat made by old Kelley, a bit of red ribbon. Seth Storer was one of Granger's pupils and he sported his decoration unsuspectingly until he went away to school at Exeter, when he found that all the boys sported the Federal black cockade. With the town of Pepperellboro so strongly prejudiced, political excitement was not very great for some years, but there was enough later to make up for any deficiencies. In the meantime a leading Republican gave up the position of trust and responsibility which he had long held in the community.

THE OLD SETTLER SAYS

February 11, 1931

The first meeting house for the public worship of God on the easterly side of the river was built on land in Pepperell park, designated in early plans as "Parsonage Lands," and included the site of the old high school. The meeting house was erected on the Parsonage Land between the years 1752 and 1757, the edifice standing very nearly on the site of the old high school. It was a plain wooden building with ordinary pitch roof, and without a spire. In 1826 it still remained in a dilapidated condition, and was a source of superstitious terror to the small boys in the neighborhood, who used to creep to its weather beaten sides and gaze in through the cracks at the curious pulpit some eight or ten feet above the floor and reached by winding stairs painted white. As the old church fell to pieces, it furnished the poor of the vicinity with abundant firewood. And by the way, it is said that the old South church in Boston contains a chandelier, sent from Bideford, England, to Biddeford in New England, but for some reason it never reached its destination, but remained in Boston.

THE OLD SETTLER SAYS

February 6, 1931

Both the Spaulding bell-ringers and sleigh bells are now obsolete. The former has been shelved forever, and the latter are seldom heard in this automobile age. The tinkle of sleigh bells made music during the winter months, their merry tinkle being more musical than the sharp honk of automobile horns. The silvery bells now hang over beams in old barns or are stowed away in the attic, many of them covered with rust. The bells were fastened to the shafts and, oftentimes, there were strings of small bells over the horses' neck, or around the girth. The sizable open-faced bells on each shaft gave warning to pedestrians and drivers of other horse-drawn rigs of the approach of a horse and sleigh. Old folks miss the merry jingle of the bells, and say it does not seem like winter without them. They suggest that autos be equipped with bells during the snow months, but it is not expected that the recommendation will be heeded.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS

March 1931

When the Boston & Maine road was extended from North Berwick to Saco in the early 70's, oxen were used to haul dirt and gravel for the roadbed, according to an old resident. Farmers from surrounding towns with ox teams were employed by J. D. Cooper, the contractor. The oxen at night were housed in a big barn, near what is now Deering avenue, when the work of building the roadbed was in progress in Saco, from Front street to Beach street. Joseph Sweet's father had two yokes of oxen and he hired out with the railroad contractor, after the fall work was done. Joseph Gardiner, a cousin of Mr. Sweet, also hired out with one ox team. Cooper went away owing him $70 and he sued the Boston and Maine for the amount when the contractor would not settle. The case was tried in supreme court at Saco, and Gardiner won and when it was sent back from law court and tried again, this time at Alfred, he won again. Gardiner, however, wished he hadn't sued when he found he was $60 out of pocket, as his expenses in fighting the case in court were $130.

THE OLD SETTLER SAYS

February 1931

A great change has taken place in the method of transporting firewood from the woodlot in the country districts to the city during the past 50 years. No more are seen the plodding oxen drawing a load of wood to town, taking all day for the trip to the city and back. Instead of oxen or horses, auto trucks are used, and the farmer who sells wood is often able to make several trips a day. The demand for firewood is small compared with half-a-century ago. Most folks burn coal or gas, while quite a number use electricity for cooking. The old wood stove of other days is a curiosity to city folks and only a comparatively few stoves of the old type are seen in the country. Many of the farmers burn coal instead of wood. Some, however, cling to the old wood stove although the women folks say it takes half their time tucking wood into the stove. There is quite a demand for wood for fireplaces. The price of wood has greatly advanced since the 80's. In the old days cord wood was from $3 to $5 a cord whereas today it is $12 or more.

THE OLD SETTLER SAYS

February 13, 1931

Ever hear about the privateers fitted out from the Saco river? Prizes of small value were taken but their cruises were in general unsuccessful. Few are aware, unless they have made a study of the history of York county, of the maritime skirmish at Cape Porpoise. On Aug. 8, 1782, about a year before the treaty of peace was ratified, an English brig of 18 guns sailed into Cape Porpoise harbor, accompanied by a schooner of 10 guns, and captured a schooner and a sloop owned by a man named Newbury. The schooner was taken away but the sloop, having run aground, was abandoned and burned. While the English vessel was at anchor in the harbor, Samuel Wildes, who was partially deranged, put off from shore in a canoe and paddling to within earshot of the enemy called to them and ordered them to give up the schooner. The British officers laughed at his sally and amused themselves for a time by making sport of their solitary enemy. Finally they tired of his pleasantry and ordered Wildes on board the brig and upon his refusing to comply with their command, opened fire with muskets, wounding him. Meantime, the inhabitants gathered on the shore and in defiance of grape-shot from the English vessel, a detachment crossed from Trotts island to Goat island, where the lighthouse is now located, near which the brig was riding at anchor. The English dispatched a boatload of armed sailors to dislodge the little company of townsmen, who had entrenched themselves behind some rocks, but so deadly a fire issued from the muskets of the Americans that 16 or 17 of the men in the boat were killed and only one is said to have lived to reach the vessel. Two pieces of cannon had been hurried to Trotts island by the Americans, and they so annoyed the enemy that the crew began to warp the vessel out of the harbor. The British succeeded in putting to sea and were soon out of sight. The engagement was almost a victory for the home guard which lost but one man.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS — January 12, 1931

Did any of the Journal folks ever hear the tradition that "three hills of rocks," situated up the Saco river about 40 miles from the sea, was as full of silver as the mountains of Peru. Well, William Phillips of Saco did, and he purchased these mountains of Captain Sunday, a Sachem, in the year 1660, but neither he nor his posterity was ever able to extract any silver from these hills. In 1664 Phillips sold one-sixteenth of the Cetern mine, being accepted a silver mine, and being above the Saco falls 40 miles more or less. This was a portion of his purchase from Sunday. But no one ever found any silver in the hills, and the efforts of the purchasers of the property to gain great wealth came to naught. About that time fabulous stories were in circulation in England of America's wealth and the king was inclined to believe the reports.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS — December 20, 1931

I am told that the Puritans paid little, if any, attention to Christmas. Thanksgiving Day, it is said, was created to take the place of Christmas. A Saco resident has heard old people in Vermont say that they "didn't want any Christmas, as Thanksgiving was good enough for them." For many years, however, in spite of what historians tell us, Christmas has been observed not only in Maine, but throughout New England, and children have hung up their stockings the night before. There were, however, none of the trees lighted with colored electric light bulbs, but candles were used and were fully as effective. The toys hung on the tree were not as wonderful as those of today, but the children enjoyed them just as much. The Christmas dinner was one of the events of the holiday, mince pie and plum pudding always being on the menu.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS — January 26, 1931

Believe it or not, ice dealers today can cut and house more ice in a day than Foxwell Bryant, pioneer iceman of York county, could in a fortnight. He used slow-moving oxen to haul the cubes of ice from the river to his small ice house on the banks of the river not far from his home. With the tractor and modern machinery, a dealer is able to harvest 8,000 tons of ice in a week. In the old days, everything was done by hand with crude tools, and it was slow work at best. None of the old-time icemen who cut ice on the Saco river in the 80's are alive. If they were they would be amazed by the modern methods. In those days oxen were used to deliver the ice to consumers during the summer, whereas today motor-driven ice carts are used. Only small amount of ice was cut in the early days as the demand was not great.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS — January 9, 1931

Pepperell Square in Saco was one of the busiest places in that city years ago. When the postoffice was located in the square, long before the days of city delivery, hundreds of people traveled the sidewalks leading to the postoffice each day after their mail. At mail time the walks at times were quite congested and the old postoffice was filled with people waiting for the mail to open.

The largest crowd gathered at 7.30 in the evening when the mail from Boston arrived and was distributed. It was like a big family party, people coming after their mail and exchanging the gossip of the day. Years and years ago the square on Saturday would be filled with loads of hay, cords of wood and country produce. Just before Thanksgiving it was unusually busy, many farmers selling poultry from their wagons or pungs. The snow came early in those days and there was usually sleighing Thanksgiving time.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS — January 4, 1931

Years and years ago Barrows' pump on the Portland road, Saco, near the corner of Ocean Park avenue and the Portland road was a historic spot in a way. It received its name from the Barrows family that lived nearby. There was an old wooden pump and watering trough beside the road where many people driving in that vicinity watered their horses. One of the popular diversions on a pleasant Sunday was to walk from the compact part of the city to Barrows pump. It was about a mile from the city hall, and the trip to the pump and back was a good constitutional. The old landmark is now a thing of the past, and many of the younger generation never heard of Barrows—

Pump

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS — December 28, 1930

How many local people have ever visited the old Jordan burying ground on the south side of the Pool road, nearly opposite the road leading to Hills Beach. In this ancient graveyard is, or was at last accounts, a large, flat slate tombstone, evidently of English manufacture. In the center of this stone, or tablet, was a large heart of different material, with the inscription: "Here lies the body of Captain Samuel Jordan, Dec'd Dec. 20, 1748, age 58." This is probably as old a tombstone as can be found in any burying ground in either city. Back of the Saco Unitarian church were many old gravestones and in the town of Wells is a cemetery containing stones more than a century old.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS — March 2 '31

The Old Settler has been asked to give more information about the oldest burying ground in Biddeford, located on the Pool road, not far from the Jordan residence. Close by stood a church, built in 1719. A few fragments of bricks from its chimney is all that remains. The old graveyard is surrounded by a tottering stonewall, which was built by the town in 1830, to protect the burial plot. It is regretted that so few of the tombstones remain. Some have been obliterated by time, some have been buried by drifting sand and others have been crushed by the hands of malicious mischief.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS — February 9, 1931

The inhabitants of York county early became aroused against the tyranny of Great Britain. News of the throwing overboard of the tea in Boston soon reached the settlements in this part of the state, and when, shortly after, a vessel laden with tea sailed into the harbor at York, the people of the place hastily called a meeting and discussed what was best to be done. The captain was finally allowed to land his cargo, but by a strange coincidence some Pickwaket Indians came to town that night and in the morning the tea was missing. This was the nearest to a repetition of the Boston tea party in the history of the county.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS

February 4, 1931

How many dancers remember when a bootjack was a part of every well-regulated dance hall in Maine? In those days the men wore long-legged calf boots to dances, but they were not easy to dance in. They took a pair of dancing pumps in their coat pocket when they went to a dance, and when they arrived at the hall used the bootjack, which was kept in the dressing room to remove their boots. They slipped on their pumps, and after the dance was over retired to the dressing room and exchanged them for their leather boots. It is doubtful if a bootjack could be found in any hall in the country today. and few are in use in homes. Men of today have as about much use for a bootjack now as a woman has for a bustle or hoopskirt. Many young folks would not know a bootjack if they saw one, yet years ago they were indispensable and one could be found in every home.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS

March 5 '31

Younger readers of the Journal do not remember when horses wore covers on their ears to keep the flies off. It is learned that Godey's Ladies Book for February, 1864, gave explicit directions for knitting covers for horses' ears. Many people recollect when nets covered the horses in summer to keep the flies from bothering the nags. Some of the nets were bright in colors and quite attractive. Years ago when people went riding for pleasure in a horse drawn vehicle they wore linen dusters to keep the dust from their clothing. When automobiles first came into use, all the autoists wore linen dusters when they went out riding in their horseless carriage on a summer day. The dirt roads were loaded with dust in dry periods and when traffic was heavy for those days it was impossible to see any great distance ahead, and at the end of the ride the autos and the linen dusters were gray with dust.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS

December 31 1931

The old-fashioned book register that once adorned the desk of the hostelries of the country has disappeared from the desks in both large and small cities, although the country hotels and inns still cling to the big book with its ornate binding. In some of the hotels they are using a leaflet system, putting in a new leaf every day. In the majority of the best hotels in the large cities, the guest is handed a small card upon which to write his name and a few vital statistics. This is filed away insuring privacy, and at the same time protecting the hostelry. It's tough on the summer newspaper correspondents who get a list of the arrivals for the newspapers they represent. In some cases, however, the hotel proprietor will allow the correspondents to look over the card file. In the old days people getting a collection of signatures have been known to cut the autograph of some prominent guest from the register, while the clerk was not looking.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS

January 5 1931

With the arrival of the skating season old folks remember when this healthy outdoor pastime was indulged in by old and young. Most of the skating was done on the river. A huge bonfire was one of the added attractions on a frosty winter night. When the skaters became chilled they would hover around the fire, warming their hands and feet. After school the youngsters of primary school age would flock to the nearest pond and skate till dark. The skates in those days had wooden tops and were strapped to the boots. The long racing skates, with the curl toes, were much in vogue among the young men of 50 years ago. Nowadays, skates become tightly strapped or fastened to a pair of special skating shoes. In the old days straps were continually breaking and it was often difficult to strap them firmly to the shoes. There were many fancy skaters years ago, some of the more expert being able to all kinds of stunts on the steel runners.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS

March 28 '31

The cumbersome name of Pepperellborough, with 17 letters, was exchanged for the briefer name of Saco, with four letters, by an act of the legislature on Feb. 23, 1805. The old name had never been altogether out of use. The town was widely known by it, and strangers often used the Indian designation. Strangers to this day are bothered about the pronounciation of Saco, while brakemen on the Boston & Maine have a way all their own of calling the station, although so few trains stop in that city today that they are not bothered to any great extent. Jesse Lee, the Methodist elder, writing of his first visit to Maine, in 1793, referred to the community as Saco. He wrote: "The first Methodist sermon that was preached in the province of Maine, was Sept. 10, 1793, in a little village called Saco. I put up at Dr. Fairfield's and preached at night in the home of Elisha Ayer. I had the house much crowded with attentive listeners."

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS

January 17 1931

Ever hear tell of footings? The young folks probably never did, and a number of middle-aged residents of the two cities when questioned said that they never did although they had heard of socks. Footing were worn back in the 80's and even earlier by lumbermen, farmers and others who worked in the open. They were fashioned much the same as socks, and were worn over the wool stockings under cowhide or rubber boots. Some made footings of old stockings by cutting off the legs. With stockings and footings it was possible to keep one's feet quite warm, while working in the snow. Footings were discarded when felt boots were put on the market. These were made of felt with rubbers over them. An old man said today that felt boots kept your feet as "warm as toast," even on the coldest day. Cowhide boots, when worn in snow or water, became hard and stiff and to keep them pliable they were greased with mutton tallow.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

January 26, 1931

Leggings, the kind worn by women and children more than 40 years ago to keep their legs warm, may come back into fashion again. A news item in the Sunday papers says that girl skaters were wearing thick woolen stockings over their silk ones when they went skating. Only folks past middle age remember when leggings, black or blue in color, were worn over their stockings in the winter. They reached to the knees and a strap at the bottom under the shoes or rubbers held them in place. While many of the leggings worn by maids and matrons of the 80's were factory-made, others were knit by mother or grandmother. Few of the fastidious young women or girls of today would wear leggings as they are not especially decorative. One matron recalls that she had a pair of red leggings. After wearing them down town one day she refused to wear them again, giving as a reason that all the men looked at her limbs. They were called limbs in those days.

THE OLD SETTLER SAYS

December 11, 1930

Youngsters, who are hounded by their mothers every morning to wash behind their ears and the back of their neck before starting for school, will not be greatly interested in my subject today, "The Making of Soap." Years and years ago before I can remember soap was made by all housewives. Composed of fat and the lye from wood ashes it was boiled outdoors in a great iron kettle and stirred with a long, wooden paddle to keep it from burning before it had been boiled to the proper consistency. The finished product was kept in a barrel and taken out as needed. When the supply was exhausted more soap was made. Enough was made at a time, however, to last for months. It was quite different from the dainty, scented toilet soap of today. However, it served its purpose for folks were not as fussy and fastidious as in this age. In some rural districts today the women make their own soap, although they admit that it hardly pays, soap can be bought at such a low figure at this time.

THE OLD SETTLER SAYS

January 25, 1931

Either the winters are not as cold as those of years ago or the present generation doesn't mind the frosty weather as much. Half a century ago the men folks bundled up when they ventured into the open during the winter months, but nowadays one sees young men in the coldest weather striding along the streets bareheaded and without even a lightweight overcoat. During the heavy snowstorm of last week a Thornton academy youngster was seen walking down Main street without hat or cap on his head, apparently unmindful of the blizzard. He was whistling "Sing Something Simple." The old Scotch cap is rarely seen this winter, in fact I don't remember of seeing one for a long time. Thirty years ago or so all outdoor workers wore a Scotch cap pulled over their ears when they went to work in the morning. Others wore earmuffs made of plush or some such material and edged with narrow black braid. These were considered quite stylish. They fitted over the ears closely, keeping out the cold.

THE OLD SETTLER SAYS

December 29, 1930

A Saco man familiar with the early history of Saco and Biddeford states that the Indian wars, which commenced in 1675, continued with only occasional intervals of peace for three score years. The last attack of Indians on the inhabitants in this part of the state was in Biddeford in 1747. Mr. Elliott and his son were slain, and William Murch was carried a captive to Canada, where he remained until the next year. In this attack they first entered the barn of Mr. Murch and cut out the tongues of his cattle. Hearing the lowing of the suffering animals, he entered the barn, to be overpowered by the savages and taken away before assistance could be obtained. This, as before stated, was the windup of the Indian depredations in this locality. The reduction of Louisberg in 1745 weakened the French power. The Indians were enfeebled by the long series of struggles, and the English power established its supremacy. Though the storms of war had retarded to some extent the growth of the settlement, when the sunshine of peace fell it quickly revived and grew with wonderful rapidity.

THE OLD SETTLER SAYS

January 12, 1931

It would be interesting to know how many charter members of the York County Wheelmen's association are living. Perhaps some member can furnish the Old Settler with such a list. The club was formed Sept. 4, 1883, in the kitchen of the home of R. A. Fairfield, for more than half-a-century, connected with the Pepperell Mfg. Co. The charter members numbered around half-a-dozen. Everyone rode a high wheel in those days. Mr. Fairfield was the first man to ride a high wheel in the two cities. Most of the wheels were made by the Columbia. Some of them were nickel plated and quite classy in appearance. Taking a header from one of these machines was almost as painful as falling from the roof of a story-and-half building. Runs were taken by the club members to different parts of the county on Sundays and holidays. The wheelmen later had club rooms in the bank building on Main street, occupying the entire top floor. In the early wheel days people would run to the window when a high wheel passed the house.

THE OLD SETTLER SAYS

February 28, 1931

Young America does not take the interest in Tartub day that it did years ago. It was not safe to leave a barrel or box unguarded out-doors for a month before George Washington's birthday. The boys made a canvass of the stores and houses for empty boxes and barrels for their tartub. Every neighborhood had a tartub, each group of boys striving to out-do the others in the city. Oftentimes a tar barrel was set on fire and hauled through the streets on an old sled. In Pepperell square, Saco, and the shipyard in this city, were the biggest bonfires. Hundreds of people gathered to watch the fires. Each boy was armed with a fish horn and the volume of noise equalled that of a boiler factory. Then there were scraps later in the evening when Saco young men started for Biddeford. The scene of these free-for-alls were usually in the shipyard. The biggest tartub in Pepperell square, Saco, was engineered by William Rhoades, the blacksmith, who lived on Free street before he moved to the Buxton road. During this forenoon a single fish horn was heard in Saco today and few of the boys were planning for a tartub tonight.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS — December 27, 1931

Those happy days of long ago, when school children were able to buy small red herring, three for a cent, from the little grocery store, have vanished completely from the school-days picture. Oh, my! the small fish were tasty, but oh, gosh! they were awful smelly, or perhaps a better word would be odorous. After devouring a half-dozen red herring, you had a breath that was noticeable at least one furlong away, and caused teacher to gasp when you came near her; and mother to exclaim, "Why, girlie, will you persist in eating those herring!" They were eaten by most children without crackers, although some of the boys and girls would buy a cent's worth of crackers when they purchased the fish. The fish were as cheap as dirt, and perhaps that was one of the reasons for their popularity, although the kids liked the taste of them even if the smell was a cross between a dead hen and an over-ripe egg. I'd have a lot more to tell you about the little red fish but a trolley car came along, picked up my informant and carried her away to Biddeford, leaving me in the lurch as far as further information about herring is concerned.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS — January 3, 1931

Ever hear of Norumbega, the magic city? Probably not. There is a little story that goes with this name that's interesting. David Ingram, a sailor, having been set on shore at Tampico, on the Gulf of Mexico, in 1658, by Sir John Hawkins, wandered through the country until he came upon a city called Norumbega, whence he returned to England. His stories of this city, which he said was three-quarters of a mile long, were eagerly listened to by credulous adventurers, many of whom set out to find it. A city corresponding to Ingram's description was never discovered. Still he adhered to his story, which was in substance that there was a place in America where monarchs were borne in chairs and where the houses had pillars of crystal and silver. Finally the name was given to an Indian village on the Penobscot as the most likely location and Bangor is said to stand on the site of the city Ingram told about. Investigations by Prof. E. N. Hosford go far to prove that Norumbega was a Norse city on the Thames near Watertown, Mass. The colonists, who came to America, following the return of Ingram to England, must have been greatly disappointed.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS — January 23, 1931

A Saco historian tells an interesting story of a heroic woman, who was at the Blue Hill signal station, at that time in charge of James Leavitt. One day at the garrison in Pine Point on going to feed her two pigs she found two Indians secreted in the sty. She immediately attacked them with her piggin, (a kind of wooden pail without bail, but with a long stave for a handle) and before they could rise from the close quarters, in which they had concealed themselves, she slew them both. This historian says the present name Pine Point is not as many suppose from the pine trees on its shores, but from Charles Pine, a famous hunter and Indian killer, who dwelt there. In the earliest days of the colonies on the shore, it was known as Blue Point, and the high land west of it was called Blue Point hills. On the hill, which is a mile and a half from the shore, was, during the war of 1812, a signal station, at which a sentinel was kept to watch the appearance of any vessel that came along the shore, and to report the approach of the enemy to the signal station at Portland, which was in the Munjoy tower, which is still standing.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS — January 27, 1931

The folks of yesterday declare that the winter landscape is not quite complete since the men and boys and many of the girls have quit wearing large woolen scarfs around their necks during the winter months. These scarfs protected their heads and throats. Oftentimes they were wound around their necks twice and the ends tucked in front of their overcoats. Earlappers were not absolutely necessary if the scarf was big enough. Small silk scarfs are worn by quite a number nowadays, but they are ornamental rather than useful. The old-fashioned scarfs kept the head and ears as warm as toast and were ideal on the cold mornings of the winter or during a blizzard. Occasionally you'll see a farmer from some up-county community drive into town on a below-zero morning with a scarf wound around his neck, but it's not often. The woolen scarfs were ideal for a Christmas present and the recipient appreciated the gift, knit by some female member of the family. Some 40 years ago a prominent Saco citizen came to his place of business, even on the coldest morning of the winter, wearing a tall hat and a scarf around his neck. He never wore an overcoat.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS — February 21, 1931

While it has always been stated by old-timers as well as recorded by writers of local history, that the late B. F. Hamilton, proprietor of a dry goods store on Factory Island in Saco was the first merchant to employ a woman clerk in a retail establishment, not only in Maine, but in New England, an item found in an old copy of the Journal would indicate that such was not the case. A searcher after certain information while looking over the files saw where Ann Preble was employed in Edwin Purdy's store in Saco in 1849. It was stated that she was the first woman clerk employed in a store. The employment of a clerk in the Hamilton store almost started a riot in the two cities. Some women threatened to boycott the store unless the female clerk was discharged.

They declared that it was no place for a woman behind a counter, but Mr. Hamilton, who was a level headed and prominent citizen argued that eventually women would be employed in all the dry goods establishments in the country; and his prophecy came true. He refused to let the clerk go and soon women customers sought out the woman instead of the men clerks when they entered the store.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS — March 25, 1931

Rules and regulations of the York Mfg. Co. four score years or so ago, when Samuel Batchelder was agent, were rather strict. Regulations to be observed by persons employed in the cotton mill were posted in every room and failure to comply with them was considered just cause for dismissal. Guess the textile workers today would balk at some of the rules especially this one: "It is expected that all persons in the employ of the company will be regular in attendance at public worship on the Sabbath."

Some of the other rules will be of interest:

"When persons enter the employ of the company they are to give information at the counting room where they board, and the same afterwards at any time when they may change their boarding place. Unless their own home is within a reasonable distance, they are to board in the houses of the company and to conform to the regulations of the house where they board."

"They are not to be absent from their work without consent of the overseer, and if detained home by sickness they are to send him notice of the cause of their absence."

"Payments will be made monthly, including board and wages. The accounts will be regularly made up the last Saturday of every month and paid in the course of the following week. Those intending to leave the employment of the company are to give their overseer at least two weeks notice. Overseers are to be punctually in their rooms at the starting of the mill and not to be absent unnecessarily during working hours.

"These regulations are considered part of the contract with all persons entering the employ of the York Mfg. Co., and those who leave without conforming with them will not be considered as having fulfilled their engagements and consequently will not again be employed by the company."

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS February 12, 1931

Set-over sleighs were as common as snowbirds in the country districts of New England years ago when the country roads were narrow during the winter months and it would have been impossible for two sleighs or pungs to pass each other had it not been for the set-over arrangement. Oxen attached to a sled were used in breaking out the highways after every snow storm and it was not possible to clear the snow the full width of the highway, the same as today when a powerful tractor plow is used. The thills on a set-over sleigh were on a rod fastened to the front of the sleigh and held in place by a spring. When entering a narrow road, the spring was released making it possible to slide the thills on the rod to the left, where they were held fast by another spring. The change brought the horse to the side of the road nearly in front of the left runner. This gave a sleigh going in the opposite direction and similarly equipped plenty of room to pass. A Saco man said today that recently he saw a dilapidated set-over sleigh, half-covered with snow, behind a weather-beaten barn on an abandoned farm while he was driving in the northern part of the county.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS January 21, 1931

Through the Notch of the White Mountains, extending two miles in length between two huge cliffs, apparently rent asunder by some convulsion of nature, runs the Saco river, which has its source in the White hills. The road to Portland passes through the Notch, following the course of the head waters of the Saco river. An event, which occurred there in the year 1829, rendered the scene a mournful one to people more than a century ago. Near the middle of this majestic chasm lived a family by the name of Crawford, who kept a house of entertainment for those who passed through the wild region. It consisted of eight people. The day before the tragedy, dark clouds gathered on the horizon, and finally collecting in one black angry mass, hung over the mountain tops. As evening approached, rain descended in flood proportions. Travelers through the Notch the next day found the house deserted and the road blocked with trees, dirt and immense blocks of granite. Search revealed the bodies of five of the Crawfords, mangled and torn by the avalanche. The bodies of the other three were never found. From the appearances presented, it is concluded that the avalanches precipitated themselves from opposite mountains into the valley at the

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS January 13, 1931

Saco and Biddeford residents who have reached the three-quarter century milestone in life's journey remember when there were no envelopes. After a letter had been written it was folded into square shape, a string tied around it, and the string fastened with sealing wax on the back. The party for whom the epistle was intended was written on the front. There are a number of those letters in the possession of local men. One was written in 1850 by the late William P. Haines of Biddeford, at that time a justice of peace and later agent of the Pepperell Mfg. Co. This letter was sent from this city to Parsonsfield, and is in as good condition and the ink as black, as if it had been written only recently. There were no postage stamps in those days. You paid the postmaster when you got the letter. The postage on the letter sent to Parsonsfield was five cents. The toll on a letter from Boston to New York was 15 cents. In the old days when newspapers were sent through the mail, the postage was paid to the postmaster when the subscriber went to the office for his paper. Quite different from these days when papers coming through the mail are delivered at your door, if you live in a city or large town, or by a rural mail carrier if your home is in the

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS February 5, 1931

A lot has been written in Saco histories of Sir William Pepperell. He was the son of William Pepperell, a trader, of Kittery Point. At the time of the purchase of Saco lands he was not 21. He afterwards commanded the army which reduced Louisburg in 1745. The credit of this achievement Pepperell was not slow in taking to himself and for the success he was made a baronet. He is the only baronet of which York county can brag about. In business adventures Pepperell was a success and when he died in 1759 he was rated as one of the wealthiest men in New England. His estate in Saco alone amounted to 5,500 acres. Not having any sons, the baronet bequeathed his fortune to his grandson, William Pepperell Sparhawk, on condition that when the youth became of age he should drop his last name and be known as William Pepperell. Tradition has clothed Sir William Pepperell in glowing colors, which impartial history tends slightly to dispel, says a historian. Stories are told of how he was occasionally seen in Saco, attired in red broadcloth, trimmed with gold lace, and it was said he was known to throw a gold coin into the contribution box. Some well-informed historians declare that the baronet was never a source of the slightest advantage to Saco and that he regarded the town merely from a money-making standpoint. His recorded acts of generosity are few, but his forgotten deeds of charity may be many, and it is but fair to credit him with a decent generosity. It is most likely that Sir William Pepperell was an average man in kindness with an eye to personal advantage, but not unwilling to do his tenants a good turn.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS February 24, 1931

How many Saco and Biddeford folks ever attended a circus when the tents were pitched on the land on Factory Island, where the Boston & Maine railroad station and freight house are now located? The station was built in 1871, when the Boston & Maine was extended from North Berwick to Portland, after which time circus, when it came to town, played in what is now Pepperell park. The island, according to an old resident, was a pretty spot back of the old Saco & Biddeford Savings bank building, now the York storehouse. The old Saco jail was located not far from where the old tank-house of the Boston & Maine was built in the 70's. There were a number of trees not far from the old jail, and the river bank was fringed with small trees and bushes. E. E. Fenderson, Neighborhood grocer, remembers when he went to a circus on the island lot. It was a one-ring show, but nevertheless it was a big event in those days and the tent was packed at both afternoon and evening performances. His father was a policeman and when his dad went into the big tent, the grocer, then a little shaver, clung to his coat-and got in free. E. D. Thomas, afterwards engaged in the grocery business, who was city marshal in Saco, at one time, had no policeman in his family, but he got in free just the same. He crawled under the tent.

THE OLD SETTLER SAYS

January 22, 1931

Newspapermen of today have nothing on those of 60-odd years ago, although a modern newspaper is considerably different from those published a few years after the Civil war. On a day when news is scarce it is considerable of a task for the reporters on papers in small cities to get sufficient live local news to fill the local pages, although there is always the A. P. to fill up the columns. This story taken from the Alfred, Me., Courier, Aug. 1, 1868, indicates that the reporter on that paper, although he was new to the business, was a good space filler and possessed an imagination which probably resulted in rapid promotion. The clipping is as follows:

A Chicago paper says: "We took a new reporter on trial yesterday. He went out to hunt items, and after being away all day, returned with the following which, he said, was the best he could do: 'Yesterday we saw a sight that froze our muscles with horror. A hackman, driving down Clark street at a rapid pace, came very near running over a nurse and two children. There would have been one of the most heart-rending catastrophes ever recorded had not the nurse with wonderful forethought left the children at home before she went out, and providentially stepped into a drug store just before the hack passed. Then, too, the hackman, just before reaching the crossing, thought of something he had forgotten, and, turning about, drove in the opposite direction. Had it not been for this wonderful concurrence of favoring circumstances, a doting father, loving mother, affectionate brothers and sisters, would have been plunged into the deepest woe and the most unutterable funeral expenses.' The new reporter will be retained."

THE OLD SETTLER SAYS

January 22 '31

Ever hear how a Saco citizen, known by hundreds and hundreds of Saco and Biddeford people in his day, got the best of the Saco police. The story was told to the Old Settler today with the request that it be printed to illustrate that the people of half-a-century or more ago were as keen as those of today.

It was the custom of this well-known business man to haul fire-wood from his home to his place of business in a little cart. Some one made a complaint to the city marshal that the business man took up more of the side-walk than rightly belonged to him with his cart. The marshal called on the citizen, and told him he must quit hauling the cart on the sidewalk in future with the declaration that unless he did so he would be arrested and taken into court. An argument followed but the marshal insisted that an arrest would result if the business man appeared on the sidewalk in future with his cart. The next morning the man was seen trundling a baby carriage filled with wood along the sidewalk on Main street. The baby carriage created considerable attention from the merchants and many a chuckle from citizens in general. The police took no action for the reason that there was no law forbidding anyone wheeling a baby carriage on the sidewalk. The business man continued to use the baby carriage for a long time afterwards without being molested by the guardians of the peace.

THE OLD SETTLER SAYS

January 16, 1931

The old-fashioned lecture course is as much of a back number as bustles. Back in the 80's or thereabouts every city and large town had a lecture course during the winter months, and it was the outstanding attraction of the year. All the best people in town bought a course ticket, and attended every lecture. That was, however, before the days of the automobile, the moving pictures and the radio. Now it is possible to sit in an easy chair in your own living-room and listen to a lecture or sermon by the brightlights of the nation.

In Saco the Sweetser lecture course, made possible by the late Cornelius Sweetser, was the great attraction. The hall was packed and all listened with closest attention to the platform speakers. Nowadays, there is usually one lecture in the course and the attendance is never more than 400. A lecturer in Saco recently in speaking of his experiences said that after the World war he toured the country giving lectures. The audiences were small for the most part and the auditors did not appear to be deeply interesting in what he had to say. Quite a number would leave the hall before he had finished. He recalled, however, one lecture where not a person left the building while he was speaking; in fact, it was the most appreciative audience he said in his entire tour. Then he revealed that he spoke before the prisoners in a prison in the West.

THE OLD SETTLER SAYS

January 9, 1931

How many old-timers remember the "lottery bridge?" It was on January 11, 1758, that the general court passed an act for raising the sum of £1,200 by lottery for the purpose of building and maintaining bridges over the Saco and Presumpscott rivers in the county of York. Sir William Pepperell, Baronet Daniel Moulton, Edward Milliken, Joseph Sayer and Rishworth Jordan, Esquires, and Benjamin Chadbourn and Stephen Longfellow were given permission to carry on a lottery which "shall amount to such sum as by deducting 10 per cent out of each prize will raise the sum of £1,200 to be applied by them towards the building of bridges across the two rivers."

An advertisement appeared in the Boston Gazette announcing the first drawing should occur in York in May, 1759. The price of tickets was $2 and the highest prize is said to have amounted to $1,000. The scheme was carried out for two or three years, one drawing following another until a sufficient sum had been raised.

The bridge across the Saco river was built about 1760. It was on the eastern side and crossed to Factory island, then Indian island, just above the present bridge and at a considerable angle to it. It was the first bridge over any part of the river. The first bridge on the west side of Indian island was built by Sir Thomas Cutts, Deacon Amos Chase and others in 1767. The complete communication thus established between the two communities was never after permanently interrupted.

THE OLD SETTLER SAYS

December 12, 1930

Hello, everybody! This is the Old Settler speaking from station J of the York county uit of the Biddeford Daily rnal. My subject for to- is "Herdics." Friends e asked for a brief history he old herdics, used on the l street railway back in 80's, or thereabouts. These , four-wheeled affairs, ring some resemblance to a niature Noah's ark, were unted on runners on either e and the floor was covered h straw to keep your feet rm. The old herdics were as d as a barn, and not as lish in appearance as an -to-date barn. The entrance s in the rear. You climbed a couple of steps, if I remember right, to enter the vehicle. They were low-posted, and if ou did not watch out, you ould bump your head. And, y the way, a Biddeford woman, who stands about six feet , her silk stocking feet, caries a sear on her head to this ay, I am told, as the result f a cut she received as she as climbing into the herdic n a gusty winter day. When eople saw her enter the car fterwards they would cry Low bridge," and she would uck her head. The driver sat front and guided the span nags that hauled the herdic. ttle box in the front of the herdic, and if you did not have any change the driver would make it for you. There was a door in the front of the le where the driver sat. passed your bill through opening to him and receivour change. People who lain about the cars and e today should take a rides in the herdics. r the herdics were dised, some of them being ht by Saco men and cond into hencoops.

e herdic was named after inventor, William Herdic Williamsport. Years ago were used in many cities e United States.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS — January 21, 1931

"You didn't tell the half of it in your story of Pepperell square, Saco, grinned an old-timer today. In the 80's or thereabouts, perhaps some time later, as much business was transacted in the square as in the retail business establishments on Main streets. In the corner, known as the old-stone store, with an entrance on Main street, and another on Pepperell square, was the J. Q. Sawyer grocery and provision store. Lowell & Lord, stove dealers, were located in the next building. Enoch Lowell was mayor of Saco at one time and a prominent citizen. Augustus Lord was chief engineer of the fire department for years. His assistants were Daniel S. Sands and Joseph Chadbourne. They were all over six feet tall and were called the "Big Three." In "a hole in the wall," between the stove store and the grocery store John Hutchinson did shoe repairing. The store of A. G. Prentiss, dealer in grain and groceries, one of the largest retail establishments in the city, was next to Lowell & Lord. William Emery had a grocery store at the corner of Common and Main streets. Ex-City Marshal E. D. Thomas at a later date was engaged in the grocery bisiness in the same store. On the other side was the establishment of Charles O. Gerrish, who sold jewelry and repaired watches and clocks. He was an expert watch repairer, who probably knew as much about the insides of a watch as any man in Maine. Leavitt's coal office was also on that side of the street, also the store of John Tounge, dealer in paints and oils. Russell Boulter had a harness repairing shop in the corner building for a long time. That was before the Deering block was built. And, by the way, John Tounge was a 49er, one of the Saco men who went to the golden West in quest of gold in 1849.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS — January 24, 1931

One of the oldest railroad men in the two cities said today, that while Capt. Goldthwaite was perhaps the first man to operate the gates at the Main street crossing in Saco, of the Boston & Maine railroad, he was not the first crossing tender. The first flagman was Freeman Rounds of that city. "Freem," as he was called by his many friends, armed with a red flag, would take a position in the middle of the street when a train was approaching and wave his little banner. Shortly after he began his duties, a farmer driving a red horse hitched to a market wagon drove toward the crossing, paying no heed to Mr. Rounds, who was frantically waving his flag to notify people that a train was coming. As the farmer neared the crossing, the flagman grabbed the nag by the head, at the same time shouting: "What in thunder are you trying to do, commit suicide?" "I'm not afraid," yapped the agriculturist, "I've had smallpox and I'm not afraid of catching it again." Then it dawned on Mr. Rounds that the driver was ignorant of the fact that he was nearing a railroad crossing and the waving of the red flag was to warn people to stop as a train was coming. While he was explaining to him the object of the flag the train whizzed by and then the farmer realized that Mr. Rounds had probably saved his life. He apologized to the railroad man and told him that the next time he saw a man waving a red flag he would stop. The farmer, who lived in a back town, had not been to Saco since the road was extended from North Berwick to Portland and did not know he was approaching a railroad crossing.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS — January 15, 1931

Sir Ferdinando Gorges was the prime mover of the Plymouth Charter, and throughout his life its most active supporter. It was almost wholly due to his perseverance that the project of New England settlement did not die out altogether. Capt. Richard Vines made several voyages to the Maine coast in the service of Gorges. Winter harbor was his principal resort, and he finally made Saco his principal abiding place. From the year 1616 on, the Saco bay was frequented by fisherman and adventurers. One of these was Capt. Levett, who wrote an interesting story of his experiences on the Saco river as follows:

"About four leagues east from Cape Porpoise is another harbor called Sawko. Between this place and Cape Porpoise I lost one of my men. We went ashore and built our wigwam or house in one hour's space. It had no frame only a few poles set up together and was covered with our boats' sails, which kept out a little wind and less snow and rain. We had fowl enough for killing, wood enough for felling, and good fresh water enough for drinking. But our beds were the wet ground, and our bedding our wet clothes. We had plenty of cranes, geese, ducks and mallard which we boiled or roasted, but our woolen spits were many times in danger of burning before our meat was cooked. After we had stayed there three days, with no promise of a wind to carry us further, I took six of our men and walked along the shore. We came to marsh ground, where every man gathered his burden of long dry grass, which we brought to our wigwam where we spread the marsh grass on the floor and made beds of it."

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS — January 10, 1931

Saco folks needn't be so broken-hearted over the closing of the only railroad ticket office in that municipality of 7,000 population. In the city of Brooklyn, N. Y., with two million inhabitants, according to the last census, one cannot purchase a railroad ticket. The closing of the only railroad ticket office in the city across the river brings to the mind of old railroad men the fact that the first station agent of the Saco Western division station, when the Boston & Maine railroad was extended from North Berwick to Portland, in 1873, was Allion Sands. Quite a number of men were employed at the station at that time, and more tickets were probably sold in one week than during the year 1930. The next agent was Sumner Cummings, who continued as depot master for some years. He was prominent in social circles and greatly interested in outdoor sports, particularly tobogganing and snowshoeing. He was succeeded by A. M. Goodwin, who served for some years. At that time the Western Union office was located in Saco, and Charles Benson was ticket-seller and telegrapher, doing the railroad and commercial telegraphing. There were two baggage masters, John Emerson and Manley Tracey, and three men in the freight house, also a night operator. A messenger boy delivered messages for the Western Union, between 8 a. m. and 8 p. m. There were two men on duty at the Boston & Maine railroad crossing, one by day and one by night, all of which shows the difference between the old days and today, when the station is absolutely deserted, except when an employe, engaged elsewhere, looks after the fires and opens the station before train time.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS — December 26, 1930

Daniel Holman, son of John and Mary Holman of York, where he was born in the fall of 1797, filled an important place in the early history of Biddeford Pool, where many people from different parts of the country, including J. Montgomery Flagg the artist, pass the summer months. He came to the Pool in 1823 and married Hannah Tarbox, who on her mother's side was the great-granddaughter of Pendler. Mr. Holman engaged in fishing and farming during the summer months and in the winter taught school in the rural districts of York county. His first certificate dated 1824, was signed by Nathanial Webster, pastor of the First church in this city, from 1779 till 1828, and five other members of the committee. It indicates that he is, "qualified to teach the English language grammatically." In 1845, the Pool having leaped into the limelight as a watering place, and the demand for summer-quarters increased, he entertained tourists at his home, a plain one-story structure on the high land just west of the Highland House. The demand for rooms was so great that he made additions to the house from year to year to keep pace with the ever increasing patronage, until 1850, when he completed the Highland House, which was destroyed by fire March 13, 1882. He was a man of wonderful energy and industry. He was always deeply interested in the welfare and prosperity of the community, active in affairs of the church and municipality, and was a member of the city government for several years. He died July 11, 1878, and his wife Margaret Haley, a native of Biddeford, died just four days later.

THE OLD SETTLER SAYS —

In 1775 Pepperellboro united in defraying the expenses of James Sullivan to the Provincial Congress. The greatest unanimity existed between the two towns at the time. Petty jealousies, if any had arisen were forgotten in the excitement of the hour, and all good citizens devoted themselves to the service of the country. The people of Pepperellboro assembled in town meeting in March, 1775, and voted to divide the military company into four separate squadrons to exercise half-a-day, once every week, for three months. It was also voted to begin their exercises at 2 p. m. and engaged a teacher to teach them the military art; said teacher to be paid out of the district treasury as follows: One part to be Old Orchard, so-called, another from Rumery's to the lower ferry; another from Rumery's up to the head of the town, and the other part at Dunstown, so-called. In 1779 the inhabitants agreed to reenforce the Continental army, and voted to raise the men by a draft. When any man was drafted and "paid his fine," the money thus obtained was to be employed in hiring men for the service. The selectmen were also empowered to levy taxes sufficient to pay what would be wanting to pay the full hire of those men who would agree to go into the Continental service for the town of Pepperellboro. Each town was obliged to provide its proportionate part of beef for the army. The exact number of men furnished to the Continental army is uncertain, but a large proportion of the inhabitants were at various times engaged in the service. The only officer of high rank on active duty of whom the town can boast was Col. James Scamman, who led a regiment to Cambridge in '775, and remained about a year. There is no record that his command was involved in any serious battles.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

When I read today that there were 1750 fire alarm boxes in Manhattan and told a veteran fireman, he recalled the good old days when there was not a single fire alarm box in either city. Years and years ago, my informant didn't remember just how long ago, they rang the bell in the belfry on City building in Saco for fires. Later the bell on Saco Trinity Episcopal church was used as a fire alarm. This was, of course, before the days of the telephone and when a cry of "fire" was heard a policeman or someone else would rush to the church on Pleasant street and ring the bell. The firemen, when they left the fire station, had no idea of the location of the fire unless it was in close proximity to the engine house, as it was called in those days. After racing about they would eventually locate the fire and begin operations of extinguishing it. At night if they saw a reflection of a light in the sky they would race in that direction. One night when Orrin Fenderson, for years keeper of Saco jail, was patrolling the streets at night, he heard some one cry "fire," and he legged it as fast as he could to Trinity church and rang the bell. The firemen chased around for a half-hour or more and then decided it was a false alarm. About an hour later he again heard the cry of "fire," and he gave the alarm. The fire-fighters chased around the city from one street to another, but could not find any blaze. Just before daylight he again heard the cry of "fire." and while he thought it might be a false alarm, the same as the other two, he didn't dare take a chance and dashed for the church again. There was no fire. The firemen, worn out and desperate by this time, went out looking for the party who had caused all the trouble, declaring that if they found him they would string him up to the nearest lamp-post.

THE OLD SETTLER SAYS —

At the time of Martin Pring's visit to the Saco river, the stream presented a somewhat different aspect from what it does at this time. Great trees crowned the banks and hung over the water below. Two years after the discovery of the river De Monts and Champlain arrived at Wood island, having run along the coast from the Kennebec. Champlain wrote of Wood island as follows: "While here I visited an island beautifully clothed with a fine growth of forest trees, particularly of oak and walnut, and overspread with vines, which in their season produced excellent grapes. We named it the Island of Bacchus. At high tide we weighed anchor and ran up a river, barred at its mouth. There is but half a fathom of water on the bar at low tide, and about 9 feet, sometimes 12, at high tide. As soon as we cast anchor a number of Indians appeared on the river banks and began to dance." April 10, 1602, a few days after the death of Queen Elizabeth, Martin Pring set sail from Bristol, England, for the new world, taking with him Robert Salterne, a young man of theological tendencies, who had been with Bartholomew Gosnold on his famous voyage of the previous year. Pring had two vessels, neither of them as large as many modern yachts. The first and larger of the two was named Speedwell. She was of 50 tons burden and carried a crew of 20 men and boys. The Discoverer registered only 26 tons and was manned by a crew of 14 men. The ships were sent out by merchants and city officials of Bristol for purposes of trade with Indians. Gosnold had returned from Cape Cod with a valuable cargo of sassafras and furs, obtained by trading with ignorant savages, and the projectors of the Pring voyage honed to reap a handsome profit from the same source of traffic.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

In the fall of 1675 the Indians went on a rampage, killing settlers in Saco and other places right and left. A historian recalls that near Goose Fare brook in Old Orchard Beach the set of buildings owned by Thomas Rogers was destroyed. Nine young men, including a son of Mr. Rogers, were attacked by Red Skins in ambush and all killed, after a heroic defense of several hours. Their bodies were afterwards found on the beach by the inhabitants and buried near where the house stood. The settlement near the New Hampshire line was marked for destruction. On their way thither they slew several settlers at Wells and carried others into captivity. At Strawberry Bank, now Portsmouth, they burned a number of houses, killed six and captured several. Returning east South Berwick, Salmon Falls and Cape Porpoise suffered similar calamities. It was a reign of terror in what is now York county. The whole section was in arms. Men went to their business bearing their muskets and women worked with well-charged muskets beside them. In the field one man worked while the other guarded the spot. At public worship the laymen literally watched while the minister prayed; armed men sat at the end of the pews for the protection of the women. In church etiquette of today the men sit nearest the aisle, a custom which doubtless originated in these days. The first Indian war in Saco and other communities, which began in the early fall, continued with unabated fury until the drifting snows of winter covered the scene and shut the sulking savages in their settlements.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

December 26, 1930

With Christmas right at hand, the little, old-fashioned wooden high chair, scarred and scratched, but still serviceable has been trotted down from the attic or barn chamber in many a Maine household, in anticipation of a visit of the baby of the family from some distance city on Christmas day. Tears filled the eyes of grandmother as she dusted the chair, for she harkened back to days of long ago, when her own baby was sitting in this same little chair at the table, three times a day, now her grandchild was to occupy it on Christmas day.

When her youngster or youngsters had outgrown the little high chair it was stored in the attic by grandmother, who was sure that it would be needed at some future time. While the chair is not a thing of beauty and would bring about a dime from a second-hand dealer grandma would not part with it at any price. The fond memories it recalls is worth more than money, and the old folks will cherish it as long as they live. Perhaps before they die their great-grandchildren may sit in the chair at the Yuletide season. Some of the high ancient chairs in use tomorrow have a little tray in front, but the most of them are made of pine, painted blue or black and without ornamentation of conveniences of any kind. But it will, however, answer the purpose, and provide a seat for the grandchild at the dinner table, although it may not be as comfortable as some of the beautiful willow high chairs of today.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

January 2, 1931

With the new power developments in prospect on Factory island and at Cataract falls, the early history of the island, formerly known as Indian island, will be of interest. Introductory to the sketch of the island, it may be well to give a thumbnail sketch of the Indian tribes dwelling east of the Merrimac river. In their native language they were called Abnakis, meaning Eastmen. These were divided into tribes or clans, each dwelling within district or territorial limits, and each having its own government, consisting of chief and council. The dwellers along the Penobscot river were Penobscots, the descendants of whom now dwell on Oldtown island, about a dozen miles from Bangor. Those on the Kennebec river were Kenebas; those on the Androscoggin the Anasagintacooks and those on the Saco river, who had their principal settlement at Peckwogentt in the great bend of the river, where Fryeburg is now located, were known as Sokokis. Factory island, as it is now called, Bonython or Cutts island, as it was formerly called, was known as Indian island by the early English settlers from the fact that it was an Indian settlement and a rendezvous for the Sokoksis tribe. This island was originally covered with a heavy hardwood forest and with the foaming waters of the cateract on each side, and the placid bay below it is not surprising that these nature-loving children of the forest selected this picturesque place for their habitation.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

December 22, 1930

Probably few of the Journal readers who scan each night the Old Settler's broadcast, have knowledge that as early as 1616 the Indians predicted a hard winter for the very same reasons that local weather forecasters make similar prognostications today. The first settlers were told by the Red Men that the corn husks were thick and close about the ear, beach and walnut burs were thicker than usual and the wild geese were winging their way southward earlier than was their custom. The winter was long and severe and the snow drifted mountain high.

The year 1616 also marks the arrival of Capt. Richard Vines at the mouth of the Saco river. The spot chosen by Capt. Vines for habitation was on the west side of the Pool, a portion of land extending out into the water, known in local nomenclature as "Leighton's Pint." Here Capt Smith put up a log cabin, built in a wide fireplace and chimney of stones gathered from the beach, thached it over with long grass gathered from the marsh and spread for a carpet the fragrant boughs of hemlock. This was the first habitation of civilized man upon the shores of Saco bay, or within the present limits of Saco and Biddeford.

The adventurers had no nearer English neighbors than Jamestown, Va. So secure were the winter quarters and so comfortable the log house that the time passed quickly and in the spring Capt. Vines returned to England with favorable reports of the country. The vessel in which the supplies were kept was anchored off the Pool, and the abundance of game and fish made their circumstances to others of adventures all that could be desired.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

January 9, 1931

Believe it or not, a Saco barber long since dead, claimed he remembered when shaving was first introduced. Inasmuch as the date was about 300 B. C., and the place was Rome, he was, of course, mistaken. The first day of shaving was regarded as the entrance upon manhood and was celebrated with great festivities in Rome, historians tell us. With the appearance of the women in the barber shop came the disappearance of the Police News, an old standby of the barber-shop for years. In its place, in some barber shops can be found the Woman's Home Companion or the Ladies' Home Journal. The tonsorial artists, as they were formerly called, are not as talkative today as the shavers of long ago. An old gentleman, in speaking of the barbers of years ago, told of when Fred C. Brown, Ansel A. Wormwood and Wallace Nickerson had shops in Saco. He spoke also of Walter Lane, known by many as "Orator" Lane, because of his talking proclivities, if you know what he means. Walter was the most brilliant conversationalist that ever handled a razor in the two cities. He could talk on any subject under the sun. His shop was a sort of forum where his friends gathered when business was quiet to discuss and settle the affairs of the nation. Walter knew everything that was going on in the two cities and a whole lot more. He was companionable, genial and had hosts of friends. The oldest living barber in the two cities is John Stowe of Saco, who has been in the business for more than half-a-century, although he retired from active work some time ago.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

January 16, 1931

An aged Saco resident who read, he said, with interest, about the station force at the Saco passenger station of the Boston & Maine railroad years ago, suggested that a brief story be written for the benefit of railroad men about the crossing tenders at the Main street crossing in Saco.

The first gate tender, or crossing man, as he was called in the old days, was Capt. Goldthwaite, who lived on the upper end of Bradley street. He had been night watchman at the Saco Western division for a considerable time, no one seems to know exactly how long, when the gates were installed at the Main street crossing and he was placed on duty as gate tender.

The first gates were of a type long ago discarded. There was a standard on either side of the Factory island end of the crossing and the gate which extended from one to the other standard was lowered and raised by a crank. The gate, extending across the street, ran in groves on each standard. This gate was discarded for one of more modern type.

Robert Johnston was night crossing tender for a number of years. Both men were faithful and efficient and safeguarded the public so carefully that there were few accidents. Both Mr. Johnston and Capt. Goldhwaitte were men of the old school and no better citizens ever lived in the city. Later Charles Whitworth was made gate-tender and he has been employed as such for years. At first the gatemen worked 12-hour tricks and later three tricks of eight hours each.

THE OLD SETTLER SAYS — January 25 '31

The pioneer settlers of Saco were not like the Pilgrims. They were plain, hard-working fishermen and farmers bent on earning their bread honestly, and beyond the commonplace of providing for daily sustenance their sympathies had a comparatively narrow range. They had been attracted to this country by the prospects of bettering their fortunes, and if they could succeed in attaining this end, the majority of them were not over-particular as to the method of their religious observances or the doctrines of their neighbors. They were more or less strongly attached to the Church of England in which they had been reared, and its ceremonies were probably more acceptable to them than the severe code of the Puritans; but they were quite willing to grant a hearing to any sect except the Romanists for whom they entertained the conventional suspicion and dislike. As a consequence of its liberal spirit, Saco was spared the experiences of persecution like those which, however much condoned, mar the history of Massachusetts. The inhabitants of Saco were more apt to quarrel over boundaries and payments of debts than over their rival theological opinions, and so long as a man conducted himself in accordance with the usages of moral society he was comparatively at liberty to think as he chose. A certain amount of heterodoxy in belief was thus ignored, but the authorities permitted no departure from the strict standard of deportment demanded by the laws of Great Britain. While he might privately debate his doubts and formulate his particular doctrine, no man could violate the Sabbath, use profane language or absent himself from church without incurring the censure of his associates and the penalty of the law. One is apt to think of punishments for such misdemeanors as an expression of the theocratic discipline of Massachusetts but enactments against them were on the statute books of England and in the early days of Saco lapses in morals and religion were visited with the same corrections that were inflicted in the mother country. The laws may have been strengthened and more ardently enforced by the magistrates of New England, but they were not devised by them.

THE OLD SETTLER SAYS — May 23 '31

In the happy days of long ago, and not so long ago at that, school boys picked up considerable small change during the summer vacation by driving cows to pasture. Many people in the two cities owned one or more cows, which they pastured in the outskirts of the city. If there were no youngsters in the family, a neighbor's son was engaged for the season to drive the animal to pasture after breakfast, and go after the cow at the close of school in the afternoon. The pay was not large, but $1 would buy much more in those days that at present; but they got as much satisfaction out of a cent-stick of candy, as a boy of today in a 5 cent ice cream cone. One seldom sees a cow being driven through the compact part of the city today. Some of the children in the congested section perhaps never saw a cow. A youngster who recently visited his uncle's farm was greatly impressed with the cows. When he returned home he told his playmates of the cow he had seen, which he described to his chums as follows: "Uncle had a red cow, and she ate green grass, and gave white milk and yellow butter. I'll says that's some cow, and you can believe it or not."

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS — May 15 1931

Anyone seen a hand-organ man this spring? Here it is May 5, and nary an organ grinder, as far as the Old Settler has been able to learn, has been glimpsed in either Saco or Biddeford. Years ago, and not so many years ago at that, one of the first signs of spring was the appearance of the hand organ man grinding out popular melodies on his hand instrument. Children, especially, welcomed the hand organ man, always a foreigner, and gathered around him, clapping their little hands in glee when some selection was ground out on the music box which they liked especially well. As an added attraction, and a way to get additional pennies from the children and grownups, the organ man carried a monkey. The monkey, at the end of the first tune ground out, would climb from the top of the organ to the ground, sliding down the pole that supported the organ, like a fireman sliding down the brass pole in a fire station when an alarm comes in. He would take off his little red cap and pass it around to those gathered around the organ grinder in a circle. When a few cents were dropped into the little cap the animal would grin and bow.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS — May 2 '31

The first French bakery in the two cities was established in a wooden building at the foot of York hill, in Saco, by the late Peter Marcille, early in the 60's. It was located in a sizable building, not far from the coal office of the Biddeford & Saco Coal company, formerly the coal office of the late John Quinby, father of Harry C. Quinby, funeral director. The house was one of the three torn down last year. Mr. Marcille, who was one of the first of the French-speaking residents to come to Biddeford, hired the building and opened a bakery on a small scale. Later, the business increased and as was the custom of the bakeries he put on a bake cart. This cart made regular rounds of the streets of this city every day. Cards were placed in windows of dwellings of many of his regular customers when they wished for bread, etc. Later bells were attached to the shafts of the bake carts and the jingle of the bells called the attention of customers to approaching vehicles and the housekeeper would step to the door, hail the driver of the cart and give him her order.

THE OLD SETTLER SAYS — February 25 '31

With the closing of the grocery stores every night except Saturday, and the passing of the livery stables, there are no parking places, except the street corners, where men gather after supper and talk over things. Years ago every livery stable office was filled with men after sunset, who smoked and talked until the 9 o'clock bells rang, when they trudged home and cliimbed into bed. The stove store of Lowell & Lord on Pepperell square, Saco, was a favorite hanging out place during the winter evenings for well-known citizens. They talked politics, religion and the events in city, state and nation. Enoch Lowell had served as mayor and Augustus Lord was chief engineer of the Saco fire department. with Daniel S. Sands and Joseph Chadbourne as assistants, for some years. In the grocery store of John R. Carpenter, on Main street, in the building, where the postoffice is now located, a dozen or more citizens assembled every week night. Among them were James R. Foss, John W. Whitehead, Thomas Coleman, Parley P. Milliken and others. As Mr. Carpenter, Mr. Coleman and others were interested in hens, this was a favorite topic. The hat store of James W. Littlefield at the corner of Water and Main streets was the gathering place of Saco citizens during Civi war days.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

The Old Settler has been asked to tell how the saying came about that three people would be drowned in the Saco river each year. Many people who have lived along the banks of the Saco for years are firm in their belief that at least three people will be drowned in the waters of the river until Hobowocko, the Indian Satan, is overcome by the good spirit of the stream.

His curse dates back to 1673. It was the belief of the early settlers that the Indians were swimmers by instinct. English sailors, so the story is told, who came up the Saco river in 1673, were anchored off Cow island. They were talking about the red men being born swimmers, when Sakokis and her pappoose glided by the ship in a canoe. She was the wife of Squando, the sagamore of the most powerful tribe in the East.

The sailors, in order to decide the discussion, overturned the canoe, throwing its occupants into the stream. The child would have drowned had not the mother rescued it. Shortly after, the babe died, and Squando, attributing its death to the English sailors who had capsized the canoe, declared himself an enemy to the English and sent word to King Philip that he could rely on the Saco tribe to assist in any way in exterminating the whites.

Sakokis went to the big medicine man of the tribe and he concocted a bad medicine, which he claimed would overcome the Good Spirit of the river. A few nights later, the medicine man and the mother of the dead babe, went to the foot of Cataract falls, where, after chanting and dancing they poured the bad medicine into the river, at the same time pronouncing the mystic words that brought Hobowocko to aid them in fulfilling the terrible curse of causing at least the death of three white persons each year, by drowning, in the Saco river.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

An Old Orchard Beach man more or less familiar with the early history of that resort is of the opinion that the Staples cottage, near the head of Old Orchard street, the home for years of Ebenezer C. Staples, the pioneer hotel keeper, is years older than the Green house on the Old Orchard road, near Goose Fare brook.

This cottage, for years a plain farmhouse, was also the home of Mr. Staples' ancestors. In 1884, or 47 years ago, it was more than a century old, a local historian says. Elisha Staples, the grandfather of Ebenezer, was a descendant of the Staples family of Kittery. He went from Biddeford to Old Orchard about 1790. His son, Elisha, whose wife was Elizabeth Cole, was the father of Ebenezer C. Staples, who was born March 8, 1808. Ebenezer's early life was spent on the ocean, but having more love for the old Staples homestead than for adventure, he abandoned the sea and settled as a shoemaker at the beach. Having inherited his father's estate he devoted his time to agricultural pursuits and shoemaking until the beginning of his hotel career in 1837.

In 1837 a man and his wife, passing through Old Orchard in a horse drawn rig, were impressed with the beauty of the famous beach and besought Mr. Staples to board them for a short time. He did so, and the next summer they returned and brought friends with them. Among the early patrons of the farm house, which was later remodeled into the Staples cottage were men and their families from Montreal, who came the entire distance in their private carriages. The Portsmouth, Saco and Portland road was opened in 1842 and the Grand Trunk from Montreal to Portland in 1852.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

It would make some of the old-timers shiver if they could see the youngsters running about the streets during the coldest days of the winter without any hat, overcoat or rubbers, and women sliding about the ice-covered walks or in a snow storm, with overshoes unbuckled, flapping and flopping, with the snow sifting into the tops of their low shoes. No man thought of going out-doors without a hat back in the 80's. "They dressed warm in those days, believe me," said an aged citizen today, who was jawing about a young man, who was streaking up Main street like a frightened fawn. He was bareheaded and did not wear rubbers, and he had no top coat. "Should think he'd have pneumonia," yapped the old man, "going about like that. I remember taking a long drive in the winter, more than a half-century ago, and what do you think I wore to keep the cold out. Four pairs of thick woolen stockings, a pair of moccasins, two pairs of drawers, two pairs of trousers, a couple of wool undershirts, three woolen shirts, a rubber coat, a newspaper across my lungs, two scarfs, and two pairs of mittens. Years ago newspapers were frequently worn under an overcoat to keep out the cold. I guess they don't do such things nowadays but some of the youngsters might wear a paper hat on their heads. Felt boots have gone out of use, I guess, as I never see anyone wearing them on the street. They are probably worn by woodsmen and men who work out-doors all the time."

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

The approaching municipal election in Saco causes a historian to recall that the date of the incorporation of Saco by Masschusetts was in 1653. Previous to that time the patents on the Saco river had been mere proprietary tracts whose government had been prescribed by foreign authorities. The absorption of the settlement by the Bay Colony brought with it the opportunity for municipal organization. From tenants the inhabitants found themselves transformed into voters, free to enjoy the benefits of what was, to a certain extent, a republican form of government and at liberty to control better than formerly the current of local affairs by the election of officers of their own nomination. The town records of Saco begin with the year 1653 and, with some interruptions continued until 1688, when there is a break of some 30 years. From 1717 on the records are complete. Incomplete as some of the records are they reveal the fact that the town was judiciously managed. The first entry, that for Sept. 27, 1653, reads: "It is granted by ye townsmen of Saco that Roger Spencer shall have liberty to set up a saw mill within their township, upon this condition, that all of the townsmen shall sell bordes 12d in a hundred cheaper than any stranger." This was probably the first saw mill in Saco. A similar grant was made later to John Davies of York upon very much the same conditions.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS — 1931

Data from the address given by William Willis in 1855, historian to the Maine Historical society, contained valuable information in regard to ship building in the state: In 1820 when Maine became an independent state her tonnage was 140,374, showing her to have 1-17 of the whole shipping tonnage of the United States. By 1852 her tonnage had grown to 576,522 tons, worth $23,000,000, and in 1854 it had risen to 686,000 tons, (equivalent to 11 great ships the size of the present Leviathan) worth $27,000,000, thus placing Maine third in total tonnage among all the states. Only New York and Massachusetts exceeded her.

But in point of new vessels annuelly built, Maine actually took first place in 1820 and kept it for years. In 1820 she built 27,705 tons of new vessels worth $1,100,000; by 1852 her annual shipbuilding amounted to 110,047 tons, worth $4,400,000. In 1854 Maine's production was more than double that of any other state in the Union, she having built 168,631 tons against New York's 72,073 tons and Massachusetts' 48,000. Maine's 1854 production included 156 ships, two barques, 78 brigs, 99 schooners and three steamers. This was at the height of the wooden ship era and when the gold rush to California caused a great demand for shipping to carry freight and passengers around the Horn.

In 1854 Maine took rank in commercial statistics among all the states of the Union as follows: First in the number of new vessels built each year; second in the value of her fisheries; third in total shipping tonnage owned in the state; fourth in value of imports, and eleventh in value of her exports. These were golden days for Maine.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS — 1931

It's a safe bet that not half-a-hundred people in Saco are aware that the so-called Woodman house, on Main street, now the parochial residence of Most Holy Trinity parish, is one of the oldest buildings in the city and was patterned after a house in England. The exact date when the mansion was built is not known by anyone questioned today. For years it was the home of the late Horace Woodman, one of Saco most widely-known and prominent citizens. He was connected with the local gas company and later with the first water company, that brought water into the compact part of the city in wooden pipes, from an artificial pond in the vicinity of what is now North-East Park. The builder of the house was Cyrus King, and as before stated was designed after one that took his fancy while he was serving as secretary of Rufus King, United States envoy to Great Britain. Rufus King, whose home was New York, was first appointed U. S. envoy to Great Britain in 1796, by George Washington, the first president and he also served as envoy during the administrations of President Thomas Jefferson, and President John Quincy Adams. He held the important position for nearly 30 years. His brother, Cyrus of Saco died in 1917, so the house must have been built before that time. Perhaps some of the readers of the Old Settlser's column may be able to furnish the date the dwelling was built.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS — 1931

The announcement made by the committee in charge of the celebration commemorating the 300th anniversary of the granting of the patent of Saco, that meter hymns would be sung at the anniversary service to be held Sunday, June 28, recalls that up to 1742, the Psalms of David had been the only hymns sung by the congregation of the First church of Biddeford. When Rev. Moses Morrill was ordained Sept. 28, 1742, succeeding Samuel Willard, the first innovation came in the hymns used by the congregation. He introduced Watts' hymns to be employed on Sundays and particular occasions, at the discretion of the pastor. Rev. Mr. Morrill also attempted something in the way of a revival. Whitefield, the great exhorter, was creating a new epoch in the religious life of many communities in New England by his fervent preaching. The Biddeford pastor was heartily in sympathy with the movement, though some ministers, then as now, did not approve of it, and in March, 1745, Whitefield came to this city and preached several times. The people did not seem to like his method, for a diary of the time says that he met with considerable opposition. It was during Parson Morrill's ministry that the settlement on the eastern side of the river was set off into a distinct parish.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS — 1931

An old citizen of Saco, who was well-acquainted with the late Horace Woodman, says that more space in the Old Settlers column should have been given to the late Horace Woodman, who always was deeply interested and prominently identified with the leading industries of the twin cities of Saco and Biddeford. In 1850 he says Mr. Woodman invented a self-stripping cotton card, which was in use in New England factories for years. In 1858 he invented the Woodman power and hand drill. In 1863 he established machine shops in Saco, where until 1858 he manufactured mill machinery, and a mowing machine. He invented, and in 1866 obtained a patent for a shingle machine, which was used extensively in the western states. In 1877-78 he obtained a patent for a positive motion cotton loom, and in 1873 he obtained a patent for a fancy knitting machine. For more than 20 years he was president of the Saco and Biddeford Gas Light Co., in which he owned a controlling interest. He was a director of the Saco National bank, and of the Saco & Biddeford Horse Railroad Co.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS

March 1931

A copy of the Daily Evening Times of this city, printed 50 years ago, which was found behind a picture in a home in Westboro, Mass., early in March, reached the Old Settler's desk today. The four-page paper contains more advertisements than news, but the ads are interesting. In a column bearing the caption "Business Cards" these names appear:

C. H. Sawyer, apothecary at the old stand of Dr. J. A. Berry; Charles S. Hamilton, attorney-at-law; F. W. Guptill, lawyer; Fairfield & Emery, lawyers; J. E. Butler, counsellor-at-law; Dr. Harry A. Weymouth, physician and surgeon; Helen E. Sellea, teacher of pianoforte; Dr. E. A. Burnham, dentist; M. D. Hall, physician and surgeon; J. M. Deering, coffin and casket manufacturer; Fred C. Bradbury, coroner and undertaker; M. M. Ridlon, dealer in oysters, lobsters and fish; Miss Grace L. Shannon, teacher of violin; D. B. Hill, contractor; Arthur F. Wentworth, auctioneer.

Among the ads are those of E. A. Gowen, piano dealer; Carle & Cousens, contractors; Seth Warren, dealer in hardware and steel; Abbott Cigar Co., P. J. Paraday, proprietor; Dumas & Lacroix, dry goods dealers; F. A. Boothby, horse shoeing; J. F. Decring, auctioneer Charles S. Jose, grocer; J. R. Libby, dry goods; Cheney & Garland, grocers; E. Lanc & Co., piano dealer; William Emery, grocer.

There is an ad announcing the coming of Dupre's & Benedict's gigantic minstrels at the City Opera House. "There will be 50 tuneful performers," the ad reads, and everyone is urged to watch for the marvelous street parade, headed by the famous military band of 40 pieces. Scores of adjectives are used in describing the minstrels. The ad concludes with the words: "The largest and most complete organization on earth, and positively the only show in the world with 20 end-men." Reserved seats were sold at Dr. Warren's drug store.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

May 21 '31

How many of you Biddeford and Saco old-timers realize that back in 1847, Maine stood first among the states of the Union in the amunt of ship tonnage built. This information was gleaned from a travel letter written that year, and continues: "Maine will soon probably stand first in the extent of ownership. The letter, or rather a copy of it furnished the Old Settler, by a Biddeford man, deeply interested in the history of the city, speaks of the Perkins ship yard along Cleaves lane, this city, remembered by some of the old-timers, whose memory dates back to 1847, says:

"They build ships here, in model capacity, sailing qualities and finish, inferior to none built in the United States and yet can hardly swing a maul without encroaching on somebody's premises. Needing and deserving so much elbow room as these men do, we have been at a loss to perceive how, except by magic, they have been able to do such great things upon so small a theater. . . . This business of shipbuilding, by the way, has become one of the most important branches of industry in our state."

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

May 2 '31

Speaking of the drowning of the Indian child in the Saco river brought to the mind of a historian the distressing circumstances under which the little daughter of Andrew Bradstreet was drowned in Saco in 1779. The four year old child fell from the bridge which crossed the Saco river, near the upper corner of the old York Institute building, now owned by the Knights of Pythias. She was held up by her clothing until she reached the dam at Cataract falls, where her little dress caught on an overhanging slab, leaving her suspended in the air over the abyss below. Workers in the old sawmill, which was situated near the old grist mill, built some years later, saw her, and immediately took steps to rescue her, with good prospects of success. Just before they reached her in a boat found tied up near the falls a piece of wood floating down-stream struck and displaced the slab and threw the four-year-old to her death in the waters of the falls. Her body was later recovered. Her father was broken-hearted. This is one of the first drowning fatalities of a white person on the Saco river of which there is any record.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

May 27 '31

The attention of the Old Settler has been called to a picture of the Saco Dirigo band, displayed in the window of the fish market of Orlando A. Spear on Main street, Saco. Some of the old-timers questioned remember that there was such a musical organization in the city years ago, but as yet no one has been found who can identify the bandmen in the picture. If anyone is able to do so they are requested to call at the market. This band, it is stated by men who have lived in Saco for years, was one of the first, if not first, bands in the city. They cannot give any definite information regarding its membership. The Saco band was organized with George Macomber as leader. Later the organization was disbanded. Information regarding both of these bands would be gladly received by the Old Settler.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

May 9 '31

The announcement in the Journal that the Saco and Biddeford Garden club was to mark the rare trees in Laurel Hill cemetery and Pepperell Park, caused a Saco man to call to the attention of the Old Settler that there were rare trees in the grounds surounding the parochial residence of Most Holy Trinity parish in Saco. This was formerly the residence of the late Horace Woodman, for years one of Saco's most prominent citizens. In the yard are elms imported from Germany years ago. As far as known these are the only German elms in either city. One of the chief characteristics of these trees is the length of time they retain their foliage. The trees leave out much earlier in the spring than the other elms, and they do not shed their leaves in the fall until all the other trees are as bare as "September Morn."

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

May 7 1931

Beleve it or not, there was an ice house at the foot of the hill on Factory Island, Saco, near the wharves. This house was filled with ice every winter, and the following summer shipped in schooners to southern cities. The name of the ice dealer is said to have been Black. The ice was cut on the river in the vicinity of Smith's corner and hauled on sleds to the top of York hill. A run had been built from the brow of the hill to the ice-house, and the cakes of ice slid down the run into the ice-house. Theodore Stone, afterwards owner of the carriage factory, a youngster at the time, was posted on the schooner to keep count of the cakes as they were lowered into the hold of the vessel.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

May 25 1931

Mrs. Mary S. Kimball furnishes additional information of interest regarding the brick yard of Nat Kimball at the foot of York hill on Factory Island in Saco. Mr. Kimball, she writes, made brick in that yard from 1873 or '74 until 1882, under the firm name of N. Kimball & Son. Then they engaged in the brick business on the Alfred road just above the railroad. Mr. Kimball died in 1891, but his son continued to make brick until 1896. They furnished brick for the Pepperell Mfg. Co. during that period, also for Biddeford city building and other brick structures in this city.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

May 11 1931

The Old Settler is told that years ago there was a brickyard on York hill in front of the home of Agent Howard L. Whitehead and extending to the car tracks of the Biddeford & Saco Street Railway. Nat Kimball was the owner of the yard and for some years did a prosperous business, giving employment to a number of men. The bricks were made in the old-fashioned way and the output of a season would seem insignificant compared with that of a yard of today equipped with modern machinery. A number of people questioned do not remember the brick yard on the side of York hill. but a Saco resident says he is sure there was such a yard.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

June 8 1931

The Bay View House, one of the best known on the York county coast, was conducted for many years by Mrs. E. Hanson, assisted by her son, Albert Hanson, of Saco. In those days many Montreal people came to the hostelry early in the summer and did not "fold their tents," so to speak, and return home until early in September. Many of the guests made the trip from Old Orchard Beach to Bay View on the "dummy," which ran by the hotel. Harriett Beecher Stowe, Henry Hartshorne, A. M. M. D., and Rev. M. J. Savage of Boston were among the distinguished guests at the Bay View House in the early days. People who left the Boston & Maine railroad at the Saco station made the trip to Bay View by stage.

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

June 1 1931

How many of the Saco and Biddeford people, when they visited Boston years ago, stopped at the Tremont House, at the corner of Tremont and Beacon streets? Silas Gurney of Saco was the proprietor for years. Mr. Gurney had a home on the Ferry road in Saco, and for some years made week-end trips to that city. He found a spring on his possessions in Saco, which he named the Seal Rock Spring, and this water was used at the hotel and shipped to many cities. The water was used in a number of Saco and Biddeford homes. An ad in John S. Locke's books, published in 1884, contains an advertisement of the Tremont House, and speaks of the Seal Rock Spring water, supplied to guests, and says, "the hotel is centrally located, and street cars pass to all railroad depots."

THE OLD SETTLER — SAYS —

June 1 1931

How old is Ann? Ever hear that question before? Of course you have. That was the interrogation you heard everywhere some years ago, although the younger generation perhaps never tried to figure out Ann's age. This is the problem. Try it on your slate. Mary is 24 years old. She is twice as old as Ann was when she was as old as Ann is now. How old is Ann. It is more interesting to work out than a cross-word puzzle. The Old Settler didn't know then and he doesn't know now. Perhaps some of the readers of the column know the answer.

Maine's Crack Of Dawn

A four part history of Maine appearing daily, except Saturday.

Chapter One ... The Norsemen

Biarne Herjulfson may very likely be the first Norseman who saw the coast of Maine with his own eyes; but he was suspicious of it and refused to land.

Biarne was skipper of a trading ship, and went to Iceland to see his father Herjulf, who had settled there the Winter before. But Eric the Red was living in Greenland in those days, and Herjulf had gone to live with Eric.

Biarne Herjulfson was surprised at these tidings; but he said to his men, "I will go to Greenland then, if ye will join me."

Norse ships were narrow, wet ships, not too well provisioned—although they were ballasted with barrels of beer—but Biarne's men all agreed at once to go with him.

Biarne himself had his doubts. He said, "Our voyage will be considered unwise, as we have not sailed in the Greenland Sea before." But his men were busy putting up the storm-boards, and lashing their round shields along the ship's gunwale, to keep out as much of the brine as possible; and they encouraged Biarne to think that he had enough navigation in his bones to get to Greenland without trouble.

So they put an awning over the rowing-seats to keep out the rain, raised the ship's square sail and put to sea, with enough bread and butter to last several days, and for the rest, salt provisions that needed young and strong teeth to masticate.

So they rolled and slogged their way across the North Atlantic; sometimes on calm days putting out the oars, and again trusting to sail alone; and sometimes the dragon-head of this open ship of theirs was all but knocked loose by the blows of what would now be known as a North Atlantic ring-tailed snorter.

And in due time — but there is no record as to whether this was a quick or slow passage—they sighted land. Biarne said at once he did not think it was Greenland. So he sheered off and sailed two more days. Then they saw land again; but Biarne said this was no more Greenland than the first.

"For in Greenland" he said, "they say there are great snow-fells." But this land had no snow-fells. It was well-wooded, and had some small heights or hills; and the crew thought it would be best to land.

The wind had dropped and they were already sliding their oars into the water to row ashore; but Biarne stopped them. For all his clever seamanship, he was a cautious man; and he knew that death might hover in the gloom of those thick pines and spruces.

He was almost certainly looking at some spot along the coast of Maine, but he didn't land. He remembered no doubt that the first Norsemen in Greenland were killed by hordes of Eskimos; and there might be more Eskimos in these thick woods.

The men were all agog to set foot on shore, and said they needed wood and water; but Biarne said they needed neither.

He turned the ship's prow the other way, so as to bring the land on the port side, and sailing on this course with a southwesterly wind, he reached Greenland and found his father.

But he was much blamed, both in Greenland and later by Eric the Jarl in Norway, for not having landed and explored that new land.

So it was left for Leif, son of Eric the Red, to discover North America.

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Leif Ericson

Leif Ericson, son of Eric the Red, that mighty sea-rover who had settled in Greenland, bought Biarne Herjulfson's ship from him about as soon as it had beached its keel at Brattalid, Eric's settlement.

It was not that Leif wanted to outdo his father in making discoveries. Indeed as a dutiful son, he asked Eric the Red to be Chief of the voyage to that seductive Coast which Biarne had fled from, as if in superstitious terror.

Eric said he was too old, he couldn't stand wet weather as he could when younger. But Leif argued with him so hard that finally the old man got on his horse to go to the ship.

But the horse stumbled and threw him and he hurt his foot, and then Eric the Red said it was not fated that he should discover any more lands than Greenland. So he went back to his house.

But Leif sailed with a crew of 35 men. They came to that Coast which Biarne had described, and Leif said "We won't have it said of us, as it was of Biarne, that we didn't go ashore."

He dropped a small boat into the water, and landed on a great strand of white sand, which may perhaps have been Old Orchard. Leif said, "This land shall have a name according to its appearance, and we shall call it Markland."

He kept a weather eye out for possible inhabitants, but didn't see any. Indeed he didn't stay here long, but went south a bit further, helped out by a northeast gale; and so he came to a place which was very shallow at ebb-tide. His men towed the ship up a river; and they landed and built some booths and a big house.

There was salmon in the river, bigger salmon than these Norsemen had ever seen. There is actually no telling now where this spot was, whether in Maine, Massachusetts or Rhode Island. According to the old Heimskringla the Lives of the Norse Kings, day and night were more equally divided there than in Greenland or Iceland.

In Leif Ericson's day, the mariner had no compass, but that was no great drawback. There were always the sun and stars; and if you got off your course in cloudy weather, sun or stars would finally come out and set you right again. Long before Columbus, men steered by getting a star against the fore-rigging; and the Polynesians in their outriggers, even in Leif's time, were making much longer voyages than his in their own ocean, the Pacific. And their landfall would be some crumb of an island like Tahiti, where Leif and his successors had the whole Atlantic Seaboard to grapple for.

All the same, Leif's voyages were more important to Maine and to the western world than those voyages of the Polynesians. He showed the same suspicion of the new land that Biarne had; and he said to his man: "Half of you shall stay at home, and the other half shall get to know the land, but nobody shall go farther away than that they can come back the same day, and you must not walk far apart from each other."

In spite of these procautions, one man strayed away, but he turned up all by himself after a while. "I did not go much further than the others, but I have something new to tell, for I have found vines and grapes."

Leif called the land Vinland, and when he got back to Greenland, they called him Leif the Lucky. And lucky he must have been, to have cruised the Maine coast without a chart; luckier than Lucky Lindbergh. But Leif's brother Thorwald felt that Vinland had not been explored enough; so Leif said to him, "Take my ship and go see for yourself."

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Chapter III

Voyage of Thornwald

Thorwald Ericson went aboard his brother Leif's ship with 30 men, and sailed for Vinland; but he was not so lucky as Leif.

At first all went well enough. Thorwald got to Vinland, and found Leif's houses still standing; and he hauled the ship on shore and stayed the Winter, fishing. In the Spring he did some exploring, and found the land well-wooded, with sand beaches on the shore and many islands.

The next Spring he went eastward and northward—he was almost certainly at some time on the Maine Coast—and perhaps had got to Maine when a gale blew his ship ashore and broke her keel.

They were a long while repairing her; and then, sailing East again, cast anchor in a cove, and Thorwald said, "It is beautiful here, and this is where I would like to build my house."

But there was trouble in the wind. These Norsemen had sharp eyes, and now they saw three black spots on the sand, at some distance. They went there, and found three skin boats turned upside down, with three men under each boat.

So they killed eight of these nine men, and afterwards, says Heimskringla, "they went to a ridge and had a look around."

So ruthless and inhumane were the first white men's dealings with the Indians. Later the Norsemen called the red men Skraelinger (i. e. weak and powerless men) but succeeding centuries were not to show them always weak and powerless.

The truth is, the Vikings were a cruel breed and had small notion of the sacredness of human life. At this time King Olav, in Norway, was their great man, and Olav's chief diversion was juggling with three swords, "so that one was always up in the air, and he always had hold of another by the hilt." King Olav was very "heated in all things"; as for his foes, when he captured them, "some he burned, some he let wild hounds tear asunder, and others he maimed or cast down from high mountains."

So these Norsemen under Thorwald killed their first Indians; but they had roused up a hornet's nest. They were sleeping soundly on the sand after the battle when the watchman's voice cried: "Awake Thorwald, with all thy followers, if ye will save your lives."

They jumped up and saw a crowd of those dismal skin boats paddling fast in their direction. They had killed only eight out of nine; the ninth had escaped and notified his friends that their land had been invaded.

The Norsemen retreated to their ship, and Thorwald said, "We shall put up our stormboards along the railings and defend ourselves; but we shall not trouble to use our weapons much against them."

But those weak and powerless Redmen had even then the sting of death in their attack. They shot a rain of arrows, and then paddled away as fast as they had come. "Is any man wounded?" Thorwald asked; but they were all unhurt. All but Thorwald himself.

"An arrow flew between the railing and the shield and hit me above my hand; here is the arrow and it will be my bane."

Maine's Crack Of Dawn

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Chapter IV

Torstein Ericson

So Thorwald Ericson died of the Indian's arrow, and his men buried him there in Vinland with crosses at his head and feet; and brought the bad tidings back to Leif in Greenland.

His brother Torstein Ericson now said that Thorwald's body could not be left to lie alone in that strange country. He must go fetch it home to Greenland. So it came about that all the sons of Eric the Red, one by one, had their sight of Vinland and the Maine Coast; but only Leif was lucky.

Torstein took his wife Gudrid with him, and a crew of 25 men; but he seems not to have been as good a navigator as his brother. He drifted about a whole summer and knew not where he was.

Winter came on, and Torstein got ashore, not at Vinland, but way north of that, at a place in West Greenland, where another Torstein—Torstein the Black—was settled.

Torstein the Black offered Torstein Ericson and his wife Gudrid a lodging in his house, and they accepted—in a bad hour for them, as it turned out, because a sickness broke out in that house. Torstein the Black's wife Grimhild took sick.

Grimhild was a mighty woman, strong as a man; but death was stronger still... "Our housewife looks strange, she pushes herself forward over the bed and looks for her shoes" Torstein Ericson muttered to his wife Gudrid.

If Grimhild was looking for her shoes, it must have been because she visioned a long journey looming up in front of her. She fell back dead, and every beam in the house shook; and then Torstein Ericson, who had been sick himself, got worse.

His wife Gudrid sat on a stool by his bunk and was sorry for him; but at the same time when Torstein the Black pulled her down into his lap, she does not seem to have protested.

Things were rather at sixes and sevens, and when Torstein Ericson called "Where is Gudrid?"—Gudrid, sitting in Torstein the Black's lap, whispered "Shall I answer him or not?"

Torstein the Black seemed to think it would be better for her not to answer her husband at all; and he himself said to Torstein Ericson: "What did you want to say to Gudrid?"

And the dying man said he wanted to tell her fate, which was among other things, that she was going to marry a man from Iceland.

Torstein the Black might have had different ideas, but it turned out as Ericson had said. Torstein the Black took Gudrid back to Greenland; and before long a ship came from Norway, steered by an Icelander called Thorfinn Karlsefni.

Karselfni was rich; but for all that he was an adventurer; and when Gudrid advised him to go to Vinland, he first married her, then took her to that fabled land.

Karlsefni asked Leif Ericson to let him have his houses in Vinland; but Lief said he would lend them and not sell them. He apparently had some notion of going back there himself, but he never did.

Karselfni and Gudrid took cattle with them, a herd of cows and a bull. The Norse sailors lived in Leif's houses, fished, gathered wild grapes, and cut and dried wood. It was getting along into the second Summer when they first caught sight of the Indians.

These Skraelingers were coming to trade with sacks of furs; but suddenly the bull began to roar, and frightened them off.

"They could not understand each other's language," says Heimskringla, a difficulty which persists among the nations to this day.

Maine's Crack Of Dawn

A four part history of Maine appearing daily, except Saturday.

Chapter V

Last Of The Norsemen

Thorfinn Karlsefni stayed a while in Vinland, living in Lief Ericson's house there; but he got tired of fighting the Indians and went and settled in Norway.

And then Freydis, the sister of Leif, fitted out an expedition and occupied Leif's houses in Vinland for a time; but she misbehaved herself while there, and had a bad reputation even after she got back to Greenland.

So far as the record shows, Freydis was the last of these Norse voyagers in Gulf of Maine waters.

But you would still hear talk of that place in Norway for long years afterwards. King Olav had a certain blind King Rorik who was captive in his train. Rorik struck at Olav one day with a dagger: and after that Olav thought it would be good judgment to get rid of him. But for some reason he didn't want to have him killed.

It so happened that King Olav had as his guest a man named Toraren from Iceland, who owned a merchant ship. Toraren slept in the King's own room, very familiarly; and one morning the King, waking up first, saw Toraren's foot sticking out from under the sheet. And it was an ugly, ill-conditioned foot.

The King woke Toraren, and said jokingly, "I will bet there is not another foot as ugly as that the world around." Toraren answered: "I will find an uglier foot for you in this very household." King Olav said: "The one of us is right shall crave a boon of the other." Toraren replied, "Good" and he stuck out his other foot from under the bedclothes. "This one is uglier, O King, because it has a toe lopped off."

"On the contrary," said King Olav, "the first foot is uglier, because it has five ugly toes on it, and this has only four. And so I have a right to crave a boon of thee."

"What is the boon, Great Sire?" Toraren asked.

"That you take King Rorik, who has become a great nuisance here, and take him to Leif Ericson in Vinland" said the King, thinking that there was no place farther off, where a Norse ship could beach its keel.

Toraren turned as pale as ashes, and had reason to wish that he had not tried to be so clever with a King, since the King had turned out cleverer than he.

"Sire," he faltered, "is there no place but Vinland where a man can lie outcast?"

He had heard of the terrors of that place, as well as its wonders and did not want to go there. What with the Indians, these "weak and powerless men," and the pestilence, North America had got a very bad reputation in Norway.

King Olav held out for Toraren's depositing the blind King Rorik on the shores of North America but he said he might leave him in Iceland if he saw no other way out of it.

So Toraren left him in Iceland.

And after that, there is no record of the Vikings in the Gulf of Maine, or any place adjacent. But it was they who opened the New World to the future centuries. And it is a part of history that Christopher Columbus went to Iceland in 1477 to get nautical information from the records of those famous seagoers; and there he heard the story of Vinland, and had his eyes opened as to other details of the western ocean.

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Chapter VI

John Cabot

The Norsemen lost interest in their Vinland, and there was no more thought of that newfound Land beyond the Seas until the time of John and Sebastian Cabot.

John Cabot appears to have been a citizen of Genoa, like Columbus himself; but he was transplanted to Bristol, England, and in 1497 made a short summer voyage westward. He hoped to reach Japan and the spice islands, which had been described by Marco Polo in flowery terms.

John Cabot in the bark Mathew reached some part of North America, perhaps Newfoundland, possibly the Labrador Coast. The voyage was only a lick and a promise, but it raised a landfall that had been buried by the centuries, and revived the legend of Leif Ericson.

The voyage began in May, and John Cabot was back in Bristol in August; but King Henry VII was vastly pleased with his discovery, and the chit-chat among Cabot's friends in Venice was that he was called the "Great Admiral" new in England, and that he went dressed in silk and had signal honor paid him. The English ran after him like mad; and the King had promised him further off than that, and told his enchanted listeners that Japan was the homeland of all the spices of the world—a fat prize for English mariners to bring back from the world's threshold. And he had only a hearty laugh for those ignoramuses who still thought the earth was flat, and that the oceans merely dropped off its edges into space, like icing from a cake.

"He makes everything so plain, that everyone believes him," one of his hearers wrote to the Duke of Milan.

John Cabot dealt out promises and whole principalities with both hands. A man never lived who was more generous in carving up the earth's surface. He gave an island to one of his friends; and another island to his barber, who like himself, was born in Genoa. Some poor Italian friars this magician Cabot promised to make bishops in the new land; but the writer to the Duke of Milan does not seem to have caught the infection, since he closes his letter thus: "Meanwhile I stay on in this country, eating ten or twelve courses at each meal, and spending three hours at table twice every day, for the love of Your Excellency, to whom I humbly commend myself."

However fantastic the story, the King was impressed by it,

ten armed ships for his next expedition, and also as many jailbirds as he might need to make up his crews. (For sad to state, it was not too easy to get free men to make so daring an adventure.)

John Cabot, like most of the old voyagers, drew a pretty long bow when he was telling stories for home consumption. Wherever he went, he took his map with him and a "solid sphere," a globe on which he had painted the world as he would like to see it; and there, sure enough, if you looked close, you would see Japan, which on some of Columbus' maps, was down just a little to the west of Cuba.

But John Cabot had it much and granted John a yearly pension of 20 pounds, to be taken out of the Bristol customs. Was it too little? Twenty pounds was a good round sum in those days; and Milton, a century and a half later, got only 10 pounds for his poem Paradise Lost, which opened a new heaven and a new earth to men's eyes.

John Cabot had nothing to say to heaven, but he had had his "first glimpse," his prima vista, of the mighty continent of North America, and might be pardoned for a little bragging.

If he had his health, he must certainly have made a second voyage; but on this subject, history has gone into a tail-spin.

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Chapter VII

Sebastian Cabot

History can safely say that John Cabot did make that voyage of 1497 to America. Poor and obscure he was when he came to England, but all contemporary documents show that he was a man of fame when he came home to Bristol from that 1497 voyage.

But did he go again in 1498? Or was that his son, Sebastian Cabot? The voyage itself touched the coast of Maine in the vicinity of Kittery, and went south possibly as far as Chesapeake Bay. It failed to find China or Japan; it failed to bring back spice; all that came out of it was a sharp protest from Spain, that English mariners should be poaching on Spanish preserves—flat in the teeth of certain clauses in Father Adam's will.

It may be that John Cabot made his second voyage, and perished in it. It may be that he died after his first voyage, and that his son Sebastian made the second voyage.

According to a certain gentleman of Mantua, Sebastian Cabot said to him: "Knowing by reason of the sphere that if I sailed by way of the Northwest, I should find a shorter road to the Indies, I at once communicated my thought to His Majesty," who at once gave him two ships with all things needful.

Most accounts agree that Sebastian went until he sighted Labrador, and then went north, looking for this Northwest Passage to Asia, until icebergs began to thicken round him. Whereupon, he despaired of getting to Asia that way, and turned south, going past Nova Scotia and the Gulf of Maine until he came to Florida.

Sebastian Cabot was glad to get out of that region of northern ice which had all but crushed his ship to stove-wood. The Gulf of Maine must have been mild indeed by comparison. And, like his father, John, Sebastian had the faculty of telling tall tales.

He mentions, for instance, the codfish of this region—just as, later, Captain John Smith was to tell his countrymen that a princely income could be had from New England codfish alone.

But Sebastian Cabot is a better romancer than Smith. Sebastian speaks of the bears. The bears of this Country, it seems and it is as likely he meant Maine as any other section of the coast — hunt codfish in a very clever way. Trees grew close to the sea, and overhang the water; their leaves in the Fall drop there, and the codfish feed on them in shoals.

Now, the bears, says Sebastian, eat nothing but codfish; but how to catch them? Well, the bears have a system. They see the codfish schools getting near the land; and then the bears rush into the sea, "each linked with another of their kind," and the bear at the seaward end of the chain strikes his claws into a codfish, pulls him ashore, and eats him.

I suppose we modern State of Mainers are to sift out how much of that we shall believe; but we may still credit Sebastian's assertion that he sailed west in the frozen north—latitude 67 degrees — and would have gone to Asia if the mutiny of the Master and his Mariners had not prevented him.

Of course, he would not have got to Asia, because he was in Hudson's Bay at the time, yet it was well for Sebastian Cabot to speak of mutiny, since Christopher Columbus had to deal with one, and it gives a fine flavor of "it might have been" to that northern enterprise of his.

Sebastian Cabot made only one voyage for the King of England—if indeed it was he who made that and not his father—and after that, he was in the service of the King of Spain. But he did not forget the early days, and perhaps the drone of the sea falling on the coast of Maine was in his ears as late as 1556, when, according to Hakluyt, he came aboard young Stephen Borough's ship at Gravesend.

Borough was going on a voyage of discovery, and the good old gentleman, Master Cabot, was so excited at the thought that he "entered into the dance himself, among the rest of the young and lusty company . . . and then . . . commended us to the governance of almighty God."

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Chapter VIII

Rediscovery

Christopher Columbus and his successors were looking for something more substantial than a land of wild grapes. Five centuries had passed, and the Vikings had practically forgotten what they had learned about that curious land of Vinland.

Eric the Red and his family had explored just for the love of it, because the sea was in their blood. Later navigators were more commercial, and had dreams of "barbaric pearl and gold"; or they were more scientific, and dreamed of a Northwest Passage to the Indian Ocean.

Giovanni da Verrazano, a Florentine mariner in the service of the town of Dieppe, came into the St. Lawrence as early as 1512, and kidnaped a few Indians. Then, half a dozen years later, Cortez discovered Mexico, and shipped back gold and silver to Spain.

Verrazano, sailing south, captured one or two of these gold ships and brought them into Dieppe, France. The French King Francis' greed was stirred. He sent his famous message to the Spanish King to ask if he and the King of Portugal had really parcelled out the earth between them. Had Father Adam's will made these two his only heirs?

So it was that King Francis sent Verrazano on his great voyage of 1524.. Verrazano came on the American coast at North Carolina,. or what is now North Carolina, and cruised slowly and carefully north till he came to the mouth of the Penobscot River, map-making all the way, and frequently landing and sending his geologist ashore to tap the rocks.

Because, of course, one great object of this French expedition was to find out if there was gold here, as in Mexico, or pearls, as in Venezuela; and at the same time they were trying to find that elusive northwest passage into the Indian Ocean.

Verrazano found not the faintest trace of gold on the banks of the Penobscot, nor did the Indians wear gold ornaments, which he took to be a good sign there was no gold on the surface of the ground at least.

As for silver, he said later, jesting with his French friends, that he had caught glimpses to the west of mountains that looked like solid silver, but that it was just possible that these were like any other mountains, only dusted with snow. And these of course were the White Mountains, which Leif Ericson had seen five centuries before. Perhaps they had worn down a little, but not noticeably. Mountains are very patient. It is not for nothing that they are called "the everlasting hills."

But a very short exploration of Penobscot Bay was proof enough to Verrazano that this was not that opening he was looking for into the Indian Ocean. It was the mouth of a river, nothing more, and so it went down on his queer-looking map.

To modern eyes, it certainly is queer; because Verrazano, while he had Penobscot Bay correctly sized up, mistook Chesapeake Bay for the Pacific Ocean. And so on his map, most of the central part of the Unitetd States is nothing but an extension of the Pacific Ocean; and in fact along the Virginia Coast the distance from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean is not more than six miles.

So groping and blind were the estimates of even the cleverest of the early navigators. But Verrazano was right in believing that the Penobscot River must mean a large land mass to the north; and so in his reasoning about the State of Maine—to be—he was on solid ground.

If he had returned to Maine, he would certainly have learned more about it. Unfortunately, two years later, when he was still hunting for the Indian Ocean, and a fortune in spices, he was captured by Spanish cruisers and the Spanish quite rightly hanged him as a pirate.

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Chapter IX

Norumbega

Norumbega was certainly a place, but what place it was the old map-makers could not agree on. By some the river of Norumbega was thought to be the Penobscot, and as such it was set down on Gastaldi's map in 1553.

The region of Norumbega was often said to extend as far south as Florida; on some maps it appears as an island; as late as 1620 Captain John Smith bounded Norumbega on the south by Virginia, but a little earlier Samuel Champlain had limited that region to the Province of Maine.

It was so nearly a myth that it is small wonder if myths sprang up around the name. By some it is contended that Giovanni da Verranzano himself is nothing better than a myth; but that old pirate seems on the whole to have been solid substance, and a very observing and enterprising man.

Hakluyt prints a letter from his hand which is full of a good many plausible descriptions. Verrazano says he fetched the Shiponse of the Norsemen (Cape Cod), and "tending afterwards to the north" found another land, thick with woods, the country of the pointed firs, no less, Maine in all her ancient glory.

The Indians were dressed in bearskins and sealskins; and these "Skraelingers" of the Norsemen, descendants of those "weak and powerless men" of five centuries before, seem to have retained some legend of the ruthlessness of the white man in dealing with their kind.

They were fearful, and yet at the same time they wanted to trade. They wanted the white man's steel, his knives and fishhooks. Five hundred years before, when the Viking Karlsefni traded with them, they wanted knives and weapons too; but the Viking was too clever for them. He took their furs and gave them in exchange milk and dairy produce; so they car-

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ried away their profits in their stomachs.

Verrazano sold them cold steel, and it needed now only the white man's liquor to start up the bloody Indian wars with which the region was cursed for so long.

Mistrust was the watchword even in that early trading.

"They used to come to the seashore upon certain craggy rocks," says Verrazano, "and we standing in our boats, they let down with a rope what it pleased them to give us, crying continually that we should not approach the land."

Reason enough in that cry, when we reflect that the old navigators could hardly ever refrain from kidnapping two or three of these tawny savages, as living proof and illustration of the stories they would tell of those bizarre lands, once they were back home again, slopping pewter and exchanging dreams in the taverns of Dieppe and London.

So it was that when Verrazano and his men went on shore in spite of those shrill warnings—that was after the precarious trading was over and done with—the Indians shot arrows at them, and then with savage howls and caterwaulings, ran into the forest.

More fortunate than the Norseman Thorwald, Verrazano escaped these arrows; but that, of course, was only because he was destined to hang as a pirate.

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Chapter X

Legend of Norumbega

The legend of the Lost City of Norumbega, the home of the Bashaba or chief man of the Penobscot, must be credited to one David Ingram of Barking, England, a man, like Verrazane, with a touch of piracy about him, but that was only, as he would protest, because he had had the misfortune innocently enough to ship with Sir John Hawkins, one of the worst slave-traders ever to haunt the Caribbean.

Hawkins was so heart and soul in the business of blackbirding that his very coat of arms was crested with the half-length figure of a negro child bound with cords; but of this fact young Ingram had no inkling when he climbed aboard that infamous man's ship.

dog Drake, for all his villanies. A man's place in history is not determined by his amiability.

As for his men, marooned at the mouth of the Tampico River, they were in a sad predicament. That coast was none of the best for pedestrians in the year 1567. Young David Ingram and his mates had not wrestled their way too far through the scrub, when they were attacked by natives.

Eight were killed — the kind Sir John had not been forethoughtful enough to deal them out weapons in parting with them, thinking quite reasonably that they might turn such weapons on himself — and the rest escaped to the north. The savages took their clothes, their very shirts; and marooned seamen journeyed naked under broiling suns; some starved; some were killed by Indian arrows; some fell down in their tracks of sheer fatigue.

This, it turned out, was to be an unlucky cruise. The Spaniards destroyed four of Sir John's six ships; his two remaining ships were now hopelessly overcrowded with men; and if he was to reach England alive, he must put half his sailors ashore.

It would, says the ancient raconteur, have caused any stony heart to relent to hear the pitiful moan that many did make at that harsh necessity; which is not to be wondered at when we read that the bo'sun of the Jesus—one of Sir John's remaining ships — forced the discarded men to jump into the sea, "having more than a mile to shore, and so to shift for ourselves, and either to sink or to swim."

Another account is more favorable to Sir John; says that he gave to his marooned men five yards of cloth apiece, and money to those that wanted it; and then "lovingly embraced us greatly lamenting our distressed state, and having persuaded us to serve God, and love one another, he bade us all farewell."

Whichever way it was, Sir John Hawkins then made an easy run to England, where his reputation came to equal that of his colleague the famous sea-

Yet young David Ingram survived it, and became the Dr. Cook of his day — not that he claimed to have got to the Pole, but he did claim to have got north as far as the St. John's River, and to have seen on the Penobscot River a fabulous city where the very houses had "pillars of silver and crystal" and where the streets were "far broader than any street in London."

Says Herbert Milton Sylvester, author of "Maine Pioneer Settlements," to whose powers of research we owe the digging up of so many of these old manuscripts: "Had one looked into Boer's Head Tavern in Eastcheap London, one would very likely have met Ingram, whose tankard, foaming-full at his elbow, was all the inspiration needed" and then, no matter how visionary his descriptions, "one's doubts would have flown up the chimney; for those were days of prodigies, when even Shakespeare was a horse-boy at the new Drury Lane Theatre."

David Ingram, it appears, drew a longer bow than any of the Indians who had shot their arrows at him on his way to the Penobscot.

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Chapter XI

WONDERS OF NORUMBEGA

David Ingram gave such an account of his travels in Maine and elsewhere that in the year 1582 he was subpoenaed by the English Government. High officials—indeed the great voyager Sir Humphrey Gilbert himself—wanted to hear his account of this Country which seemed to yield more gold and silver than Mexico itself.

Nothing daunted, Seaman Ingram laid it on thicker than ever and the manuscript of his testimony may still be read in the English State Paper Office.

Maine, he said—but Maine as a region had no name as yet—was full of rivers, and the rivers were full of fishes, "very toothsome and easy to take." Ponce de Leon was a fool to have hunted for the Fountain of Youth in Florida, when it might so much more easily have been located in Maine.

The trees grew tall there, as tall as several masts on the River Thames put together; and the Indians were as good with bow and arrow as Robin Hood himself in Sherwood Forest. As for the red deer, "there were never so many in all England as I have seen in a single day's travel in that land"—which was indeed like enough. But then the incautious man went on to say that there were lions and even elephants on the banks of the Penobscot.

On the other hand, some of his detail sounds more convincing, as if he really had been here. He speaks of the shell-heaps, and of finding people eating a strange fish called quahog; and these people, Indians of course, cooked their fish and clams in a perfectly up-to-date way; or rather after four centuries it may be said that no better way to cook them has been dreamed up than was already practiced in Ingram's day.

Which is to say, they built great fires on stone ledges; then when the stone was hot, raked the coals away, put the shellfish on the hot stones, and covered them with seaweed. From this description alone it appears that Ingram was either in these parts, or had talked with somebody who had been.

He swore that the women in that land of enchantment were handsome wenches, and that he might have had the handsomest of all if he had signified a wish to settle down with her. They were dressed in soft skins, and had gold in their ears; and said that their king, the Bashaba, lived more to the east in a big city where the houses had gold roofs.

They paddled him along the coast, in the direction of that city, which should have been somewhere in the neighborhood of the presentday Bangor; and when they were off a peninsula called Pemcuit, dawn just then breaking, our adventurer saw "a great island that was backed like a whale."

Monhegan, unquestionably, but they did not land there. They were headed for Penobscot Bay. Ingram describes the mouth of the Penobscot well enough. Salmon were running in the river, and the Indians speared them with sprucewood spears equipped with fishbone barbs.

But when he came to the city itself—the predecessor of Bangor—our narrator beggared all description. The roofs indeed were gold, and the very canoes of beaten copper—whereas the canoe that Ingram had come in, from the poorer region of the Sagadahoc, was of birch-bark sewed together with spruce roots, and caulked with pitch from the pines.

Ingram, whether mellowed with Boar's Head ale, or bored through by the suspicious eyes of officers of state, had a very artful faculty of blending the true with the false. His story was persuasive enough to beguile Sir Humphrey Gilbert into taking it for gospel, through which he lost his life, as we shall see.

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Chapter XII

City of Norumbega

That fabulous city on the Penobscot, according to David Ingram, was called Arembec; and the halls of Montezuma were mere gilt and tinsel by comparison.

As our adventurer went up that flight of flat stone steps on the river bank, he had painted Indians in feather headdress on either side of him and no end of marvels met his eye. The streets were paved with stones as smooth as glass; the houses were white-walled, and roofed with gold, silver and copper; the doors were of pure crystal.

As for the Bashaba's palace, there was not, and never had been and never would be such a palace as that in the world, with entrance door of solid gold that opened as Ingram approached though no hand touched them, very much as if those simple Indians had got hold of the principle of the electric eye.

He put his guest up for the night in a superfine guest house, where a pretty wench brought the young man in a platter of fish and venison, and a pot of wine. The platter of course was pure gold. The young lady had over her arm a suit of the finest white doeskin, which by gestures she invited him to change into, from his seaman's rags.

Ingram testified that after this he had pretty much the run of the city, or the keys to it; and he gives a characterization of these "savages." . . . . "When they put their ears to the ground they can hear steps far away, and their noses are as sharp as a fox.' And they can make their way through the woods in the darkest night by placing their hands on the rind of a tree, for they note some difference between that side towards the south or the north."

And inside was a hall, and a fountain "with jewels that would make my Lord of the Exchequer go mad;" and the Bashaba sat on his throne with a diamond half the size of a man's fist in his headdress, and a fish-net over him "with a pearl for every knot."

The King and Ingram seemed to get on very well in conversation, though what language they used we have no record. The King said he was King of the Abenaki tribes, and that this was a rich country with a lot of gold knocking about—as in fact a man could see who had eyes in his head—and he seems to have taken a fancy to young Ingram. He offered him a house all equipped with a wife and bows and arrows, to which at first the footsore adventurer was "very much inclinable;" and he took him all over the place, showed him upstairs and down.

It was when Ingram asked the King where he got all his gold that His Majesty grew silent, and merely said that there was more where this came from.

These were true statements, but what made the massive brows of Sir Humphrey Gilbert draw together was when he heard Ingram solemnly assert that gold was more common in Arembec than lead in England, and that almost every house had a bucket of pearls sitting somewhere in a corner.

This crazy tale, made up of all the luxurious notions that had crammed into the head of a shipwrecked and half starved sailor—who could suppose that it would have deceived even a child, let alone men of judgment who had roamed the seas themselves, and had told glowing lies on their own account?

And yet this tale of State of Maine gold overwhelmed the better sense of Sir Humphrey Gilbert. In his eagerness to get there first, he sailed away while his ship was still in bad repair, and foundered in the open ocean.

And next this tale told in the Boar's Head London was wafted across the Channel, and the French began to look soulfully across the North Atlantic towards this El Dorado. The expedition of the Sieur De Monts and Samuel Champlain got under way.

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Chapter XIII

The Great Champlain

It was in April, 1604, that the first French expedition got underway to see what truth there might be in that story of the city of gold on the banks of the Penobscot.

Its leader was the Sieur de Monts, but its great man was Samuel Champlain. Champlain wrote up the voyage, made the charts, and did the navigating and most of the exploring.

Says historian John Fiske of Champlain: "The early years of this noble and charming man were mostly spent upon the sea. He was a true Viking, who loved tossing waves and the howling of the wind in the shrouds. His strength and agility seemed inexhaustible; in the moment of danger his calmness was unruffled as he stood with hand on tiller, calling out his orders in cheery tones that were heard above the tempest . . . There was a blitheness of mood and quaintness of speech about him that made him a most lovable companion. In the whole course of French history there are few personages so attractive as Samuel Champlain."

The Sieur de Monts made his wintering headquarters on an island in the St. Croix River, the island of St. Croix. There were plenty of Indians in that country and the Sieur de Monts expressed a pious wish that the French might get them to stop fighting each other and go to work for the French, which could be best brought about by making good Christians of them.

But as a preliminary to this industrious peace, de Monts planted a few good cannon in this wintering island of his, and had the satisfaction to see that any vessels passing up the river into Passamaquoddy Bay were at the mercy of these cannon.

And then, early in September, they set sail on a voyage to find that fabled city of Arembic—because, not to mention gold, it was now rumorded that the Indians had built a cotton factory on the banks of the Penobscot, apparently in the neighborhood of Bangor.

So, in a day or two, they anchored off the Isle of Monts-Deserts, and Champlain properly notes the beauty of these island mountains.

And then, with rising excitement, the explorers entered the River of Norumbega (the Penobscot), but alas, when they came to Kenduskeag and the falls, there was no sign of roofs of gold. No town at all, in fact, not even a village, but only a few wretched wigwams covered with the bark of trees.

The greasy Indians in loincloths had not a vestige of gold in their ears, and there was not a pearl necklace in the lot of them. But they were friendly enough, and sipped smoke out of a stone pipe. Where were the wide streets, the white fronts, the crystal eaves, the lordly citizens of Arembic? All swept away. And what remained was the dark woodland and the crooked trails and the rush of the deserted falls towards the sea which was the mother of all such mysteries.

Champlain describes the Penobscot in detail, and adds: "There are none of the marvels there which some persons have described."

And Marc Lescarbot, his contemporary, writes: "If this beautiful town ever existed in Nature, I would like to know who pulled it down, for there is nothing but huts here made of pickets and covered with the bark of trees or with skins."

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Chapter XIV

WINTER IN EARLY MAINE

The French King in 1603 had given the Sieur de Monts a generous slice of that land beyond the seas; to wit, a region lying between the mouth of the St. Lawrence and the present city of Philadelphia — a kingdom in itself.

They had no snowshoes, or if they did, they lacked the skill to use them; and so they got out seldom; and cooped up as they were, and with a villainous diet, they came down with scurvy.

The Royal Geographer Champlain had therefore a good deal of coastline to chart, and came back to winter quarters in the St. Croix River with a good deal still to do. He thought the Gulf of Maine had much to offer. It lacked gold, but it had some copper; and Champlain had discovered, or thought he had discovered, a silver-mine or two.

And that cheery soul had not lacked for food, either. He had run into flocks of magpies — which can have been nothing else than crows — and testified that they were far better than pigeons for a pie. Again, he and his men had had an excellent feast of cormorant's eggs — rugged fare today — for the hardiest of adventurers, since even gulls' eggs are tolerable only in a pancake batter, and even then not really.

But ship food in Champlain's day was such that almost anything in the way of an alternative was a change for the better.

The Sieur de Monts meanwhile had been pushing work on St. Croix Island, and now he was to learn what the Passamaquoddy Region could be like in Winter.

It snowed as early as Oct. 6, and by December 3, ice was coming down the river. "The cold," says Champlain, "is sharp and more severe than in France, and of much longer duration." And sure enough as late as the following April, snow was three feet deep on the island.

Indeed, our early winterers, whether at the mouth of the Saco, or the Kennebec or the St. Croix, found the going hard, and many were snuffed out.

The water in their well froze, and they got drinking water by melting snow. Their liquor froze, and cider was chipped off and dispensed by the pound. Champlain thawed out his inkhorn enough to write: "In Summer everything is very agreeable in consequence of the woods, fine country . . . ." and breaks off to add a little dismally, "There are six months of Winter in this country."

The French were right in thinking that the air that entered by the cracks was sharper than that outside. They were right too in thinking that scurvy would be their undoing, if some kind of tar-water were not found to cure it. The English later would drink lime-water when they found their teeth loosening under the strokes of this foul disease — and so got the name of 'limeys;' but limes were not a product of the Maine coast.

Before the ice of that hard Winter had gone out, indeed before the frost-rimmed nails in his cabin-walls had stopped their snapping, the Sieur de Monts had lost half his little colony by death, and was in the mood to abandon his whole enprise.

He lingered on for the Summer, and went with Champlain who made his second survey of the coast, as far as Cape Cod. But returning to the St. Croix in late October. Champlain notes, "The air was very cold, and there was a little snow." The Sieur de Monts had visions of another Winter like the last, and spread his sails for France. The settlement at St. Croix had winter killed just as the settlement at Popham at the mouth of the Kennebec was to winter kill four years later.

Chapter Fifteen

Captain George Waymouth

In 1605, came Captain George Waymouth in the ship, Archangel, looking for a place to plant an English colony. He anchored in a cove of that "whale-backed" island, Monhegan, which had attracted Ingram's eye.

Captain Waymouth explored a river, but whether the Kennebec, the Georges, or the Penobscot is in dispute. Whichever it was, he traded with the Indians, who seemed "very civil and merry"; but whenever a white man's gun was shot off, the Indians all fell down flat on their faces. The time was still far off when their skill would equal the white man's with that weapon; and Capt. Waymouth was not so rash as to trade away his guns and powder, but he did give them knives for skins.

Trading on shore went on briskly all day, and at night the Captain had a couple of the Indians dine with him in his cabin. They filled their tobacco pipe—which was the short claw of a lobster—and all around the Captain's table, they smoked the pipe of peace.

Nevertheless each side was fearful of the other. They even feared each others' dogs; and so the ship dogs had to be tied up when the Indians came aboard, and ashore, the Indians kept their own dogs out of sight, because the white man thought of them as hardly better than wolves.

And no red man would stay the night on shipboard, until a white man had been sent ashore to pass the same night in a wigwam as a pledge.

James Rosier, the Captain's literary gentleman, writes that the women were short and fat, but mostly kept out of sight, "by the commanding jealously of their husbands."

All agreed that the river was a very noble one; and some sailors who had lately been with Sir Walter Raleigh, when he discovered the great river Orinoco, said that that was not a atch on this one—which is certainly no argument for those who think that Captain Waymouth's River was the Georges.

In any case, the river was deep and had no shoals, and the soil on its banks was black, and yielded strawberries bigger than the English ones. A good place to colonize forsooth; but the expedition must have more than mere glowing words to take back to England.

By the Captain's orders then, when the ship was about ready to sail, a gang of seamen went ashore in the "light horseman" —a sort of ship's gag—and kidnapped a few unsuspecting Indians.

"We suddenly laid hands upon them, and it was as much as five or six of us could do to get them into the light horseman, for they were strong and so naked as our best hold was by their long hair."

So they shipped five Indians and two canoes, along with all their bows and arrows, as living proof of Nature's marvels in the new land.

As to what happened to these unlucky aborigines, there is conflicting evidence, but two of them at least were finally delivered back. No doubt they learned a little English, saw the London sights, and perhaps saw Shakespeare's Winter's Tale which might then have been playing at the Globe Theater.

And almost certainly Chief Justice Popham looked them over, before deciding to found

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Chapter XVI

The Popham Colony

On the strength of Waymouth's discoveries in 1605, Captain George Popham and Captain Raleigh Gilbert in 1607 planted a colony at the mouth of the Kennebec and called it Popham.

They were in two ships, The Gift Of God and the Mary And John, and they landed first at Monhegan, which was fast getting to be the crossroads of the New World.

Captain Gilbert had with him one of the Indians whom Captain Waymouth two years before had kidnapped, laying hold of him by the hair of his head. This man's name was Skidwarres, very much spruced up now by his sojourn in London. He guided the colonists, or some of them, ashore to Pemaquid.

There they found Skidwarres' people about 100 of them, and at first they were in the mood to attack. But their Chief, Nahanada, was also one of the men kidnapped by Waymouth. He had been returned the year before by Captain Martin Pring, and seems to have been reconciled to his education in that university of the London world, because as soon as he recognized Skidwarres, he had his men put up their bows and arrows and the Chiefs on both sides all smoked a pipe of peace—no doubt out of the same old lobster claw.

But the Indians were far from clear of their suspicions of the white man. Three days later, when the two captains, Popham and Gilbert, went ashore again, Nahanada and all his Indians with bows and arrows in their hands "came forth upon the sands."

And when after a parley, the white men did land, the Indians after a short time nervously flitted away into the weeds. Later Skidwarres joined them, and took up his old life again, to find "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones," as London's Shakespeare had just written.

The colonists apparently decided that Pemaquid might be too war-like for them, because they at once shifted over to the Sagadahoc—now the Kennebec River, and built their fort on the west shore.

In September, Captain Gilbert decided to explore the river. He seems to have gone above present-day Augusta, and perhaps into the neighborhood of Winslow, when the Indians came around him again. These Indians were taller and stronger than the coast Indians, and "new-painted" as if for war. But after parley, they seemed more friendly and inclined to trade.

But it was after all only a part of the Indian's cunning. These red men had seen white men before and they knew that those small pieces called "murderers" required fire to light the match. One of them borrowed a fire-brand, as if he meant to light his pipe — and promptly threw it overboard. The captain's boat had a clay pit for its fire and there now followed a lively skirmish to see whether this all-important fire should live or be put out.

But when the musketeers lifted their pieces, the Indians ran away into the bushes. One of the white targeteers, with his target or shield on his arm, stepped on shore and got more fire and the deadly little brush was over. But alas, it was only the forerunner of many more to come.

The Popham colonists built 50 houses and a church and they built too a 30-ton pinnace, the Virginia, the first ship built by white men in the New World. But the year 1607 was a bitter winter and Popham had none of the religious zeal of Plymouth to keep it to the mark. The Lord Chief Justice John Popham died in England, and he had been one of the colony's chief sponsors. Captain George Popham himself died. And suddenly the whole colony stampeded, every man-jack of them with all the women-folk, and all went back to England, some of them in that new pinnace, the Virginia, which had been counted on to do such a lively trading business in the New World.

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Chapter XVII

Sir Ferdinando Gorges

When the colony at Popham winter-killed, it had been 110 years since the Cabots had their first view of New England in the service of the English; yet in all that time, no colony had held its own for more than a short time.

Of course, not all the voyages were made with the idea of founding colonies. Richard Hakluyt of Bristol, England, had a lively interest in promoting voyages of discovery, so that he could add them to his already enormous Collection. It was Hakluyt who fired up the corporation of Bristol to fit out two ships for America under Capt. Martin Pring; and this expedition, coming on the coast of Maine in 1603, named the Fox Islands, ran into a good few river mouths, and finally went back to England with a cargo of sassafras and furs.

But the sea-track closed behind Pring's keels, and he left no mark, though his literary gentleman, like Weymouth's, did describe the scene.

A man who had better hopes of this fair Province of Maine was Sir Ferdinando Gorges. Sir Ferdinando was Governor of the Fort at Plymouth, England. He it was who took those kidnaped Indians of George Weymouth's into his household, taught them English, and plied them with questions.

And the Indians, eager to get back home again, told some fine fairy stories of their own, which would have put David Ingram and his Norumbega myth to the blush, and which certainly brought Gorges' fervor to the highest pitch. The Indians, he later said, "must be acknowledged the means, under God, of putting on foot and giving life to all our plantations."

Sir Ferdinando sent a ship out in 1606, with orders to make a settlement in Penobscot Bay; but this ship unluckily was captured by the Spanish. Then in 1607, he was one of the spon-

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sors of the Popham colony, which died prematurely.

Those panicky Popham colonists, getting back to England, naturally had to say that Maine was unfit for civilized men to live in. There was even a rumor of cannibals with teeth three inches long, somewhere in the Popham neighborhood.

But Sir Ferdinando preferred to believe his Indians. "As for the coldness of the clime," he said, "I had had too much experience of the world to be frightened with such a blast," and the truth is that 1607 was an unusually cold Winter in Europe as well as in America.

And no doubt when he was drumming up new settlers for the Province of Maine, the worthy knight kept on reading to them that passage from Hakluyt's Western Planting, in which Hakluyt quotes an old Frenchman of he 16th century as saying that "this coaste"—the coast of Maine—"is never subjecte to the ice, which is never seen to the south of Cape Razo in Newfoundland."

There's no doubt that Sir Ferdinando laid it on a little thick when he was talking up the advantages of this New World, which he himself had never seen, and never would see till his dying day. But he believed in it with all his soul, and wrote: "I doubt not that this Province of Maine will prove a very flourishing place, and be replenished with many faire Townes and Cities, it being a Province both fruitful and pleasant."

But for all this, Sir Ferdinando might have got nowhere with his colonizing, had not the celebrated Capt. John Smith turned his ship's head to the North.

"I desired to see that country," he wrote, "and spend some time in trying what I could find for all those ill rumors and disasters."

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Chapter XVIII

Captain John Smith

New England as a whole perhaps owes its settlement more to Captain John Smith than to any other man; and Maine's debt to this celebrated man is large.

The Captain was the first man to make a settlement of any kind stick, in this newly discovered world; and that was his settlement at Jamestown, Va. And what made it stick, he found, was plain hard work.

Adventurers and explorers might be gentlemen, but settlers could never be. And Captain Smith, counting noses, found that of the 105 colonists who landed at Jamestown, 48 or nearly half, were gentlemen, and so quite useless for his purpose. Only 12 were farmers.

So he sent away for more farmers and artisans, and with these he built the fortunes of Jamestown.

Then in 1614 he sailed from England with two ships, and after a voyage of 8 weeks — exactly the time Joe Petterson, a graduate of Maine's Maritime Academy, took to cross the Atlantic in a small boat, just the other day — Capt. Smith dropped anchor at Monhegan, the rallying-ground for nearly every explorer of those days.

The Captain had given up the notion of hunting for gold mines and had decided that fish might yield a tidy profit. Therefore, having built eight boats on Monhegan, he sent seven of them fishing, and kept one for his own exploring. "Honorable and worthy countrymen," he wrote to his sponsors, "let not the meanness of the word fishe distaste you . . . for it will afford as good gold as the mines of Guiana . . . and at less hazard."

His fishing voyages did not do so very well, since his men spent too much time chasing after whales; but the Captain himself returned to Monhegan in that small trading-boat of his, with nearly 11,000 beaver skins, for which he had given in exchange only a few trifling gimcracks.

He went back to England in a great glow of good feeling, gave the name of New England to this region, as far south as Cape Cod; made a map, wrote a book, and, like Ingram before him, told such marvelous stories that nobody could think them pipe-dreams.

The voyage had done well; even the 1,000 or so quintals of dried fish had sold in Spain at $5 a quintal; and so the ship, as so many Maine ships would later do, had paid for herself in a single voyage.

Sir Ferdinando Gorges was enthralled, and took the lead in planning a new colony. But the going was no easier than before. The great Argonaut, Captain Smith, was here, there and everywhere, with his tale of the Golden Fleece, and the fortune to be made in whales and codfish within "20 leagues" of Monhegan; and he dropped his book in the lap of every London merchant who had money to lay out in a gamble; but when in the end Sir Ferdinando put the Captain in command of two ships, he had been able to scrape up, out of all England, only 15 men and two boys who were willing to go to this much-publicized New World and settle there.

And even these never got there, because, as it so happened, Captain Smith's great good luck deserted him. A gale carried away the masts of his larger ship, and he returned to Plymouth. Setting sail again in a single ship of 60 tons, he fell in, first with an English pirate, whom he outwitted, and second, with two French pirates, whom he escaped, only to run foul of four French men-of-war, who separated Captain Smith from his command.

His ship got back to England, as in the course of time, and after many adventures, did Captain Smith himself; but this second attempt of Sir Ferdinando Gorges to colonize Maine had come to nothing.

Nevertheless he still persisted.

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Chapter XIX

SIR FERDINANDO'S END

Captain John Smith's expedition failed, but his book caught the public fancy, and interest in New England was greater than ever. Wherever the Captain went—and he was mostly on the move—he distributed copies of his book and map. His great, hearty voice boomed out in most of the merchants' halls of London and he drummed up business in the West Country too. But his time was time lost, and most of his money went over the dam.

The time was not quite ripe for the New World yet, and nothing the Captain could say would change this current contrary to his best hopes. Yet only a few years later, when the settlements were made, the Plymouth Comany recognized how mighty a contribution he had made, and gave him the title "Admiral of New England."

As for Sir Ferdinando Gorges, he kept on scheming, "but nothing to my private profit" as he laments, "for what I got one way I spent another; so that I began to grow weary of that business, as not for my turn till better times."

Yet though he was weary of it, he would not let it drop. In 1616 he became owner of a ship himself, got a master for her, and sent her out with his agent Richard Vines to winter at Winter Harbor, now a part of Biddeford.

But so dismal seemed the prospect that Gorges was forced "to hire men to stay there the winter quarter at extreme rates" —the first example of that kind of synthetic colony in Maine. Plague was raging among the Indians ashore, and so Vines and his men mostly stayed on shipboard. They were testing that winter weather, of which the Popham colonists had complained so bitterly, and they agreed with Capt. Christopher Levett, who sailed along the coast in 1623, and wrote in his log: "Yet let me tell you that it is still almost Christmas before there be any Winter here so that the cold time doth not continue long. And by all reason this country should be hotter than England, being many degrees farther from the North Pole."

But Capt. Levett knew nothing of the Gulf Stream.

Sir Ferdinando got from King James a charter for a corporation called "The Council of Plymouth, for the planting, and governing of New England in America." The Pilgrims at Plymouth, Mass., took their title from this corporation.

In 1635 the Council of Plymouth gave up its charter to the crown, and Sir Ferdinando took a new charter to the lands between the Piscataqua and the Kennebec. The region for the first time was called the Province of Maine — perhaps as a compliment to Charles the First's queen, who owned a Province of Maine, in France, or perhaps again it was called the Maine, the Mainland, to distinguish it from all its islands.

But Sir Ferdinando himself was never destined to see this fair province which owed so much of its life to his persistence. The old knight was Lord Palatine of the Kennebec, with as much power over it as any feudal baron. But the war in England between King Charles and his Parliament was coming on, and Gorges sent a cousin to keep order for him in Maine.

Gorges was a King's man, and was captured by the great Oliver Cromwell in 1645, dying soon after. And then for 20 years or so the Massachusetts Puritans did as they pleased with Maine. But when Oliver died, and Charles II came to the throne, he decided that the Province of Maine belonged to the heir of Sir Ferdinando Gorges.

And the heir of Sir Ferdinando sold this 60-year old Province to Massachusetts for about $6,000. At that price, old Gorges if living would probably have testified, the State of Maine was no great bargain. She had cost him many times that sum, and had returned him little or nothing.

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Chapter XX

Captain Christopher Levett

And what of the Maine Coast, in those years when the Pilgrim Fathers were just struggling for a toehold in Plymouth? There were still no actual colonies, but Captain Christopher Levett, one of Gorges' counselors — who made a voyage here in 1623— found a lot of white men fishing on the coast.

Captain George Waymouth, Gorges' explorer of the Kennebec in 1605, was here fishing with a small fleet of ships, and at Cape Newagen there were no less than nine ships fishing for cod and haddock. There were stages ashore for drying these fish, which could still apparently be sold for a good profit in Spain. But in this year 1623 there was still nothing of a colony anywhere on the coast.

might acquire property rights in land, such that all other men could be excluded from them. They had seen no clause in Father Adams' will to that effect.

When Samoset said that Pemaquid had been taken up, he meant merely that the population there was big enough. If it got bigger, hunters and fishers would get in each other's way. He did not for one instant suppose that his own right to hunt and fish there had been signed away forever by just his mark, made on a crumpled sheet of paper.

Samoset and his tribe would as soon have thought of owning the sun, moon and stars, or the very sea that heaved round the crusted foreshore of Pemaquid, as of owning this land where after so many centuries, they and their forebears had made only the faintest of faint marks. It was the land, Dame Nature, that held sway over them, and not the other way around.

All of which was mystifying to Captain Levett, who said that from Cape Elizabeth to the mouth of the Kennebec there was as pretty a tract of land as ever his eyes had lighted on. "There may be 20 good towns well seated there, to take the benefit both of the sea and fresh rivers."

At Cape Newagen, on the tip of Southport Island, Captain Levett met the Sagamore Samoset, and traded with him a little. Samoset asked the Captain where he meant to "settle his plantation?"

The Captain said he would look more to the east before deciding but the Sagamore shook his head, and said that the East had all been taken up. Pemaquid and Monhegan had already been granted to others.

Samoset is probably the Indian who deeded some Pemaquid lands to John Brown of New Harbor in 1625, but it is quite certain that he didn't know what he was doing. The early Indians would as soon think they might carve up the Great Spirit himself, as that they

Out of this misunderstanding partly was to come the terrible Indian troubles of the future, when all the headlands would be splashed with blood, and the infant colonies themselves left in smoking ruins.

Captain Levett turned back from Cape Newagen, and sailed for a place which he calls "Quack," and which seems to have been some part of Casco Bay, and there he built himself a house and fortified it.

He fortified it because already he could see that the Indians would be his enemy. He found them bloody-minded and full of treachery. The only law among them that he could see was club law, and their wives were slaves and did all the work.

The Indians asked Levett how many wives King James had? He answered, "Never but one, and she was dead." The Indians' jaws sagged, and they asked: "Who then did all the King's work?"

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Chapter XXI

Richard Vines

Christopher Lovett never came back to that fortified house he had built in Casco Bay. The King wanted him to make more voyages, and he died at sea; but Sir Ferdinando Gorges had more strings than one to his bow.

His agent, Richard Vines, had wintered in 1616 at the mouth of the Saco. The very name of Vines' ship is lost; so is the exact place of his cabin ashore; but for all that neither the plague nor the Indians could drive him from that river-mouth.

A fatal order, as the later years would show, when the cold war with the Indians turned hot, and the white man got back hot lead out of the barrels of guns he had so unwisely traded to the red man he had dispossessed.

Vines was a religious man, but he was a King's man, and so neither a Puritan nor a Pilgrim. He chose his colonists from good Church of England men; but in some way Puritan Thomas Jenner came to Vines' settlement to preach.

Vines had a patent to the Saco country issued to him in 1630; and he began his settlement on the Biddeford side of the river. Old Sir Ferdinando in England believed like Lovett that "the thicker men were planted" the better their chances were. Therefore Vines' patent called for him to have 50 colonists settled on the land within seven years.

Vines made the terms easy. He leased to each of his colonists 100 acres of land, as the old York records show; and the rent was certainly not prohibitive. One John West held his land at an annual rental of 2 shillings and one capon.

Vines himself had good timberlands, a first-rate harbor; "fowl for the killing, wood for the felling." And he had good neighbors. Richard Bonighton and Thomas Lewis were just across the river from him, and held a patent identical with his.

By 1636 we find a Court set up, whose jurisdiction straddled both banks of the river. Four men were fined 5 shillings apiece for getting drunk. George Cleeve of Casco Bay was fined the same amount for "talking too much." (Though it was 1665 before North Yarmouth would be fined 40 shillings for failing to maintain a ducking-stool for shrewish women).

Also it was ordered that everybody should do his best to kill any Indian that had been known to spoil the white man's goods in any way.

Vines wrote to Governor Winthrop: "I like Mr. Jenner, his life and conversation, and also his preaching, if he would let the Church of England alone." . . . But that of course Mr. Jenner would not do. He found his parishioners "ignorant, superstitious and vicious," and gave them some "hot discourses" in the best Puritan manner.

His hot discourses were on hell-fire, and impressionable people used to faint under them. Not without reason. For this was the tune old sermons went to. "Thou must erelong go to the bottomless pit...and dost thou know what it is for a condemned sinner to go to hell?...Consider, God himself shall be the principal agent in thy misery. He is that consuming fire; his breath is the bellows, which blows up the flame of hell forever; he is the devouring fire, the everlasting burning...

"Thou canst hardly sit under one of these lectures now coming from the mouth of a poor minister. How wilt thou bear, when God shall torment thee, and thou shalt rear under thy torments? Here usually our pain is but in one part of the body, but in hell insupportable misery shall spread itself through the whole man—when eyes, ears, hands, feet, heart and all shall be tormented in that flame."

The women in Mr. Jenner's congregation could be heard shrieking from half a mile away; but then they would pull themselves together and go home and get dinner for their families. They were glad at least to know that the terrors of this world could not compare with those of the next.

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Chapter XXII

The French Again

It has been said that the Sieur de Monts' settlement in the St. Croix River winter-killed when the "Snow-Father" hung his beard over that place in the Winter of 1604-05.

When Spring came, those who were left went to Port Royal in the Bay of Fundy. This was the settlement made by de Monts' friend, M. de Poutrincourt, and these two friends, a good deal disheartened, set sail for France and left the management of things to Samuel Champlain.

But not for long. Champlain went on to found Quebec; and M. de Poutrincourt came back to revive his plantation at Port Royal. His patent from the French King called on him to convert the savages to the Catholic religion; and that he seemed willing to do, although his settlers mostly leaned towards Calvinism.

This French adventurer, like Captain John Smith, was handicapped by having too many gentlemen along, to whom all thought of physical labor was obnoxious. One of these gentlemen wrote back to France that here at Port Royal was certainly the most beautiful earthly habitation that God had ever made: and that the savages were the happiest people under the sun, because there were no poor and no rich, but all worked for a living.

Whereas in France, if a man's father were an apothecary, then he himself couldn't so much as dream of going into a woodlot and swinging an axe . . . Here we see the New World dropping into Old World brains the seed of that "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" which later was to shake France to her foundations.

The savages were happy, the French much less so, as we glean from the pages of the Jesuit Relations. For the Jesuits were writers as well as priests; and they were likewise intrepid explorers. "Not a cape was turned, not a river entered, but a Jesuit led the way," says Bancroft

Two Jesuits, Father Biard and Father Masse, were named by the Queen Regent to go in the Grace de Dieu, which ship had as commander M. de Biencourt, the son of Poutrincourt.

But now came trouble at the very start. The ship was being loaded at Dieppe by two merchants who were Calvinists. They refused to put anything more aboard if Jesuits were to embark Not so much as a single cask of rum or bale of linen, or hamper of Smyrna figs. The two Fathers, and even the Queen herself could put this in their pipe and smoke it.

The solution was as neat as

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it was unexpected. A lady was found who bought the cargo outright from these two Calvinists. She sent 4000 livres to them at Dieppe, "unwilling to have a godly work checked by such a trifle"; whereupon the two Jesuits went on board the Grace de Dieu without let or hindrance.

It was a small ship of 60 tons, and the voyage was stormy. The passengers all but rolled the bones out through their skins.

Writes Father Biard: "We could rest neither day nor night. When we wished to eat, a dish suddenly slipped from us and struck somebody's head. We fell over each other and against the baggage, and thus found ourselves mixed up with others . . . cups were spilled over our beds, and bowls in our laps, or a big wave demanded our plates."

The ship seemed to be pounding herself to pieces; heavy seas broke in her ports astern, which were just so many windows of thin glass; the good Father Masse was seasick all the time, and could keep nothing down. There began to be a doubt in people's minds whether the Grace de Dieu would succeed in ever dropping her anchor at Port Royal.

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Chapter XXIII

Jesuits And Indians

To add to their troubles, the ship's company of the Grace de Dieu had ice to frighten them. The icebergs took the shape of churches to the Jesuits, but they were more like castles in Spain to the lay members of the crew.

Skipper Biencourt, a youth of 20, kept his nerve well, with his own hand on the tiller. He steered south to dodge the high ice; only to come into great floating fields of loose low ice, which rasped against the ship's hull, and gave passengers in their bunks the horrid notion that her planks were now reduced to stove-wood, and that she would sink under them any minute.

many people slight them, although they cannot do without them. The Wise Man says: Woe to him that is alone, for when he falleth, he hath none to lift him up."

Yet the grim Puritans a few years later posed this surprising question: "Is there now, or will there be at the Resurrection, any Females in Heaven, since there seems to be no need of them there."

Father Biard certainly despised such woman-haters as said that woman is a necessary evil, and for his part thought that nothing great could be accomplished without the presence of women.

But the Grace de Dieu was made of sterner stuff than that. She took four months to do it; but in the end she brought them to Port Royal on May 22, 1611.

It would be hard to say whether the colonists or the ship's people were the happier when the anchor splashed into the harbor water there. M. de Poutrincourt's settlement had put in a hard Winter.

"Hunger is a bad complaint" notes Father Biard. The colonists fished for smelts and herrings, but it was cold fishing. More than that, they could only dig a few roots, as Spring came on. All Winter they had no bread, since their mill had frozen up, and they could not make flour.

It is true, the Sieur de Monts had sent them some cows the year before from Canada; but for lack of a housewife who understood cows, these cows had died in giving birth to their calves.

"Which shows how necessary a woman is in a house" is the comment of Father Biard, "and I cannot understand why so

For a time after the arrival of the Grace de Dieu with her provisions, there was general rejoicing at Port Royal. But the Jesuits found that not much had been done to improve the religion of the savages. Some had been baptized; but they were far from being Christians yet. There was a certain Sagamore, who had embraced the faith; and Father Biard, "to arouse his conscience" asked him how many wives he had.

The Sagamore answered "Eight," and counted off seven who were standing back of him.

Father Biard was already thinking that the Indians were in other ways than this a thoroughly bad lot. They were shiftless and ignorant: they were footloose; did no work, ate too much, and beat their women.

Worse than that, they were vainglorious. They actually thought that they were better men than the French, and wiser. "For" said the Indians, "you French are always fighting and quarrelling among yourselves; we Indians live peaceably. And if we have a morsel of bread we share it with our neighbor—which is more than you do."

For all this, as we shall see, the French had an answer.

[illegible] appearing daily,

except Saturday.

Chapter XXIV

The Kennebec Indians

M. de Biencourt of Port Royal took his two Jesuits, Father Biard and Father Masse, when he went exploring: and so it is that we have from Father Biard's pen a short account of that journey to the Kennebec River in late October of 1611.

They saw the Fort which Captain Popham had built at the mouth of the river in 1607, but no English were living now behind that half-ruined stockade. They sailed on up the river with a favoring wind, and met some canoes full of Indians. Armouchiquois, the French called them.

Both sides were yelling and gesturing, and the French made sure that they were captured. M. de Biencourt was a valiant youth, and wise beyond his years. Yet, floating in that narrow space, where the yards of his ship were all but tangled with the branches of the trees, and more and more Indians seemed to drop out of those October clouds, even M. de Biencourt made up his mind that he had lost his life, and must sell it dearly. He had raised his arm and opened his mouth to strike the first blow and to cry out "Kill . . . kill" . . . when suddenly he saw Father Biard unarmed in the midst of the Indians, and knew that if he struck, the good Father was lost.

The Indians said that going up the main river would be risky business; it would be better to turn into this tributary to the right and make a call on the great Sagamore himself.

The French did as the Indians suggested; and M. de Biencourt sent a small boat on ahead with the sounding-lead. The water shoaled to two fathoms, to one fathom . . . The ship was only kept from going aground by the quickness of M. de Biencourt at the helm.

Then it was seen that the Indians had ghosted away into the forest. Was it a trap? But then the Sagamore himself appeared on the river bank, and invited them so warmly to come into his wigwam that their fears were quieted.

"We trusted him and thought we might have to repent it," says Father Biard.

The Chief's wigwam was crowded full and had about 80 people on its mats. The Chief said that he had little corn to spare, but he had some skins, if the French were pleased to trade. And so the next morning was appointed as a time to trade.

It was a prickly time, as always when Europeans encountered savages unknown to them. The French were armed and barricaded. And had left a place on deck for the Indians. But the Indians swarmed everywhere, filled the whole ship, and got hopelessly mixed up with the white man.

One piece of foolishness in that fatal hour, and the French would have been condemned forever all along the Maine Coast. But because of the courage of the leader, that piece of foolishness was not committed. For a split second, there was danger of it; and then the Sagamore drew off his Indians, and that night sent a little delegation to say that the fault lay in the silly Armouchiquois, who in their nervous excitement had stolen a hatchet and a big wooden dish, which the Sagamore now returned with his compliments, and a good few speeches.

"These people are, I believe, the greatest speechmakers in the world," wrote Father Biard. "I believe nothing can be done without speeches."

And the speeches were all to the effect that the French were very nice people, it was the English who were reprobates and devils, and by their actions at the mouth of the Kennebec in 1607, the English had forced the Indians to go around shouting dismally to each other and to the very roots of the trees, "We shall have war. We shall have war" . . . To prevent which, they now told the French, they killed Capt. George Popham by magic, in a way to be described.

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Chapter XXV

Troubles Of The Jesuits

When the Kennebec Indians learned that the English colony at the mouth of the Kennebec meant them no good (so they told the French) they decided to strike at the root of everything by killing the leader, Captain George Popham.

But because the Captain had built himself a strong fort at Popham, it might not be the easiest thing to smoke him out, or catch him on the trail and put an arrow through him. Captain Popham was already getting elderly, and didn't move around too much. The Indians therefore decided to kill him by magic. Their sorcerers ganged up on him and prayed him to death.

This is an age-old device, and has been used the world around. The Hawaiians call it Kahuna. Their witch doctors used to get some of the victim's finger-nail or toe-nail parings, and pray over them, earnestly wishing the former owner of these parings out of the world.

For best results, the victim had to be told that the sorcerer was praying him to death; and then every morning, as soon as he had put a leg out of bed, black despair filled him, along with the conviction that he was not long for this world. Those prayers of his enemy filtered through his ribs, touched his heart, and made him quake with terror far more than twang of bow-string or rustle of spear-head in the underbrush.

So it was, the Kennebec Indians assured French Father Biard, that the landscape had sickened for Captain Popham. And they had this much to back their story—that the Captain had in fact died, and that shortly afterwards his whole colony had stampeded back to England. The Indians said that their Master Of Life had brought this about. This Master Of Life did not mean to have the Kennebec cluttered up with white men.

The French went back to Port Royal where, instead of quarrelling with Indians, they quarreled with each other. They quarreled among other things, about Madame de Guercheville, that generous French lady who had supplied the 4,000 livres which bought out the Calvinists at Dieppe, and made it possible for two Jesuits to make the voyage from France to Port Royal.

It was the old story of the quarrel over the clauses in Father Adam's will. The French King, nothing if not generous with lands he had never seen, had given Madame de Guercheville a charter to all lands from the mouth of the St. Lawrence clear down to Florida. M. de Biencourt, when he heard of this, supposed that his own patent to the Port Royal country had been wiped out. He thought too that the two Jesuits had had a hand in bringing this about.

Until this moment he had treated the Fathers tolerantly enough, although as early as the voyage itself, he had told them boisterously "it was his part to rule them on earth, and theirs only to guide him to heaven."

But now there were really bitter words; and the quarrel was further heated by the coming of a French ship commanded by one La Saussaye, who had orders from Madame de Guercheville to plant a colony somewhere in the lands given her by Royal Charter.

La Saussaye took the two Jesuit Fathers aboard, and sailed for Mt. Desert. Charmed by the beauty of the place, he dropped anchor in Somes Sound, and went ashore to start his settlement.

But almost at once a sloop of war, flying the British flag, and carrying some 14 guns, came into the Sound.

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Chapter XXVI

French And English

It has to be said that the French landing on Mt. Desert under La Saussaye had the very worst luck in the world. There were few enough ships in this part of the world at any time; for months and even years at a time the horizon would be blank; yet now, just as he was turning over the first spadefuls for a port in Somes Sound, suddenly the English had appeared.

A bad omen. Not that England and France were at war. On the contrary, a profound peace reigned. But in those days of first exploration, there might be peace in Europe, and yet savage war among the European adventurers in the New World. Those Kennebec Indians had been quite right in telling Father Biard that the white men were always quarrelling among themselves.

The quarrel now was to determine who should rule the New World—French or English? The Englishman who had come into Somes Sound was young Capt. Samuel Argall from Virginia. He had come cod-fishing actually, but the Governor of Virginia had got wind of that French charter giving the Marchioness de Guercheville title to everything between Florida and the St. Lawrence, and he had ordered Argall to keep a sharp eye out for Frenchmen trespassers on English soil.

Now, according to Father Biard, La Saussaye had at once put all his people to farming, and had neglected to build a fort, there on Mt. Desert. And so he was defenseless against Argall's heavy cannon. The French ship had a brass cannon, but the gunner was away on the land side, no doubt farming.

Jesuit brother Gilbert de Thet pointed this cannon, but at once got a mortal wound, and the ship was soon captured. La Saussaye had taken to the woods at the first attack; but hunger drove him back to the English ship at last, where he yielded himself prisoner.

"By what right," asked Argall, "do you plant a settlement here upon these shores?"

Said La Saussaye importantly: "I have a commission from the King of France."

"Let us see this commission."

La Saussaye opened his sea-chest, but there was no commission in it.

"Imposter," said the British Argall with a black frown, "you presume to act by the authority of our well-beloved friend the King of France, but in fact you are nothing better than a pirate."

"Pirate?" gasped the unlucky La Saussaye, who knew only too well what the English did with pirates. "I tell you I had the commission in this very chest . . . it is merely mislaid . . ."

He started rummaging in the chest again, but he was not likely to find his commission there. In fact, before La Saussaye came on shipboard, the foxy Englishman had already opened the chest, and removed the commission.

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The two Jesuits saw that nothing could be gained by storming and ranting. They stood either side of young Captain Argall, and begged him not to be too harsh with these members of a young and tender colony. Let him remember the conditions of human life, and how easily men's fortunes, at one stroke, can be tumbled in the dust.

"It may be," said Father Biard, "that we have been a little careless in landing here, but we are blameless men, and acted in all innocence."

So spoke the first white settlers of Mt. Desert Island, and Captain Argall had nothing but words of praise for the good Fathers, only commiserating them for having fallen in with pirates.

But the French settlement was ended.

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Chapter XXVII

Samoset

Pemaquid was one of the Maine headlands settled very early; and in 1625 one John Brown bought some land there from a couple of Indian chiefs named Samoset and Unnongoit. It was a big acreage, running 25 miles into the country; and for all this, Samoset and Unnongoit received fifty skins, "for our full satisfaction," and they bound themselves and their heirs forever to keep John Brown and his heirs in quiet and peaceable possession.

Alas, that possession of Pemaquid was to be anything but quiet and peaceful. Samoset was a reasonable Indian, but his heirs grew less and less reasonable. And Indians were far from having the white man's notion of a transfer of real estate.

What Samoset and his fellow sagamore really meant was that John Brown and his heirs should have the right to hunt, fish, and shoot game in that territory, and to scratch dirt and grow a little Indian corn. An Indian had no notion when he sold land that he was to be kept out of it himself.

And so, even a century later, we find the Indians arguing that sales of land like this of Samoset's were void, because the land was not sachem's in the first place. It was the property of the clan, and must be kept in trust for the children born to the clan.

Samoset expected to fish and hunt and camp on Pemaquid as much as ever; but since he seems to have been a very footloose man, it is possible he was not there often enough to give John Brown cause for worry over trespass.

Samoset could not claim that the white men were new to him, and that he did not know their ways. Five years before this deed of Pemaquid land, it had been Samoset who had welcomed the Pilgrim Fathers when they stepped ashore at Plymouth. How and why he came to be so far from home we do not know; but it was certainly Samoset who made the first friendly advances to the Mayflower's company.

The Mayflower had dropped anchor in Plymouth Harbor in December, 1620, but the local Indians had taken alarm and kept back in the woods. It was four months later, in March 1621, that Samoset came very boldly into the Plymouth settlement, and with his friendly shout of "Welcome" in English, put them at their ease.

No doubt the Cape Cod Indians had sent for this sage, knowing him to be wise in the ways of the English. He had learned broken English from the ships that came to fish at Monhegan; and it was from Samoset the Pilgrim Fathers got their first notions of what went on behind the scenes. If the Indians hereabouts were fearful, said the Pemaquid chief, that was because some of them hereabouts had been kidnaped by an English captain only a few years ago.

It gave the Englishmen goose-pimples just to look at Samoset on that cold March morning. "The wind beginning to rise a little," says Bradford, "we cast a horseman's coat about him; for he was stark naked, only a leather about his waist, with a fringe about a span long or more. He was a tall straight man; the hair of his head black, long behind, only short before; none on his face at all."

The Plymouth people talked with him all the afternoon, and found him friendly and candid in all ways. He carried a bow with two arrows, one headed and one unheaded. The headed was for war, and the unheaded for peace; but Samoset told his new friends it was for them to choose which arrow should be drawn from the quiver.

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Chapter XXVIII

Coast Settlements

The friendliness of Samoset had much to do with the first settlements at Damariscotta, Wiscasset, Boothbay and Pemaquid. The Indians were friendly, and they were eager to trade their furs for the white man's cured fish.

Business was brisk, and Samoset saw no reason to regret his friendship for the English. It is true, they built a fort at Pemaquid in 1630; but that was not to defend themselves against Indians. It was a protection, first against pirates; and second, against raids by the French.

Dixy Bull was the outstanding pirate. That Brother of the Coast was cruising in Maine waters as early as 1623; and looking at Pemaquid in 1632, he took the fort easily enough—it was no more than a stockade—and carried off whatever booty it contained.

He did not get off scot-free, because as he was weighing anchor, a shot from the shore killed one of his principal men.

La Tour had picked up the remnants of the French cause, and had proved himself more canny than the Scotchman himself. He got grants from both the French and English kings, and soon became the true lord of Acadia.

As such, he served notice on the English that the French would beat them off, if their traders came East of Pemaquid. La Tour was a man of his word, and a sudden fighter.

A French vessel belonging to him dropped anchor at Castine in June of 1632, pretending it had put in to repair a leak. The Pilgrim Fathers from Cape Cod had a fort and trading-station there; but the master of the fort was away trading, and the place was manned only with the few keepers of the truck-house.

Suddenly the French drew their swords, and forced these Cape Codders to put all the fort's goods on board the French ship. It was piracy worse than Dixy Bull's, the keepers of the truck-house cried; but the French were not to be halted by a mere word.

Next year the New Plymouth people set up a trading-house at Machias. This trading of codfish for Indians' furs was lucrative enough to be worth running risks for, as Captain John Smith had told the world eloquently 20 years before.

The French at once attacked this new trading-house with a superior force.

A bold man and a reckless one was Dixy Bull, and tales of his depredations were told for years to come by settlers' fires. It was rumored that he had been caught at his pirating, and "turned off" in England; but this might well be wishful thinking. Some said he repented of his crimes, and sent a paper to the governor of the Bay Colony, promising to stop his piracies if the Governor would stop pursuing him with those pinnaces and shallops that were ever at his heels; but of this story, too, the judicious might sift out what to believe and what not to believe.

At all events, Dixy Bull was not seen on the coast again.

The same could not be said of the French. As we have seen, Captain Samuel Argall of Virginia had leveled Port Royal to the ground in 1613, but before long the French had built it up again.

A charter to New Scotland—Nova Scotia—had been given by the English King to a Scotch Lord, but he let a good deal of it slip away to a Frenchman, Claude St. Etienne de la Tour.

Portland Press Herald's Story Of Maine

By Richard Hallet

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Chapter XXIX

French Against English

The Indian who had told the Jesuit, Father Biard, at Port Royal, that white men did nothing but fight among themselves, now had something more than theory to back up his position.

It was plain enough to any eye that the quarrel over Father Adam's will was waxing hotter, and must come to pitched battle in the end. The great city of Boston itself began to see that there was already a "cold war" between the French and the English, and hastened to build a fort at the harbor's mouth.

As for the French, La Tour had got more grants from the French King, and at the same time the English King—agreed by treaty that his English subjects should back out of Acadia and restore it to the French.

As to the question "What was Acadia and where were its limits?" that, in La Tour's opinion, would have to be settled by a fight.

He therefore set sail for Machias, surprised the new trading-house, and laid it in ruins, killing two men. The furs and fish-food he took away to Port Royal.

Isaac Allerton, one of the original passengers in the Mayflower, went to him there to see if he could bully him into giving all that booty back.

Allerton was a friend of Governor Winthrop, which ought to be a certificate of character in itself; but there is evidence that he "set up a base company, and made them traders to run into every hole, and into the river of Kennebec."

These scurvy traders plied the Indians with rum; and made a maxim—far from the godly citizens of New Plymouth—that "to cheat an Indian in the dark is a small sin." There were even men who put their wives' foot into the scales and called it a pound, or the hand, and called it half a pound.

Such no doubt were the methods of Walter Bagnall—called great Watt—who lived on Richmond Island off Cape Elizabeth. In three years' trading, of the cheating sort, great Watt had got together the considerable sum of $2000—a fortune in itself—but he was not to live long to enjoy it. The Indians went on the island in the Fall of 1631, killed him and his men and burned his house to ashes.

So was started the blood-feud between white man and red, which was to go through that century, and most of the next.

But the war between white men was no less savage; and then Indians began killing Indians as, well, taking sides ither with the French or the English.

So then Isaac Allerton went to Port Royal, in Nova Scotia, and grimly asked the fiery La Tour by what authority he had sacked the trading-house at Machias.

Said La Tour: "My authority is the King of France, who claims all the way from Cape Sable to Cape Cod. And if the English persist in trading east of Pemaquid, I shall seize them"

"Where is your commission?" Allerton pressed.

But the early adventurers, whther French or English, would soon have fallen by the wayside if they had let the law trip them up.

"My sword is all the commission I shall show," La Tour said.

To which the man from Plymouth might have replied: "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword," since in that historic town of his the Bible was quoted even by the ungodly.

Chapter XXX

Gorges Again

And while the French fought the English at Machias, the English fought against each other on the Kennebec.

The New World was still almost more a world of salt water than of solid earth; and its English inhabitants lived mostly by fishing and trading dried fish to the Indians for furs.

Where New Plymouth put a trading-station, it wanted exclusive rights to the trading in that region. Therefore its representatives at Fort Popham and Cushnoc (Augusta) on the Kennebec had taken the oath of allegiance to New Plymouth; and if they failed in this oath, Captain Myles Standish or some other formidable man would soon come to set them straight.

So when a man named Hoskins came from Piscataqua, New Hampshire to the Kennebec, to trade, the New Plymouth men there ordered him away and when he failed to go they shot him dead.

In Boston, it was said: "When men cut throats for beaver on the Kennebec, it is high time to have a general government."

The Massachusetts Court, however, said that this case was excusable homicide. Western horse-thieves of a later day got no shorter shrift than these pilferers of beaver.

Things were on a shoestring now with the great English lords who had grub-staked the New World through these last two decades. For one thing, the king began to be afraid that all his subjects would leave him, and go in a body for that seductive land beyond the seas. Once, in a panic, he had stopped some ships from leaving the Thames, although the passengers were all on board. But that was only an order for a day, and he rescinded it.

It was natural enough for the king to fear that the Old World might stampede en masse for the New. Those stories of winter hardships and of cutting throats on the Kennebec did not get back to England.

Instead, there were the same old tales of gold.

"I tell thee," says Captain Seagull in a contemporary London comedy, "gold is more plentiful there than copper is with us . . . Why, man, all their dripping-pans are pure gold; all the prisoners they take are fettered with gold; and for rubies and diamonds they go forth on holidays and gather 'em by the seashore to hang on their children's coats, and stick in their children's caps. . . ."

Alas, it was not a picture to dazzle old Sir Ferdinando Gorges' eyes. Summoned before the House of Commons to show cause why his Charter should not be revoked because in this land of gold and rubies he was getting rich too fast, the old knight said that he had spent twenty thousand pounds of his estate, and 30 years, the whole flower of his life, in trying to get the Province of Maine on its feet, where it would be even self-supporting, let alone yield him a profit; and he was farther now from this accomplishment than he was in the beginning.

Yet in spite of all his generosities, Sir Ferdinando was getting to be hearitly disliked in that same Province of Maine. Men who went out there as perfectly tractable servants of English gentlemen turned impudent and caught that contagion of freedom which often ended in making the servants masters and the masters servants. And the cry for a general government grew louder.

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Chapter XXXI

Richmond Island

If we need proof of Sir Ferdinand's assertion that the New World was a liability and not an asset, we see plenty of it in the letters of John Winter of Richmond Island, just off Cape Elizabeth, to his owner, Sir Robert Trelawny, in Plymouth, England.

Great Watt Bagnall had lived on that island only a few years before, and the Indians had killed him and burned his house. But John Winter was in too great force for them, having as high as 20 men in his employ, some for farming and some for fishing, to say nothing of carpenters, coopers and the like.

When Winter first went on the island, he traded whiskey to the Indians for a few skins; but then suddenly the redmen stopped calling on him, and even when he sent a boat into their country, he could not get an ounce of beaver from them.

John Winter said it was a case of bad conscience. He had had trouble with his neighbor George Cleeve, on the main; and he believed that George Cleeve had egged the Indians on to sneak aboard the island and steal about 40 of Winter's young pigs. At least he wouldn't put it past George Cleeve to do a thing like that...But one day the sum of all their differences was to land them in the law court, and George Cleeve was to win the case.

This was in the year 1634, and besides having 70 pigs still, which he fed on acorns and clams, John Winter had built a house on Richmond Island 40 feet long and 18 feet wide, and here his men slept in 'close-boarded cabbins' or bunks. On shore were the fish-stages where fish were cured; and catching and curing codfish was the great industry on Richmond Island, as indeed it was everywhere along the coast.

John Winter keeps writing home for more "hauling hands," which were fingerless canvas gloves, an early form of 'nippers'; and he complains sadly about the bad fishing, which was nothing like so good as Captain John Smith had cracked-it up to be.

Then again cattle and goats are very costly; and since there are no horses, he is forced to import asses from the Azores. And since the French beyond Pemaquid are threatening, he puts a palisade round his house, 15 feet high, with some cannon "—a few murderers"—mounted on a platform inside.

Free-booting and open war went hand in hand with trade in the New World; and other trading-stations were quite as badly off as Winter, being sorely badgered by Dutch and Virginia interlopers, as well as the French.

Pemaquid, for instance, was probably a more important settlement than Quebec, the capital of Canada, and yet a single well-gunned ship was sometimes enough to bring her to her knees.

In reading Winter's letters, we see how at every step the New World must depend on the Old. When he builds a bark of 30 tons, for example, Trelawny in England must send him cables, canvas, rigging, pitch and tar, spikes and nails—about everything except the wood. So, too, he must send nets for fishing, as well as hooks, lines and leads; and even smoked herring for bait. And of course garden seeds for a "clean garden."

The island minister, the Rev. Richard Gibson, Winter reports to be "a very fair-conditioned man", but in general his men are drifting away from him. Even when they are bound in covenant, they will seldom stay more than one fishing season;

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Chapter XXXII

John Winter's Wife

In the first years on Richmond Island as agent of Robert Trelawny of Plymouth, England, John Winter left his wife in England, and from time to time writes Trelawny to give her money to live on.

But by 1635 his wife had joined him, and almost at once complaining of her maid-servant, coaxed her husband to write Trelawny to send another one, since the present maid was useless and Mrs. Winter must do all the work herself.

Trelawny had got used to this flood of complaints drifting back home to England from Richmond Island; and had stock answers for them. He wrote sharply to Winter, and said he had had an "ill report" that Mrs. Winter had got into the habit of beating her maid.

Winter replied that lazy young women must expect beatings now and then, if they will not stir out of their tracks when their mistress commands. Is it fit for his wife to do all the work, while the maid sits lallygagging? Is it right that the girl should lie warm in her bed on winter mornings, while her mistress gets eup and lights the fire?

And on those bitter winter nights, who shall milk the cows and goats, the mistress or the maid? Yet the maid refuses to learn, goes and hides herself in the woods like a truant; and too evidently, with the shrewish wife always shadowing her, leads a homesick and miserable life.

had better luck than Priscilla Bickford. She was drowned coming over the bar from the mainland to the island. Her hat blew off her head, and to save her hat, she lost her life by drowning. She stepped off the bar into deep water.

Trelawny wrote his agent of another complaint against Mrs. Winter. She will give the men no milk.

Winter replies that perhaps the men don't get it as often as they come for it. Nevertheless they are served milk four, five and sometimes six times a week —good milk boiled with flour, and some of the men have even complained of having it too often.

And what a fool would Winter be, to hold back on the men's milk and force them to eat more fish, fish being worth so much more than milk per pound. The men complain that they would be better off if Mrs. Winter were banished from the scene, and Winter does not "gainsay this", and says she will sometimes get in a passion and spit out shrewish words to those who come to her for bread when they have had bread once already, and hope to profit by her short memory.

At least John Winter had one piece of luck this year; he got rid of Preacher Gibson. The young man went to Pascattaway (Portsmouth) with his new wife —a Saco woman—and the people at Pascattaway raised him 60 pounds a year, besides building him a house and clearing and tilling a plot of ground for him.

Trelawny, taking up cudgels for her, says the maid Priscilla has written home that she was "fain to lie upon goat-skins." To which Winter replies that for more than a year Priscilla has slept with his daughter on a good feather-bed; and then, when daughter Sarah went away to Saco for a few days, this sluttish Priscilla would get into the bed without taking the trouble to "pluck off her cloths."

She might well be forgiven for not undressing in that cold chamber, but since she would not even take her stockings off, the sheets were dirtied unnecessarily; and so Winter confesses that after that Priscilla was deprived of sheets, and might perhaps have taken goat-skins to bed with her.

Her beatings have not hurt her, Winter argues sulkily; and adds: "She is so fat and soggy she can hardly do any work."

Perhaps the maid Thompson

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Chapter XXXIII

The Angel Gabriel

Gyles Elbridge of Bristol, England, became the sole proprietor of the Pemaquid patent in 1634; and a few years later he got permission to "export 80 passengers and provisions to New England, they taking the oath of allegiance and supremacy."

The word "export" suggests that the passengers would hardly be free men when they stepped ashore on Pemaquid Rocks, but rather bond-servants who had signed a covenant with the Lord Proprietor, and who would bow to his will.

day had cramped quarters, and the ship's fare was none too good. It consisted—according to John Josselyn, who made the voyage in 1638—of beef or pork, water-gruel, biscuit and six-shilling beer.

And he advises you, in case you should be sick at sea, to carry with you Conserves of Roses, Raisins of the Sun (might these be prunes?), and plenty of lemon-juice to keep off scurvy.

Mr. Josselyn was in the ship Nicholas of London, of 300 tons burden, carrying 48 sailors and 164 passengers—a lot of people for a little ship. She had also 20 cannon of one kind and another, since there was always the chance of falling in with Turkish pirates, who liked nothing better than to get foul of a Christian ship, and take [illegible] company into

But, as John Winter had found on Richmond's Island, there was a fresh and free air blowing in New England which would give men a new notion of their rights and privileges.

We do not know what became of that shipload of exported passengers; but another ship of the same sort, the Angel Gabriel, was wrecked at Pemaquid in August, 1635.

A great storm lashed the whole coast from Nova Scotia to New York, with huge tidal waves that ran inland and knocked down growing crops; and the wind was strong enough to uproot the biggest trees.

It all sounds like our hurricane of 1938, and it was too much for the unlucky Angel Gabriel, which was lifted up and actually dashed to pieces on Pemaquid Rocks, with the loss of three or four passengers and most of her cattle.

One Mr. John Cogswell saved several Casks marked with his marks; and also, providentially, a tent which his servant set up for him there at Pemaquid' in which he lived for a time. A consort of the Angel Gabriel, the James had in her hold two mares and two cows of Cogswells, which weathered the blow and were later delivered to him at Ipswich amid general rejoicing.

Passengers on ships of this

On the 8th day out a passenger was ducked at the main yard-arm, for having stolen his master's rum and got drunk on it. On the 12th day the man that had come down with small pox died, and was turned out at a port hole, "with a bullet to his neck and another to his legs." These must have been cannon-bullets, old-fashioned round-shot; and as the dead man went down to the bottom of the sea, the ship fired one of her great guns in farewell to him.

One of the passengers on the 'Nicholas' was Captain Thomas Cammack, a great name in early Maine. On this day of the funeral at sea, one of the Captain's servants, a stripling named Martin Ivy, was whipped naked at the capstan, with a "Cat with Nine Tails." Poor fellow, his only crime was that he had filched 9 lemons out of the surgeon's cabin, and eaten them, rinds and all, in less than an hour's time.

Proof enough, if proof were needed, that the Nicholas was a hungry ship.

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Chapter XXXIV

An Early Lawsuit

John Winter of Richmond's Island in the 1630's was undoubtedly a hard man to get along with, which was why his men kept running away from him.

His principal, in England, Robert Trelawny, writes him that if his men will not stay with him, it may be that he doesn't furnish them with clothes enough.

To which Winter replies that he gives them clothes enough; not as many as they demand, perhaps: but then they are worse than a pack of boys, who scuff out their shoes kicking stones ahead of them. They have no more mercy on a suit of clothes than a bear on his hide, and will roll and wallow in them in the nearest mudhole.

His yard-stick in this matter is Peter Cobb, who "hath no more clothes than the others, but he can go fit and comely in his clothes, when the others will go ragged and torn."

And besides all this, the pinch-penny Winter has a shrewd suspicion that some of his men actually sell their clothes, to increase their stock of ready money, in case they should take it into their heads to run away; but he has never quite caught them at it.

Again, these workmen and fishermen of John Winter's grumble at the food. The beer stinks, so much he acknowledges himself; and milk boiled up with flour is not the most palatable drink. And shipwright Arthur Gill's reason for stopping work on the new ship was not merely the low wages paid him. It appears that Winter was slowly starving him to death—or such is Arthur's testimony. At noon, when he laid his broad-ax down there was nothing in the way of food to lay a foundation for the afternoon.

"Gill could not work the afternoon because he had but bread and drink for his dinner," and though he might be promised pork and peas for supper, supper-time was too far off to interest him when the sun was overhead.

And with all these troubles on the island, Winter adds in the same letter to his principal that the obnoxious George Cleeves, though driven out of Spurwink, still hangs in the neighborhood of the Neck—the present site of Portland—still claims he holds all that land by patent from Sir Ferdinindo Gorges, and now wants to go to law about it.

Winter refuses to arbitrate, and writes home bitterly that there is no law in these parts anyway, but every man is a law unto himself. Winter himself had set up to be a law unto himself when he drove Cleaves from his house in Spurwink, and forced him to his present settlement on Portland Neck.

But George Cleeves was not the man to let it rest at that. He filed suit in Saco court, a creation of Sir Ferdinando Gorges', with cousin Thomas Gorges serving as chief justice; and much to Winter's disguest, the jury brought in a verdict in favor of Cleeves, the land at Spurwink to be his, and 80 pounds sterling for his damage.

Then came the marshal, Robert Sankey, to Richmond's Island in a boat with 30 armed men, to take John Winter's body or his goods to satisfy the Cleeves execution. Winter was not there, and later denied with some heat that the marshal was beaten off the island by force, as had been rumored.

"No such matter," Winter said. "Our men never struck him, but carried him out of our house, he refusing to go out when they bid him to depart."

This is what lawyers call a distinction without a difference.

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Chapter XXXV

Edward Godfrey

Edward Godfrey was the first settler in York. He came there in 1630, and put up, not a log cabin, but a frame house. He was not a knight, and perhaps not even a gentleman, but apparently, to begin with, a London merchant.

Why did he settle in that virgin wilderness of York? Perhaps the fishing privilege attracted him. Or perhaps Sir Ferdinando Gorges had told him that York would be the first city in America. If fact, the Lord Proprietor did incorporate it as a city—Gorgeana—with a mayor, 12 aldermen and a common council of 24. The city of 80 people had 40 officers, and could hardly fail to prosper.

Godfrey gained political power, but the women of the town disliked him. One Goody Mendum said she looked upon him as a "dissembling man"...And Godfrey on his side, was not too indulgent with the foibles of women. When he headed the court at York, it was a court order that "any woman who shall abuse her husband by opprobrious language, may be put in the stocks two hours, and if incorrigible may afterwards be whipped."

But then courts in those days had very little leaning towards the sex. Stephen Batson of Wells had a wife whose tongue was sharp. He went to court about it, and the court decreed that she should—stop her nonsense, and beg her husband's pardon on her knees—and if she failed to do so, was to have 20 stripes on her naked back.

had lost everything, and occupied a debtor's cell in Ludgate Prison. He died, and of all his broad acres on the banks of "the river of Agamenticus" not a foot was left to serve him as a grave.

Such was the fate of the first settler of York.

The uncivilized redmen knew better than that. When the local Sagamore deeded land to the first settlers of Wells, the Sagamores's sister made her mark on the deed, and his mother's rights were also respected. At that same time the English Common Law bracketed "idiots, lunatics and married women" as persons unable and unfit to hold property. And the Court at Saco ruled specificially that "no women or hogs" should be allowed on the Isle of Shoals.

Governor Godfrey had three years of his rule of the Combination of Three Towns—Kittery, York and Wells—and then came the Massachusetts Bay Colony to swallow them whole. That was in November, 1652, when the Massachusetts Commissioners came with a troop of horse, and Kittery and York fell almost without a skirmish, and acknowledged themselves "subject to the government of Massachusetts." Wells struggled a little, but it availed her nothing.

The following year, Massachusetts extended her jurisdiction to Saco, and within half a dozen years, to Falmouth (the early Portland). Oliver Cromwell was now supreme in England, and since that was so, Massachusetts Puritans were not to be denied.

As for Governor Godfrey, he finally did cast his vote to let Massachusetts rule. "Heaven knows my oul did not consent" he told the English Parliament later. Nevertheless his voice consented. The Massachusetts Puritans made him a Counselor of their new Province; but they took his lands, so that he later said, he had not "marsh left him to keep five head of cattle."

He went to England to put his case before Cromwell, the Lord Protector but the Protector was not the man to quail before a word like usurpation. He turned Godfrey a cold shoulder. Cromwell died; his son Richard died; Charles II returned to the throne of his ancestors. But by now Godfrey

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Chapter XXXVI

The Rigby Patent

Old Sir Ferdinando Gorges, in England, had taken his Patent as Lord Proprietor of the Province of Maine in 1639, and the next year set up a General Court in Saco, sending out his young kinsman, Thomas Gorges, to govern the Province.

Sir Ferdinando was not only Lord Proprietor of the Province of Maine; he had an even fancier title—Lord Palatine, and no British subject ever had more ample powers. But they came to little or nothing in the end.

The truth is, the wind of freedom was blowing strong through this province of his. Wilderness men and wilderness women too, were getting tired of lords and gentlemen who did nothing but siphon off poor men's earnings. They liked better the Puritan style, where every tub stood on its own bottom, and were inclined to say with Cromwell: "I honor a Gentleman that is so indeed."

They saw, too, that Cromwell in England was likely to have his way in the end. The King's Army could not stand up against Cromwell's Ironsides, as poor Sir Ferdinando found to his sorrow. The old knight was in Prince Rupert's army at the siege of Bristol in 1643, was captured and thrown into prison in 1645, and died a year or so later.

Vines Deputy Governor

Richard Vines of Saco, who had now been settled there over a quarter of a century, had been made Deputy Governor to serve the Gorges interests; but with the rise of Cromwell's star, those interests were seen to be fading.

had bought a patent to a string of towns and plantations including Casco (Portland) Blackpoint (Prout's Neck) Saco and Cape Porpoise (Kennebunkport.) Cleaves went to England, got friendly with Rigby, and had himself appointed Deputy Governor of this new province, which Rigby called Lygonia — and which of course conflicted with the Gorges claim to the whole of the Province of Maine.

But, since the conflict was between King's men and Parliament men, with the Parliament men certain to win out, the King's fortunes were already desperate, and his head coming nearer to the block with every clock-tick. George Cleaves came home in high feather with his new title of Deputy Governor, and called a Court in Casco (Portland).

Call Court In Saco

The Gorges counsellors at once called a court in Saco. They said that the old Plough Patent, which Rigby had bought, had been revoked by the Royal Charter of 1640, which gave the whole Province of Maine to Sir Ferdinando Gorges. They said the Court in Casco was nothing better than a piece of upstart impudence.

But George Cleaves was not in the mood to be thrown and hog-tied by King's men. He took a petition to the Great and General Court of Massachusetts, and urged that Colony to back the Rigby claims. Richard Vines of Saco went up post-haste with a petition to the contrary.

The wary Massachusetts Bay Colony saw that sooner or later the Province of Maine was sure to fall into its lap, and refused to interfere. And sure enough, in 1646 the decision of the Commissioners for Foreign Plantations was in favor of the Rigby Patent.

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Chapter XXXVII

Early Maine Government

Collecting debts in Maine's early wilderness was no easy matter, as we have seen from the experience of Abraham Shurte of Pemaquid. There were no courts; and for half a century Pemaquid had no civil government.

Abraham Shurte was a kind of magistrate, but his influence was moral, not legal. He certainly had not the power of life and death over the people. The Elbridge patent was a charter as well as a patent. It was not simply a grant of so much land; but with it there went the authority to rule that land as a proprietor.

But Thomas Elbridge, who had the patent, and was therefore proprietor, and lord of all, made no move to set up a government. He did call a court, but that was merely to make the fishermen pay for their right to fish on his coast. It his his ocean, insofar as it lapped Pemaquid Rocks; and if you fished in that neighborhood you had to pay Thomas Elbridge for the privilege.

For a long time now George Cleaves had been sitting on Casco Neck (the modern Portland), battling for his rights, and now he saw a way to take a long step forward. One Alexander Rigby, who was a member of the celebrated Long Parliament, and a follower of Cromwell's, The Gorges Patent, shrinking like the wild ass' skin, now covered no more than Kittery, York and Wells. These three towns, as soon as Gorges died, appointed Edward Godfrey of York, then called Gorgeana, to govern them.

Massachusetts Bay Colony, away in one sweep went the lords proprietors of Maine. But Massachusetts knew how to bide its time.

Actually, it was waiting for King Charles the First's head to fall; it was waiting for the mighty Oliver Cromwell to come into power. Oliver would know how to back up the claims of Massachusetts, because Oliver's soldiers were very much of the Puritan stripe.

"God hath given it to our handful," Oliver wrote exultingly in 1643. "Let us endeavour to keep it. I had rather have a plain russet-coated captain that knows what he fights for, and loves what he knows, than that which you call "a gentleman" and is nothing else. I honour a gentleman that is so indeed."

A few honest men are better than numbers, Cromwell argued; and he proved his point well in the composition of his "ironsides" regiment.

At least that was the theory; but in fact people mostly fished and didn't pay. There was no law ,and little religion among them; and their sympathies were with the Puritan colonies of Plymouth and Massachusetts. And from their side of the fence, the Puritan colonies were meditating seizure of these provinces of the lord proprietors. Massachusetts Bay Colony looked sharply at her charter, and saw an easy way to extend herself into Maine.

The charter said the colony's north line was to be three miles to the northward of the Merrimac River. But when these words were written, it was not known what a serious crook to the north that river actually took. The surveyors traced a line eastward from the source of this river, and found it struck the coast at Capboard Island in Casco Bay.

Now if that were really the north bound of the ambitious

And so Edward Johnson of Woburn, Massachusetts, writes in his Wonder-Working Providence about the time of Oliver's full accession to power (Johnson is speaking of his friends and neighbors in the Massachusetts Bay Colony): "You are called to be faithful soldiers of Christ... Take up your arms, and march manfully on till all opposers of Christ's kingly power be abolished; and as for you who are called to sound forth his silver trumpets, blow loud and shrill... For the armies of the great Jehovah are at hand. Be not daunted at your small number, for every common soldier in Christ's camp shall be as David, who slew the great Goliath..."

And so it was—but only with Oliver's help—that this David of a Massachusetts Bay Colony overthrew the Goliaths, the lord proprietors of the great Province of Maine.

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Chapter XXXVIII

Early Mills

Maine was destined to make great use of her rivers for power, but in the early 17th century, these rivers turned few paddle - wheels. Rivers were roads into the mysterious inland country, and that was all they were, for the most part.

A few exceptions may be noted. At Newichwannock — South Berwick — Capt. John Mason about 1635 set up a sawmill at the falls, and soon after this a grist mill, no doubt the first grist mill in New England.

He sent over eight Danes to build the sawmill; and seeing how much salt the curing of fish used up, he sent over some Frenchmen who were skilled in making salt.

Here, then, were the beginnings of Maine manufactures; and there are reasons for thinking that Pemaquid was not far behind South Berwick. At Pemaquid Falls may still be faintly traced the ruin of an ancient canal, just above the head of tide-water.

This canal probably brought water that made mill - wheels turn. There is no proof of this; no vestige of an old mill remaining; no record of any mill in these parts until the early 18th century.

Nevertheless the chances are that necessity, the mother of invention, forced the early settlers to put up mills; and here at Pemaquid Falls was a natural power site. Records of the year 1730 show that maple trees a foot in diameter were than growing in the canal, which had long fallen into disuse.

In the beginning, bread for the Province of Maine was either brought from England in meal or or from Virginia in grain. Early settlers took it a long sea-journey to Boston to have it ground; and it is reasonable to think that they would soon find a way to put up mills on the home acre.

There were also the mills of the gods, which then as now were grinding slowly but exceeding fine. Since the French had claimed as far west as Pemaquid, all New England was disturbed; and the trade of the English with the French colonies had got at very low ebb.

In the Summer of 1644, Richard Vines of Saco, Capt. Thomas Wannerton of Piscataqua, and Abraham Shurte of Pemaquid started off to the East on a sort of debt-collecting voyage. At Penobscot—the present Castine —the Frenchman, D'Aulney, who claimed to rule over the whole of Acadia, held them prisoners for a few days. But he was in debt to Mr. Shurte, and Mr. Shurte was a persuasive man, and D'Aulney let them go again — but apparently didn't pay his bill to Mr. Shurte.

The Freinch were strongly of the opinion that the English had no business east of Pemaquid; but they were also fighting among themselves. D'Aulney claimed to be governor of Acadia; so did Charles de La Tour; and they carried on their struggle off and on for 19 years.

D'Aulney seemed finally to be winning, but at the height of his success, had the bad luck to drown, leaving a widow and eight children. The adroit la Tour, who had been reduced to beggary if not to outright piracy, now came back, made love to this widow of his former enemy, and married her.

He had a way with him, evidently, this audacious and unscrupulous la Tour; and when in 1656 the Massachusetts Bay Colony, acting under secret instructions from Cromwell, attacked and conquered Acadia, la Tour still found a way to worm his way back into possession of a good share of it.

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Chapter XXXIX

First Settler At Wells

The Rev. John Wheelright gave the first impulse to settlement in Wells. He came with a few disciples of his from Exeter; but he was actually a fugitive from Boston. He was a brother of the celebrated Ann Hutchinson, and apparently he had caught the contagion of her heresy.

"Come along with me," says the Wonder-Working Providence, "and I'll bring you to a Woman that preaches better gospel than any of your Blackcoats that have been in the Ninny-versity . . . and I had rather hear such a one that speaks from the mere motion of the spirit, without any study at all, than any of your learned scholars . . ."

It was Ann Hutchinson who spoke so, and people were surprised out of their wits by her, just as later Jonathan Swift was surprised when he saw a woman in the pulpit, in the same way that he was surprised when he saw a dog stand on its hind-legs—"not that the dog did it especially well, but you were surprised to see it could do it at all."

Drive Her Out

This surprise had so affected the people around Boston that the regular preachers "who had been at the Ninny-versities" beban to shake in their shoes, and fear that the Woman might end by domineering over all of them. And so they "drove" her, and before too long they drove her brother John, who had caught the contagion from her lips, and preached that "inward assurance" was all that showed the Christian character,—right in the teeth of the orthodox, who said that sanctification of the heart was the only true ground of religion.

So John Wheelright was forced to flee these wrathful Bostonians, at first to Exeter, and when that proved not far enough away, to Wells in the Province of Maine which in those days was far enough in all conscience.

He was a good man for a wilderness preacher. True, he had been educated at the University; but, more than that, he was a strong man, tireless with his ax in the woods, a good man with a boat on the fishing-grounds. No doubt he could follow a trail through spruce woods better than he could through a theological jungle.

Strange to say, this man of many gifts had had Oliver Cromwell himself for a classmate at the University; and Cromwell used to say later that he "had never so much fear in front of an army" as he had of Wheelright on the foot-ball field, where he "always felt himself in danger of his kicks." Football in the olden time was pretty much a kicking game.

Tills Soil At Wells

Wheelright tilled the soil at Wells, and preached his doctrine to a handful of settlers. But the men were rough adventurers, and the women too often "rude and turbulent." Wheelright yearned for the refinements of Boston; and after two or three years of Wells he wrote a letter to Governor Winthrop in which he recanted and begged to be taken back into the fold. To the Right Worshipful Governor he said frankly that he had been deceived by "the false glass of Satan's temptations" and went on to say that in preaching his pernicious views, he had "done very sinfully, and do humbly crave pardon of this honored State."

And so having crawled on his knees for the faults of his "evil carriage" in these matters, John Wheelright had his banishment from Boston taken off, and was received again as a member of that stern Commonwealth.

Classmate Cromwell would certainly have frowned on him for this weakness; but John Wheelright, for all his fawning to that Arbitrary Massachusetts Bay Colony, must still be given credit for pioneering Wells.

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Chapter XL

Settlement Of Kennebunk

With its fall of 40 feet, distributed through half a mile, the Mousam River at Kennebunk was destined for a mill-site. Great oaks lined the river's banks; and back of the oaks crowded a wilderness of pine trees, so much taller than the pines of today. In season, too, the stream was crowded with salmon; and modern questions of pollution had not come up, to force the inhabitants to choose between lumber and fish.

Well might those early sons of the forest name the place Kennebunk, meaning the "place where he thanked him" — thanked the Great Spirit, no doubt, for creating this place so perfectly made for man's uses.

Henry Sayward looked on it with a lover's eye. He was a millwright and carpenter; and he had been so absorbed building his mill at York that he had neglected to buy a farm there, which he might have done for little or nothing. So it was a sad Providence that burned his York mills. It was in a day when insurance was not so much as though of and Sayward lost a thousand pounds, which as he wrote, "brought him to be much behindhand."

Nevertheless he was still mightily well thought of. In 1667 he built the church at York out of his own funds, and this gained him the general good-will. His fame indeed got as far as Wells; and when his mill burned, some people from Wells encouraged him to build his new mill on the Mousam River at Kennebunk.

He got a grant of 300 acres on the east bank, and the right of cutting fat pitch-pine timber "on the river"—that would be, on the river bank—for the use of the mill. Sayward built himself a house, and it was the only house in Kennebunk for nearly half a century. The early settlers liked the seaboard better. Salt water made the best road to Boston; and as for the landside, they were not too sure that Indians would keep on being friendly.

Henry Sayward bought a farm nearby, and promised to pay for it in boards; and he had his sawmill up by 1672. He also built a grist mill, although as yet there was little corn raised in the neighborhood. He called these two the Mousam Mills; and when he built more mills on the Falls next above, he called these the Cat Mousam Mills.

Sayward was an enterprising man, but a litle ahead of the times. He had risked his capital there at a remote Falls smothered in total wilderness; and he had brought the tomahawk and scalping-knife into his reckoning. The Indian's war-whoop, raised in Maine in 1675, when King Philip's War in Massachusetts began, forced and take refuge from his mills, an dtake refuge in the Garrison House at Wells.

The Indians must have had a kindly feeling for him. At least through all that fierce war, they did not put his mills to the torch. It was actually Sayward's creditors who got him in the end. That was in 1680, when the war with the Indians was over, for the time being. A couple of Scotchmen took over the mills, and added a blacksmith-shop. The sound of the bag-pipe was heard for the first time in those woods. Women were still afraid of Kennebunk, and would not come there; but the men did well enough. Small coasting schooners came right up to the foot of the Falls, brought provisions, took away lumber.

Confirmed bachelors took pleasure in this Eve-less Paradise; others could look through the rainbow at the Falls and dream of a time when woman's civilizing touch would make a new heaven and a new earth at Kennebunk.

Meanwhile Henry Sayward, the beginner of all this, had died in 1675. The great benefactor died penniless after 50 years of work and enterprise; and his wife Mary came down to selling rum without a license.

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Chapter XLI

Early Roads

Early Maine was not noted for its roads. Trails no doubt would be a better name for them; and these trails were not always too well blazed. They had to be stout horses that could swim rivers, and stumble among tree-roots of the wilderness, and not shy at the shriek of wildcat or howl of wolf from the thick of those night shades.

The traveler on foot had only his heart to keep him company, and that must needs be a stout heart too. We are writing now of the middle of the 17th century; but even as late as the middle of the 18th century there were sturdy men out of the deep heart of Maine who undertook to walk to Boston, and got there just about as soon as men on horseback.

There was for example, Sir John Bernard, a true British knight—and storekeeper at Bath—who thought nothing of jogging up to Boston on foot; and what settlement could be buried deeper in the wilderness than Bath?

"Sir John" says Henry Wilson Owen in his excellent History of Bath, "is said to have covered the distance invariably in six days on foot, carrying two saddlebags containing some extra clothes and the cash, in gold and silver, with which to buy goods." Sir John made Portland the first night, and the trail from Bath to Portland was 40 miles long. There were giants in the earth in those days.

A century earlier there was of course less need to go to Boston. Nevertheless when in 1652 the Massachusetts Bay Colony extended its government into Maine, it insisted on better roads. There was nothing mealy-mouthed about that masterful colony. It ordered Wells to make a road by the sea; it ordered York and Kittery to "make straight and convenient way along east for man and horse."

It ordered likewise that a bridge should be built over the Ogunquit River; and the right was given to Nicholas Cole to keep a ferry over Cape Porpoise River. He got sixpence for taking a stranger across; and three pence for performing the same service for a townsman of Wells. Horses were fourpence, "if they swam", and they better had swim, with their heads tethered to the ferry's stern, because if they came on board in quantity, they would very likely sink it.

Nicholas Cole contracted to build two or three bridges over creeks, somewhere in between the Little River and the Cape Porpoise; but these must have been small creeks and small bridges, because to make them the town agreed to furnish a man for three days, and one day a year to keep them in repair.

By statute, every male of 16 and over had a duty to work on the public road; and so it is easy to see how such road might get itself built. It is harder to see how a ferryman would work for such small money. Where could have been the profit for Nicholas Cole in traveling two or three miles to the Mousam River and setting a man over for sixpence?

We can only infer that sixpence was a lot of money in those days; and furthermore that travel on the King's Road was increasing. Some years before, John Cheater had been made ferryman at the Mousam, and he had been allowed to charge twelvepence for a man and a horse, and at low water—when the distance would be less—sixpence.

And since travelers would need to be revived, John Cheater kept a taproom, and had "liberty to draw one-third of a barrel of strong waters"—but whether at one sitting the records do not show. Cheater's was the first public house in Kennebunk; but he soon vanished from the scene. Perhaps his name was against him.

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Chapter XLII

Early Social Life

It didn't do to talk too much in the early Maine days. If a man blasphemed, his punishment might be to have his tongue bored through with a hot iron. If a woman was a shrew, she ran the risk of being strapped into a ducking-stool, and dipped into the river. The lesser penalty of course was to stand with a gag in her mouth half an hour at a public town meeting. She could still look daggers, though she spoke none.

The law seemed, on the whole to be harder on women than on men; and in 1667 a Saco Grand Jury indicted Juliana Cloyse, wife to John, for being a talebearer. It seems she "went from house to house, setting differences between neighbors." No doubt we have modern Julianas who do the same nefarious business, but they are not subject to the same penalties.

Strife and back-biting there was among these pioneers; but they were all perforce churchgoers, or at least the struggle was to make them churchgoers. In this same year of 1667, the same Grand Jury indicted John Wadleigh for being "a common sleeper" at church meeting; he got out of his predicament by paying two shillings sixpence to the recorder. The town of Scarborough was indicted for not having a minister at all. It was poor, granted; but even destitute towns must pay 50 pounds towards the support of the minister in the neighboring town, until they got rich enough to have one of their own . . . And if a man traveled on Sunday, except to church, or in cases of necessity or charity, he was punished by a fine of ten shillings.

And when you got to church, you were told where you could sit . . . "April, 1669, John Sharpe and James Gibbins, jr., is appointed to sit in the seate with Simeon Booth in the foremost seat: And their wives are to sit in the third seate with S. Booth's wife and J. Lighton's wife." . . . What heart-burnings there must have been over the seating . . . And Goody Booth, you will be glad to hear, finally got herself advanced into that honorable foremost seat.

The houses were log cabins mostly, chinked with moss or clay. Here is a cabin with three rooms, a kitchen—which is also a general living room—a bedroom and a store-room. The kitchen has an ample fireplace, and a table; but no crockery, no glassware; no chair to sit on; no knives, forks or spoons.

Yet this was the house of Edmund Littlefield, the richest man in Wells. If he had hot pork on the table—and our ancestors ate quantities of hot pork—Mr. Littlefield would notify you that fingers were made before forks, and invite you to buckle down to work. Eat hearty and give the house a good name. Soup, on the other hand, could not be picked up in the fingers, and a clamshell in a split stick made a likely spoon. Cups and saucers there were none; but then tea and coffee were quite unknown in Wells. Water and spruce beer were the only beverages.

The good wife had at least, if she were lucky, a big iron pot for cooking; and this pot is so very important that it is sure to be mentioned in the master's will. It is the very Pivot on which Domestic Felicity turns. It is the alpha and omega of the household; the beginning and the end of cookery.

Nicholas Cole, the ferryman at Mousam River, had such a pot, likewise a pair of tongs, a pail, a pitcher; and in his bedroom a mattress stuffed with cat o' nine tails, and worth 50 cents. A man of consequence, he, notwithstanding—town surveyor and constable, among other things.

Looking-glasses, too, were scarce, and young women would have to kneel at some forest pool to twist their hair up properly. Joseph Cross, however, who lived on the banks of the Ogunquit, was rich beyond most men. He had both a looking-glass and a carpet in his house—but no chairs.

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Chapter XLIII

Government Of Pemaquid

The first settler of Kennebunk, Henry Sayward, died bankrupt. The first settler of Wells, the Rev. John Wheelright, after two years, had enough of it, and begged his way back into Boston's good graces. The first settler of York, Edward Godfrey, died in Ludgate Prison, London.

So the Rev. Richard Gibson, who had left Richmond's Island because he didn't want John Winter's daughter, Sarah, for a wife, preached twisted Gospel at Portsmouth and elsewhere, and was finally banished from New England altogether. The Rev. Robert Jordan, who succeeded him at Richmond's, was either more discerning or less squeamish; he married Sarah, lived on the fat of the land, and left a mighty estate to his six children.

It was hard to get a foothold, evidently. The tales of gold and jewels were dying out. One Darby Field came back from a journey to the White Mountains, with a story of "shining stones" lying on the ground there; but Richard Vines of Saco went the same journey after Field and found nothing worth his pains.

Vines, was a Cavalier's man, an agent of the Lord Proprietor, a hater of the very blood and bones of Massachusetts Bay. He hated likewise George Cleaves, that vigorous "first man of Portland" who now was in authority over him as deputy administrator of the Rigby Patent.

So it was that after 22 years in Saco, Richard Vines pulled up stakes and went to the Barbadoes. Some others stayed and defied Massachusetts. John Bonython of Saco said: "The Baymen are Rogues and Rebels against his Majesty." He hoped they would all be hanged; and if a hangman was wanted, he, Bonython, would be hangman for them. . . . He was indicted for his bold words and later grew more tractable.

But in general the people favored yielding to the jurisdiction of Massachusetts Bay. There was George Munjoy of Falmouth, for instance—the Munjoy of Munjoy's Hill—a celebrated surveyor of the time, who looked into that question of whether the north line of Massachusetts should strike through Clapboard Island in Casco Bay, as Massachusetts said it should. Munjoy notified the General Court that Massachusetts spoke only simple truth. This he had observed "by a large quadrant," and added that if the "honorable Court were pleased to goe twenty minitts more of north latitude" in its effort to find the headwaters of the Merrimac (the north bound of the Massachusetts Patent), then that would take in "all the inhabitants and places east along, and they seem to desire it."

It would certainly take in Pemaquid; and Pemaquid wanted to be taken in. Massachusetts Bay, for her part, wanted to take in Pemaquid. Cromwell's men had taken Acadia from the French in 1654; and "Honest Tom Temple," who was now Governor there, would never dream of absorbing Pemaquid. But then the fortunes of Acadia had been so shifting, that no man could predict for how long the star of the British might be rising there, or when the French might get back by treaty all that they had lost.

And with the French again at the top of the heap, Pemaquid might be seriously threatened, and indeed all New England. Even as it was now, Pemaquid was almost helpless, since it had no government, and for long years had been held together only by the magnetic personality of one man, Abraham Shurte. In 1664, Charles II had given this whole region to his brother James, the Duke of York, by a patent which included the trifling gift of the city of New York, recently conquered from the Dutch.

But now for a good few years the Duke had totally neglected his new property.

Part One:

Maine's Crack Of Dawn

A four-part history of Maine appearing daily, except Saturday.

Chapter XLIV

Pemaquid Yields

We see now a very interesting moment arriving in the history of Pemaquid. The Duke of York in 1664 set up his Cavalier's government there, exactly on the pattern of the old discarded government of Sir Ferdinando Gorges in the Province of Maine. But at the same time the ambition of Massachusetts Bay to take over the Pemaquid Region burned at white heat.

It was known to the magistrates of Massachusetts that life in that Queen City of the East, Pemaquid, was not lived as Puritans would live it. The men were mere rough farmers and fishermen. . . . "They have a custom of drinking Tobacco, sleeping at noon, sitting long at meals sometimes four times a day, and now and then drinking a dram of the bottle extraordinarily."

These were not things which Massachusetts could approve. Her own planters she allowed to plant tobacco "only as a medicinal herb," and although that word medicinal might be stretched to cover a multitude of sins, tobacco in the Bay Colony had not yet become the prevailing vice.

So it came about that without much opposition from the King's men in those parts, inhabitants of Kennebec, Cape Newagen, Damariscove, Sheepscott, Pemaquid and Monhegan dispatched in May, 1672, a Humble Request to Massachusetts that "you will please so far to favour us as to take us under your Government and Protection",—the truth being that for some time past these settlements had had no law of any kind.

Having no law, they had no power of resistance; and Josselyn wrote in this period that "he was a poor Indian that was not master of two guns with powder and shot, which they purchased of the French"; and the truth is, they had laid aside the bow and arrow and become clever marksmen with the Englishmen's own weapon.

With the terrible Indian wars already foreshadowed, Massachusetts Bay yielded to the prayers of Pemaquid, and made of this Domain her last frontier.

As for the bottle, that was much frowned on by the Colony. First, it was bad for the Indians, and sometimes put them in an ugly frame of mind; and second, it was bad for Englishmen and interfered with trade and work. A Foremastman in a fishing shallop might get in one voyage eight or nine pounds for his share; but that would do him little good if he became "a Walking Tavern," as too often he did.

Massachusetts, ever the Reformer, wanted to change all this. But could she actually extend her sway to Pemaquid? Remember, her position in the Old Country was not as solid as it had been. The mighty Oliver Cromwell was dead; King Charles II reigned; the divine right of Kings was again talked up, and the Puritan Roundheads had gone into total eclipse.

Nevertheless, there was this to be said: the Council of Foreign Plantations in London was afraid of Massachusetts. It was seen how rich and strong and purposeful this Colony had grown; and although some of the Lords wanted to send her a "stiff note", others who knew the "peevish and touchy humor" of the Colony were against this course of action.

In short, best opinion seemed to be that Massachusetts Bay was "almost upon the brink of renouncing any dependence on the Crown at all"—this more than 100 years before the actual Revolution.

The Council of Foreign Plantations consulted with a laced and perfumed Colonel, who said contemptuously that this refractory colony "might be curbed by a few of his Majesty's first-rate frigates" . . . in spite of which it was decided to send only a civil letter. The stern spirit of Massachusetts had produced already a mood of appeasement in the Mother Country, which had the effect of delaying war for at least another 100 years.

Chapter XLV

Trouble With The Indians

King Philip's War against the white men in Massachusetts was the occasion of the Indian troubles in Maine; but it was only as a spark is carried on the wind and sets a distant fire. The Maine Indians had grievances of their own, and had no need to take up King Philip's quarrel.

Said the Rev. William Hubbard of Ipswich, a graduate of Harvard and historian of these battles: "Ever since the first settling of any English . . . about Kennebec, for the space of above 50 years, the Indians always carried it fair, and held good corespondence with the English . . . ."

Yes, from that cold March day in 1620 when Samoset of Pemaquid cried "Much welcome, Englishmen" to the Pilgrims on Cape Cod, there had been on the whole good feeling between red men and white. The white man, indeed, had learned much from Indian arts. He had learned to sweat out a cold with the steam of water thrown on heated stones. He had learned the use of snowshoes, and that curious way of catching fish by torchlight.

From the Indians too the Englishman had borrowed that trick of burying vegetables in sand against frost-nip, of smoke-curing both meat and fish, and of dressing leather with the brains of animals. So it was the Indians who taught the newcomers how to raise Indian corn by manuring the soil with fish, planting it when the leaf of the white oak was

'as big as a mouse's ear.' Succotash, that judicious mixture of the corn and the bean, was an Indian invention.

The Indian, for his part, had discarded bows and arrows, and his wilderness eye had grown deadly in shooting with the white man's gun. Nevertheless he was growing to feel that the woods and streams were not his in the same sense that they had been his ancestors'. The white man's guile was robbing him of this most precious patrimony. At Pemaquid and Sheepscot the Indian found himself a trespasser; he could no longer feast on top of those Damariscotta shell-heaps where his ancestors had feasted for perhaps a thousand years, boosting themselves closer to the sun by the mere act of feasting and throwing the shells outside the wigwam door.

How it had all come about, the poor Abenaki or Wawenock did not know; but his actions were no longer wild and free as they had been in days of yore. Sometimes indeed the white man had actually kidnapped him and sold him into foreign slavery across the seas. Sometimes too in trade, the Indian had thought himself cheated; and sometimes he complained merely of hard dealing, as where Thomas Purchas, the first settler of Pejepscot (Brunswick) had charged an Indian first and last a hundred pounds for merely drawing water from his well.

The old Sagamores were conscious that their "place in the sun" had been by slow degrees pilfered away from them by the white man's cunning; and some were resigned to it and some were not. There were fierce souls who said that the colonists must be killed to the last man, and with them their children and their wives, so that no trace of this monstrous occupancy should be left to poison the trails or desecrate the wilderness.

And there were others, more discerning, who said that the white man had come to stay, and the Indian must make the best of it. Such a one was the great Chief, Passaconaway, who ruled the tribes on the Piscataqua.

Passaconaway was a great sorcerer, who swore he could burn a leaf and turn it green again—though nobody had ever seen him do it, any more than they had seen him turn himself into a flame, or make a live snake out of the skin of a dead one. Still he could do these things, if he wanted; yet strong as he was with nature's miracles, he saw that the white man was stronger still.

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Chapter XLVI

Prophets Of War

Passaconaway, chief of the Pennacooks felt that he was dying, and got his people round him. He spoke to them as a dying man to men who were themselves dying, whether they knew it or not.

"Hearken" he said, "to the last words of your father and friend . . . The white men are sons of the morning. The Great Spirit is their father. His sun shines bright about them. Never make war with them. Sure as you light the fires, the breath of heaven will turn the flames upon you, and destroy you. Heed my advice. It is the last that I shall give you. Heed it and live."

That was in 1660, and it was good advice; yet the peace between red man and white had only 15 years to run.

In 1670, the Sagamore Rowles, whose tribe had pitched its wigwams on the present site of South Berwick, sent a message to somebody in Kittery—a principal man, no doubt—and complained that the English had neglected him. His lands had been taken from him; for his children's sake, he must ask for a few hundred acres so that his heirs might not live as beggars in the pleasant places of their birth.

Even when he had had clashes with his own kind, he made war only by stalking among tree roots. He would never dare to try conclusions with the whites.

And so the carpenters built the Indians a fort, for money; just as only yesterday their descendants sold iron crap to Japan, only to hear it come back whistling.

King Philip's war began, and Henry Sawyer of York took the news east, to the Kennebec. How would the Maine Indians behave? The French in Canada and at Castine had armed them, and egged them on to fight the English. So likewise had the Baron Vincent de St. Castine, who had come to Castine in 1667, learned the Indian language, and grown rich by trading firearms for furs.

The Baron fairly "threw himself upon the savages," which is to say, he went native, took four or five Tarratine wives, one of them the daughter of the chief, Madockawando.

Madockawando's prime minister was an individual named Mugg, who had lived somewhere with English families, and could speak English. No doubt he could speak French, too, and the Baron de St. Castine's Jesuits must have converted him to their faith long before this time. Mugg was a soldier as well as a diplomat and seems to have had the chief Indian command in Maine.

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Chapter XLVII

The Trails Grew Bloody

Thomas Purchas of Brunswick lost a few sheep and calves, and had a feather-bed ripped up; but the Indians went on from that to blacker mischief.

Sept. 12, 1675, they massacred a Wakely family living on the Presumpscot River in Falmouth; and this was the first actual killing of the war. Little Elizabeth Wakely survived, and was carried into an Indian captivity which lasted nine months.

Next came an attack in Saco on the houses of John Bonython and Major William Phillips. Major Phillips had a gristmill and a sawmill, and seems to have been a great man in Saco. As Proprietor of the Patent, he exacted respect from his inferiors; and there is a tradition that a man was fined for saying: "Major Phillips' horse is as lean as an Indian dog."

And Rowles at this time prophesied that war must shortly come between red men and white, and that the Indians at last must be destroyed.

On the Saco River, the Sokokis seem to have come to the same conclusion, and just before King Philip's war, these Indians hired English carpenters to build for them a strong timber fort, 14 feet high, with flankers, at the spot where the Great Ossipee flows into the Saco.

They were foolish carpenters, you say, to build a fort which they might later have to take at the cost of their own blood. But then, as they reasoned it, an Indian's money was as good as anybody's; and those who said an Indian would fight were mad.

Actually the war began, not with a killing, but with a robbery. It was as if the Indians had learned the value of a "war of nerves." Early in September, 1675, 20 Indians came to Thomas Purchas' house in Brunswick. Thomas, we must recall, was the old gentleman who had charged a hundred pounds for well-water. He was not at home; and after a little friendly talk with Mrs. Purchas, the Indians turned savage, robbed the house of arms and liquor, and killed a calf and several sheep.

A son of Purchas came home and caught them at this mischief.

As no doubt it was, since the Major was a busy man, full of enterprise, and always riding on the trails. He bought some land above Salmon Falls, where the rocks had a shine to them, and were supposed to be silver; and in fact at one time we find Major Phillips in Boston selling out this "silver mine" to several Boston gentlement, including Captain Thomas Clark.

Captain Clark seems not to have been disheartened with the Province of Maine when this silver turned out to be mica; because with Captain Thomas Lake, also of Boston, he set up a big trading post near Woolwich, and gambled 20,000 pounds on the possible profits to be had out of that wilderness. But this Clark and Lake establishment was likewise wiped out by the Indians.

As for Major Phillips, he had a stout garrison house at Saco, and when he learned that the Indians were on the warpath, he collected the settlers in this house. He sad seen John Bonython's house nearby in flames; and now when a cry was raised that the Indians were creeping closer through a corn-field, the Major ran up to look out of an upper story window.

One of his men cried, "Master, what mean you? Do you intend to be killed?" . . . at which he turned suddenly, and the bullet which would have killed him if he had not moved, merely grazed his shoulder.

These garrison houses were even then scattered through Maine, and show how little trust the settlers had in Indians, even though, for half a century, there had been nothing like a pitched battle with them. Such houses were built of thick timbers, hewn square, the doors of heavy plank, and the upper story projecting a foot or two beyond the lower. Small holes in the floor of this projection made it possible to fire down on any enemy who came close against the wall of the house with fire in his hands.

Later, these garrison houses would be made with a palisade or fence around the outside, and with flankers or watch towers at the four corners; but this house of Major Phillips was no doubt much more sketchily built.

The Indians fired out of the corn until the moon was down, which was about four o'clock in the morning. Then they came pushing a cart, which had a barricade built in the forepart to keep off shot, and was filled with straw, strips of birch bark, powder and 20 foot poles — in short, everything needed to set the house on fire.

The Major's men "were a little discouraged at the Sight of this Engine"; but the cart lurched and sank into a mudhole, and the fort's defenders, "having so fair a shot upon them and not being above pistol shot away "killed six of the enemy and wounded 15.

And after that the sun came up, and the remaining Indians gave up the siege and ghosted away into the forest.

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Chapter XLVIII

Attempts At A Truce

No man could say when an Indian might not jump up in his path, brandishing a tomahawk, or leveling a gun — the white man's gun that the red man had learned to use so skilfully. The merest rustle in a cornfield sent a quake through the hearts of women left alone in their houses; and more and more, they were gathered in the garrisons.

Harvests were neglected, in that Autumn of 1675; the Indian harvests no less than the white man's. Atrocities on both sides increased. Monhegan Islanders offered a bounty of 5 pounds for every Indian that should be brought in, physically fit to be sold into slavery abroad; and it was seriously thought that to ship them overseas was the best way to be rid of Indians.

Worse than this, a messenger went to the Indian encampment at Teconnet (Winslow) and said the Indians must give up their arms and ammunition or the white men would come and kill them. These Indians as yet had taken no part in the fighting; now, however, they left their cornfields in a panic, and lost their harvests.

The war had been carried on mostly by the Sokoki Indians of the Saco Valley and the Anasagunticooks of the Androscoggin; but now Maj. Richard Waldron, acting for the General Court of Massachusetts, issued general warrants for seizing every Indian known to be a manslayer, traitor or conspirator.

warned the Indians of their danger from these ships; but in spite of sharpest lookout, some Indians were seized by their hair—just as at the turn of the century Captain Waymouth had seized them—and sold into foreign slavery.

With Winter coming on, and no food stored up, both the fighting and the peaceful Indians were willing to make peace. Their sagamores met at Teconnet (Winslow), and sent for Abraham Shurte as the one man they could trust. Madockawando, the chief of the Eastern Indians, the Tarratines, was there; so was his prime minister, Mugg, who had had the chief command of the fighting Indians.

"We can speak now and say our thoughts," Madockawando said. "White men took our guns away from us. Where now shall we get guns? Where shall we buy powder and shot for our winter's hunting, when we have eaten up all our corn? ... It is very little ... Only a few kernels. We shall starve. That is what we think. Or perhaps the French will help us. French will not let our Indians die."

The crafty Madockawando held the threat of the French always over the English. We was a child of the Jesuit teaching; and besides the Baron Vincent de Castin had married one of the Chief's daughters—two of them, some said—and gone native. The baron was a very able man, and a fair trader. No doubt it would be more sensible to take advice from him rather than the English.

To seize conspirators! And in the public state of mind, what Indian could not be taken as a conspirator? The mere look of him was enough to condemn him. If he was not a conspirator, why was his skin red, why did he wear his black hair in a bang across his forehead like a woman or a Russian?

Stalwart Abraham Shurte warned off several kidnapping ships that lurked in the neighborhood of Pemaquid; and

"Our reply is good," Abraham Shurts said. "Some of our men have done wrong and we blame them for it. We come to make peace. Our hearts are good."

"But you do not speak of guns and powder," said Madockawando.

Said Shurte, "We will give you powder and guns, a few. But the western Indians are still fighting. And they are your friends. If we give you powder, and you give it to them, are we not cutting our own throats?"

The Chiefs were angered and broke up the parley.

If the meat to be pan-broiled is very fatty, pour off the fat as it accumulates.

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Chapter XLIX

Second Summer Of War

One Sagamore who refused all peace offers was Squando, chief of the Sokokis on the Saco River. White men had drowned his child. Some English sailors had heard that Indian children could swim as naturally as dogs, and to put the thing to test, upset the canoe of Squando's squaw as she was paddling across the Saco. Her child sank. The mother dived and brought it up alive, but it soon died, and Squando thereafter became the enemy of all settlers. It was said in later times that he put a curse upon the Saco River, so that three white men a year were fated to drown in it.

Squando and his followers kept up the fight when others had abandoned it, and in the Summer of 1676 killed or carried into captivity 34 persons on Casco Neck (Portland). The Indians killed three at Stinson's Point on the Kennebec (Woolwich), including the trader Richard Hammond (he got them drunk, they said, and stole their furs).

Next they attacked the plantation on Arrowsic Island which had been put there by the Boston merchants, Captains Clarke and Lake. The Indians swarmed through the fort-gate when the sentinel was not alerted. Some escaped, but Captain Thomas Lake was killed.

Now there was panic everywhere in this region. People east of Arrowsic Island fled from their homes. Some went to the Fort at Cape Newagen, some to Monhegan. The settlement at Cape Neddick was destroyed. Scarboro was attacked, and the redoubtable Mugg, "most cunning Indian of the age," led another expedition against Wells, but found himself repulsed.

Mugg then gave up the struggle, went to Boston, and signed a peace-treaty "with the mark X of Mugg." Said Mugg: "My heart is good. I stay with you now till white men captives come home."

A ship commanded by one Captain Moore went to Penobscot to release the captives. A few were found here, but by no means all. Among them was Thomas Cobbet, who had been taken prisoner the year before at Richmond's Island.

Cobbet was the son of an Ipswich minister, and followed his Indian master to the hunting-grounds at Mt. Desert. He was often cold and often hungry. He knew not a word of the Indian language, and his master sometimes drew a knife and threatened him with death because he did not understand. So stimulated, he learned fast, and at the end of nine weeks his master had enough confidence in him to send him to Baron Vincent de Castin for ammunition to kill moose and deer.

The Baron for some years had been living on the headland which is the site of the present Castine and some of his Indian friends — luckily for young Cobbet — were at his house. His father-in-law Madockawando was there; so was

—Thursday Morning; Januar

the great Mugg, who had just come down from negotiating his Boston treaty.

When Mugg learned that the youth standing before him was Thomas Cobbet, he said, "I saw your father in Boston. I told him he should have his son back. Yes, that is what I said. The son must be released, as the treaty says."

Madockawando then said: "I must have a present for him. This is how it is. Cobbet's father is great preach-man, or chief speaker, among English. Captain Moore, you have fine coat on board your ship. You give me that. Take Cobbet."

So it was, at the price of a laced coat, that Cobbet was returned to that great preach-man, his father.

Copper ores are most abundant in North America.

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Chapter L

Baron de St. Castin

With this glimpse of the Baron de St. Castin at Pentagoet (Castine), let us cast back a little over the struggle between the English and the French—and the Dutch—for that region.

We remember that the Frenchman D'Aulnay kept Fort Pentagoet until he was drowned in 1650. Another Frenchman, Charles La Tour, adventurer and at times outright pirate, married D'Aulnay's widow and succeeded to D'Aulnay's interests.

But this was for a short time only. In 1654, Cromwell's forces retook Pentagoet and all Acadia for the English. But this arrangement held for only 13 years. In 1667, by the Treaty of Breda, Acadia was given back to France again.

About this time, the Baron de St. Castin came down from Canada and settled in the town which was to bear his name. The baron at this time was a free rover, a true wilderness man who had fought the Mohawks as an officer of the famous regiment called Carignan Salieres.

He had learned that Indians were better friends than foes, and, gentleman as he was by birth and culture, a man who could hold his own in the King's palace as well as on a Maine headland, he nevertheless marmaried the daughter of Madockawando, chief of the Tarratines, and in due time became himself a Sachem of the Tarratines. Still respected by the French court, the baron became positively venerated by the Indians, actually worshipped like a white god. St. Castin's word was Indian law. Like the valiant Biencourt of the early days, St. Castin came to think of himself as half an Indian. He ate out of the Indian's dish, his feet felt out their trails naturally. He also drove profitable bargains with them, as a white man must.

side at Fort Pentagoet, outside whose walls the baron had his house. The French defenders took to the woods; no doubt the baron took to the woods too, because a century and a half later a fortune in gold coins was dug from between the roots of a tree there—a young fortune which in his opulence St. Castin had buried and forgotten.

But the conquest by the Dutch was only a seven-days wonder. A Boston fleet came up the river, and the Dutch frigate fled. Our crafty French baron—and Indian sachem—then made a sortie and re-captured the fort, after which he was head man in all that country, and took orders from no man, not from the French Governor of Acadia himself, M. Perrot, who by this time owed St. Castin too much money to quarrel with him.

It may well be that the baron had urged Mugg to make that celebrated Boston peace-treaty of his, since Mugg was the prime minister of Madockawando, a position less important than that of a white son-in-law.

But Mugg's treaty turned out to be "a scrap of paper", neither more nor less. Its promises were hollow mockeries, and before long Mugg was on the warpath again, and telling his friends that they might burn Boston, and drive all the white men into the sea, if only they could capture a few fishing-vessels.

Immense as his prestige became, however, as a white man he remained merely a trader, living just outside the walls of Fort Pentagoet. It was as a sachem of the Tarratines, that he had political importance. The Jesuits taught his red friends the law of the jungle, the law of tooth and claw; but the baron for the most part saw to it that his savage charges made velvet paws. A good share of his trade was with the English in the Massachusetts Bay Colony; and it is very doubtful if he wanted the Indians to put them to the torch, in that first Indian War.

A year or two before that war, a Dutch man-of-war came up the river and fired a broad-

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Chapter LI

The Final Peace

The Indians could, and did, capture the white men's fishing vessels to the number of 20, but they had no sailing-masters for them—not an Indian so much as knew the ropes—and so Mugg was forced to give up his idea of burning Boston.

But he took the field in Maine again; and so did the implacable Squando. Wells seemed to be singled out for special vengeance. The year before there had been bloody murder done there, James Gooch being shot and his wife cut to pieces with a hatchet. They were on horseback at the time, he in the saddle she on the pillion behind, with her right arm round his waist. They were returning from church, and churches the Indians would not attack; but they delayed their stroke only until the Gooches had got well out of sight of it.

Now, a year later, the Indians were again in the neighborhood of Wells under the command of Mugg. They had killed seven men working in the fields at York; and now crowded round the garrison house in Wells. Two of its defenders fell; and the Indians killed 13 cattle, only keeping their tongue, a great delicacy to the red men.

Mugg then led his forces on to Black Point, in Scarborough and here at last was Mugg's rendezvous with death. The siege of the garrison at Black Point went on for three days, the Indians pressing the attack with more than usual boldness. Four of the English were killed; and among the Indian slain was the celebrated Mugg himself, at first thought to be old Simon the Yankee-killer, whose tomahawk had done fearful execution on its own account.

Mugg was dead, but the English were now to suffer their worst disaster of the war. The Massachusetts General Court sent down 40 soldiers and 200 Christian Indians — to defend Black Point. But the spirit of Mugg's cunning lived on. His unchristian Indians feigned a retreat; the Boston troops pursued, and ran head-long into an ambush on both sides.

Ranks were broken, and a bloody battle followed. Captain Benjamin Swett fought the enemy hand to hand, rallied his men, brought off his wounded in a two mile retreat, and, wounded himself in 20 places, was finally cut down at the very gate of the garrison house. Sixty of his men were killed in this encounter.

The military prestige of Massachusetts had now fallen very low. There was prayer and fasting in Boston; prayer and fasting too in the Province of Maine, where some people said the women were to blame for all this misery, having come under God's frown by wearing false hair and going with naked arms.

At this critical time, help came from far off New York. Charles II, it will be remembered, had given his br er, James that city, and with it the Province of Sagadahoc in Maine —which for practical purposes was made up of Pemaquid and its adjacent parts. The Duke, a governor in New York, Sir Edmund Andros, fearing that his

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of Maine appearing daily.

Royal Highness might lose his patent to Pemaquid altogether because of repeated Indian attacks, sent a war-party with four sloops to that headland, built a wooden fort, garrisoned it with 50 soldiers and a number of great guns, and issued a number of trading instructions.

As for example: "All trading to be in the street, in or afore the houses, between sun and sun, for which the drum to beat or bell to ring, every morning, and neither Indian nor Christian suffered to drink any strong drink."

It was all so very soldierly that the Pemaquid Indians were completely over - awed. They made peace at once, and even included Massachusetts in the peace and gave up the Massasetts captives and the Salem vessels they had taken.

So encouraged, Massachusetts forced a general peace with the Indians, but not exactly the peace imposed by a conqueror. The settlers were to pay the Indians a yearly quit-rent of a peck of corn for every English family—which was thought a bit disgraceful, but better than eternal ambush.

Chapter LII

Sir Edmund Andros

Massachusetts, as we have seen, ever since 1652 had been extending its jurisdiction in Maine, regardless of the claims of the King's cavaliers, the Lord Proprietors.

This did very well as long as Oliver Cromwell was in power. But after Charles II came to his throne, the Puritans were out of favor, as much so in New England as in Old England. Therefore, it occurred to the Massachusetts magistrates that it would be well to buy in the old Gorges Patent to the Province of Maine from the heir to that patent, young Sir Ferdinando Gorges.

They sent a clever agent to England in 1677, in the very height of the Indian troubles; and this agent pointed out to young Gorges that he had better sell at a reasonable figure, since the Indians were fast putting those Maine plantations to the torch, and before too long, all the settlers would have fled into Massachusetts and left the Province of Maine to the tender mercies of its original red inhabitants.

The agent's arguments so far prevailed that he bought the whole Province from Gorges for the sum of 1250 pounds (about $6,000), so low had fallen the estimation of Maine's chances to survive.

Charles II was enraged when word of this canny transaction came to his ears. He had been intending to buy this province himself, and give it to his natural son, the Duke of Monmouth. In vain, however, he demanded of the Massachusetts Bay Colony that it should assign this new purchase to the crown. The colony stood on its rights, had made the purchase openly and fairly, was not to be frightened away from it by the King's displeasure, and even hinted that the King's father, Charles I, had lost his head through just such arbitrary dealings.

Charles II thereupon grew more arbitrary still, and in 1684 revoked Massachusetts' own charter. The unruly colony had now to see whether Providence would temper the wind to the shorn lamb. It had lost its charter, and the Crown now ruled it. Charles II died, but brother James, who succeeded him, was not one whit less arbitrary. Sir Edmund Andros had done well for him as governor of New York; and James now made him captain-general and governor-in-chief of all New England. The lowly Pemaquid was now on exactly the same footing with the toplofty Boston; everything was under Andros' heel.

Andros, the perfect despot and willing tool of James II, made up his mind to go a pilgrimage through his new domain. He went down to Casco Bay in a handsome sloop, sailed up the Kennebec a few miles, and thence to Pemaquid where the frigate Rose was waiting for him.

It was the belief of his master James II that this Sagadahoc patent of his, sprawling through the wilderness, went as far as the St. Croix River; and Sir Edmund had it in mind to so inform French Baron at Pentagoet (Castine).

He therefore dropped anchor off the baron's fort, and sent word ashore that he, Sir Edmund Andros, captain-general of all New England, would be pleased to see the Sieur de St. Castin on board the frigate Rose.

But the baron through the years had grown expert in taking to the woods. He had fled from the Dutch, from the English, and even from forces of his own countrymen; and now here were the English at his gate again.

St. Castin took good care to be absent from his house, but he left it quite open and unprotected. Sir Edmund had his furniture, fire-arms and ammunition put on board the frigate, and sailed away. But he had played the fool once too often for New England's good. It was this ill-judged pilfering that roused the baron's wrath, and brought on the second Indian war.

Chapter LIII

A New Indian War

The Baron de St. Castin was, as the Spaniards say, "A man of many bells." He could ring them for peace, and liked that best, because he was a trader, and peace is best for trade. But he could make war if he had to; and the plundering of his house by Sir Edmund Andros had made him see red.

And not the baron alone, Father Thury, the Jesuit priest who officiated at the local altar, knew that the Indians were like tow, and would burn up freely in a wind. Father Thury supplied the wind.

"My children," he would say to his Indians, "do you see what robbers and rascals these English really are? Give them an inch, and they are sure to want an acre. They are not satisfied with having Pemaquid. They must have the Penobscot as well. They must have this very Fort of Pentagoet, which our good baron has ruled for so long.

"Are you slaves? Are you Craven Hearts? Will you leave this headland of your fathers, and let the cattle of heretics eat the grass on their graves? No, no, my children, God commands you to shake the sleep out of your eyes, and scour the rust from your hatchets. That is what I think."

The expedition against Pemaquid was planned by the Baron de St. Castin and Thury; but the assault was carried out entirely by Indians.

Thomas Gyles, with two of his sons and other farmhands, was haying in the fields when the Indians began shooting up the fort. Almost at once another war party sprang out of ambush at one corner of the field. This is the report of young John Gyles, who was taken captive... "My brother ran one way and I another, and looking over my shoulder, I saw a stout fellow, painted, pursuing me with a gun, and a cutless glittering in his hand, which I expected every moment in my brains."

Young John had what was probably the good luck to hook his toe in a tree-root and fall flat on his face. He had the wind knocked out of him, and when he could breathe freely again, found himself with his hands tied behind him, and walking with his captor.

"We came to where my father was, who looked very pale and bloody, and walked very slowly. When we came to the place, I saw two men shot down on the flats, and one or two knocked on the head with hatchets." . . . The same treatment was then meted out to Thomas Gyles, but son John the Indians carried away and sold as a slave to a French gentleman living somewhere on the Penobscot River. After ten years this Frenchman set him free, and John Gyles went to Boston, where he got a job as Indian interpreter.

Pemaquid Fort was destroyed; and thereupon Sir Edmund Andros led 800 soldiers into the winter wilderness. They lived on a starvation diet, and many had their toes frostbitten, and some got snowshoe sickness and left their own blood on the trails; but never the blood of an Indian. This expedition of Sir Edmund's neither killed an Indian nor took one captive.

The captain-general therefore returned to Boston, where the news was worse than that which he himself brought out of the Maine woods. His master, James II, had abdicated the English throne and gone to France; and William Prince of Orange and his wife Mary, were King and Queen of England.

Sir Edmund Andros was at the end of his tether. He ran plump into a revolution in Boston, to match the English revolution; the authorities arrested him and sent him back to England.

And as if all these doings were not mad enough, a new war between France and England was at once proclaimed.

Chapter LIV

Sir William Phips

While Father Thury was telling the Indians at Castine that the English were heretics and unbelieving dogs, James II, abdicated King of England, was telling the French Court much the same thing about the new English King William, and his wife Queen Mary—who also happened to be James II's daughter.

In England, James was called a despot and a traitor, and ancestral voices were prophesying war again, a war of religion which in the New World would take that most horrible of all shapes, a war between the white man and the Indian.

War was in fact declared as the old year of 1689 was dying; but even earlier than this, French privateers had been taking prizes of English merchant ships along the coasts of Maine and Nova Scotia. And deep in the Maine woods, and clear through to Quebec in Canada, where the stern Count Frontenac ruled, the Jesuit missionaries were stirring up the Indians with just such wild fiery words as Father Thury had already used. The tow had caught fire, and was burning all its length.

The Massachusetts General Court therefore, since there could be no dodging war, decided to take advantage of it to get back Nova Scotia and reduce Quebec, that hornet's nest of New France. Eight vessels were fitted out, and put under the command of Sir William Phips.

Sir William was a Maine man, born in Woolwich, one of the youngest of a family of 21 sons and five daughters; and since in so many ways his character displayed not only what Maine was, but what she would become, it is well to look at it in some detail.

Sir William Phips indeed struck the pitch of Maine's great story, the strength of it, the makshift, the courage, the tenacity of it; the adventure and risk of it. When we say of of him only that he built ships and sailed ships, we see how far he had Maine's essential tendencies in his blood and bones. When we add that he got his fortune by salvaging silver ingots from a sunken galleon, it is plain that as a master mariner he might be expected to have some Long John Silver out of Stevenson in his crew; and this again was true of him.

The Rev. Cotton Mather of Boston was Sir William's friend, and first biographer, and Mather says that he was born "at a despicable plantation on the river Kennebec." It was Mather who said that Maine Indians were "as loving as bears, and harmless as tigers," and he had in general a low opinion of this wilderness. But Phip's Point, now the summer residence of former Governor Tudor Gardiner, could hardly have been quite despicable even three centuries ago; and Phips' Point, in Montsweag Bay, is held by tradition to be the birthplace of Sir William Phips.

The shipyard where he apprenticed himself was likewise somewhere in Montsweag Bay. Young Phips had a notion that he was "born to great matters"; and for a Maine man a high destiny would naturally connect itself with ships.

At 22 he was a capable shipwright: but he had not yet learned to read and write. Phips' Point was not the school for that. He therefore went to Boston, got a touch of education, and had the foresight or the luck to marry a young gentlewoman, widow of a Bos-

Chapter LV

Pieces Of Eight

How a young man fresh from the wilderness of Maine succeeded in wheedling out of Charles II a frigate in which to go hunting for sunken treasure in the Spanish Main—all this is lost in the mists of history.

The fact nevertheless is well-established that in the year 1683, and at the age of 33, young Captain William Phips arrived in Boston as skipper of the Algier Rose, an 18-gun frigate which may have been loaned him for this highly speculative treasure-hunt by the King's brother, the Duke of York. The duke's property at Pemaquid had yielded no gold; but the gamble in Spanish gold was still open to any true adventurer.

For two feverish years the Algier Rose sailed the Spanish Main in search of gold—but all in vain. "There passed a weary time." Twice his men mutinied; once a knot of them rushed Captain Phips on his own quarter-deck with drawn swords in their hands; but the powerful captain knocked up the swords, and felled the mutineers with his bare fists.

A rough, stormy, wilful man, alert to danger, alert too to the knocking of opportunity on his door, Captain Phips roved the seas, dropped his anchor in secluded harbors, asked a thousand questions, and finally falling in with a mysterious old Spaniard, learned of the wreck of a treasure-ship, or the legend of such a wreck, at Port de la Plata in the Bahamas.

Thither he went at last; and there found a reef, or pinnacle-rock; and at the foot of this, in 50 feet of water, the sunken galleon was lying. The divers brought up tales of this shadow-ship, with her great guns all coral-crusted; and one of them struggled to the surface with an ingot of silver in his hands, "a sow of silver."

And Captain Phips, when he saw this sow, cried out: "Thanks be to God, we are made."

So indeed they were. Says Cotton Mather: "They so prospered in the new fishery that in a little while they brought up 32 tons of silver" Not to mention whole bushels of rusty pieces of eight (Spanish dollars), besides gold and pearls and sundry jewels.

No the new crew of the Algier Rose — who had replaced the old mutineers — were dazzled by all these riches. They had come out on seaman's wages, at so much per month; but at sight of all these silver sows and pigs, they cried out with one voice that they would do best to "be gone and lead a short life and a merry one, where those that had hired them should not reach them."

But the redoubtable Captain Phips swore a mighty oath that he would keel-haul any man who laid a finger on this silver before the King of England had had a look at it; and since to keel-haul him meant to drag him down under the ship's keel and up on the other side — and since furthermore the frigate's bottom was foul, and covered all over with sharp barnacles, the size of coffee-cups — the crew flinched from such a goring, and took Captain Phips' word for it that once they came to England he would give them extra wages from his own share of the treasure.

So the Algier Rose came safe to London with a treasure in silver, gold and jewels to the value of 300,000 pounds sterling. The captain's share, after he paid off his men, was less than 16,000 pounds; but the Duke of Albemarle, who had a share in the adventure, sent home to Mrs. Phips, by the captain's own hand, a present of a golden cup worth 1000 pounds sterling.

And King James knighted him at Windsor Castle, and gave him a gold medal and a great banquet; and so after five years of hardship crowned with such notable success in the end, Sir William Phips came home to Boston and to Mrs. Phips; and out of the duke's golden cup they drank a fervent toast to King James II who had made the captain's fortune.

Chapter LVI

Phips' Fortunes

By his salvaging of silver ingots in the Spanish Main, Sir William Phips had won, not only fame and fortune, but a certain politictl standing as well.

When in London, he knelt before King James II. The King—who was naturally in a good humor, since by law a tenth of the treasure came to him—said in a kindly voice, "Ask me what you will."

Sir William answered: "I pray only that New England may have her lost privileges restored."

"Anything but that," the King said, growing a little tart.

As before noted, the New England colonies in 1684 had lost their Charters, and for three years had been governed by the Crown. On this act of Charles II, James II stood firm; but when the new Sir William spoke him soft, and merely asked to be made High Sheriff of New England, the King granted him this boon most graciously.

Sir William came home in a whacking big frigate, as befitted a High Sheriff; and Judge Samuel Sewell of Boston put into his diary under date of June 1, 1688..."Went to Watertown lecture. Many were there... Lady Phips for one, who was ready to faint as word was brought in by the coachman of Sir William's being spoken at sea."

No wonder the poor lady was ready to faint. After five yeas, her William coming home to her with all his prophecies fulfilled. What wonder if her lips thirsted for the golden cup that he was bringing her? What wonder if her secret thought would stray to the vision of that fair brick house in Geen Lane which he

had promised her so many years ago?

Judge Sewall notes: "I went to offer my Lady Phips my house by Moody's...but she had bought Sam. Wakefield's house and ground last night, for 350 pounds. She gave me a good cup of beer, and thanked me for my visit."

Not without reason had Minister Hubbard, at Harvard Commencement, compared Sir William to Jason fetching home the Golden Fleece. He brought not the Fleece only, but the House itself, or most of the brick and stone-work for it, in the Frigate's hold. Sam Wakefield's house would be only a temporary lodging, and the House of Houses, Mrs. Phips' Dream House, no less, went up shortly "in Green Lane, next to Mr. Nowell's," and Judge Sewall laid the cornerstone, for which service, no doubt, he got another cup of beer.

Alas, it was for a short time only that Sir William was allowed to tarry on the home acre. After ten years of peace, the Indian war had broken out again.

It was called King William's war, and was of course partly stimulated by the French, since the English and the French were now at loggerheads the wor'd over. The Abenakis, the Eastern men, complained that the quit-rent of corn, which the English had agreed to pay, they had failed to pay; and that English cattle had eaten the Indians' own corn. Squando was dead, but his successor said that the English had spoiled the Indian fishery in the Saco River. Over on the Penobscot, Chief Madockawando of the Tarratines would have kept the peace, but his son-in-law the Baron de St. Castin egged him on to war. The Baron at last had made his mind up that he could expect nothing but trouble from the English; and that therefore the only good Englishman was a dead Englishman.

The fat was in the fire, and the Indians in Maine were already on the rampage, when Sir William Phips offered his services to command an expedition against the French in Nova Scotia.

Chapter LVII

The Warpath Again

After five years on the high seas, Sir William Phips had no more than six weeks in Boston, when he was forced to turn his back on the rising foundations of that "fair brick house", say good-bye a second time to Lady Phips, and go for England.

The truth is, there was opposition to that title of his, High Sheriff of New England; and, according to Cotton Mather, he was "like to have had his person assassinated before his own door."

It was King James II who had conferred upon him that high title. But King James had now fled his throne, and King William was seated there. The Massachusetts Bay Colony was making all kinds of long arms at its ancient charter, but King William seemed no more inclined to give it back than James had been. Sir William Phips went to England to back up the demands of Rev. Increase Mather, President of Harvard, that Massachusetts should be, so to speak, given back to herself.

These demands the new King was not in a mood to comply with, and Sir William went back to Boston for new instructions. It was now he learned that Maine was again in mortal combat with the Indians.

It began in 1688 with an attack on North Yarmouth; and was followed in the next year with the destruction of Dover. Massachusetts sent volunteers into Maine commanded by Major Benjamin Church who had made a great name for himself in King Philip's War.

The Major was known as the best Indian fighter of his day, but his expedition into Maine came to little or nothing. The Indians ghosted away from him, and melted into their dark trails; but as soon as he had gone back to Boston again, the Indians destroyed South Berwick. They had as allies a force of Frenchmen whom Count Frontenac had sent from Quebec; and two months later the Count sent a formidable expedition against Falmouth.

The neck of land where Portland now stands had a public garrison about half a mile to the west of the present Munjoy Hill. The attacking French had the help of Maine Sokokis, and also of a force of Tarratines under Madockawando and the Baron de St. Castin. They came in a great fleet of canoes across Casco Bay, and in mid-May of 1690 stormed the Garrison-House, Fort Loyal.

After four days of fierce fighting, the garrison surrendered. As it turned out, these unlucky people might just as well have fought it out to the bitter end; since the Indians, having them disarmed and captive, murdered the most of them on the spot. Falmouth was left a smoking ruin, as empty of life as when George Cleaves had thrown down his pack in that wilderness half a century before.

It was while that ominous fleet of canoes was crossing Casco Bay that Sir William Phips with 8 ships was moving on Port Royal, Nova Scotia.

There was high excitement in Boston when it was "flying news" that the great Sir William had offered to go in person and re-take Nova Scotia from the French. Governor Bradstreet told Judge Sewall about it; the Judge told other members of his Court; everybody turned out into the middle of the street to cheer the mighty Man from Maine, and wish him luck.

Somebody started a rumor that Lady Phips would not consent; and indeed Sir William had had only a few weeks altogether in that new brick house of his in Green Lane, the street of all the Boston fashionables.

No doubt the lady did demur a little; but if she did, it's likely that Sir William quieted her fears by telling her the danger was slight, and that he would probably end by being Royal Governor of all New England. So he sailed away and took Port Royal Nova Scotia easily enough.

Chapter LVIII

Death Of Sir William

Sir William Phips' next exploit, the attack on Quebec, ended in dismal failure. Count Frontenac was a hard man to beat, and in this instance, wasn't beaten. Smallpox broke out in Sir William's fleet; and many soldiers in the land forces got frozen hands and feet. The first attack failed; and a Council of War decided that the case was hopeless. Sir William made haste to get his fleet out of the St. Lawrence River before the ice could nip it.

His disaster before Quebec seems not to have hurt him, either with the King or the Colonies. He went to England, and under a new charter, was nominated Governor of all New England.

But coming home to Boston in the frigate Nonesuch, Governor Phips found things in worse than their usual boiling. Indians harried the frontiers; public money was scarce; and on top of everything, the Devil himself was let loose upon the land. Witchcraft was rampant.

But Sir William had met the Devil in too many forms to fear him in the shape of Salem witches. Of the Court appointed to try witches, he said, "It must fall" and that was the last of it.

Next he raised an army and went into his native Maine to quell the Indians. But at Falmouth he could do no more than bury the bones of those who had been slaughtered there two years before. The site of future Portland was abandoned to the wolves and wildcats, as it would continue for some time to be.

Sir William then marched east, and buiilt a fort at Pemaquid, very strong, with a wall 18 feet high and 8 feet thick at the bottom. 2000 cart-loads of stone went into these walls; enough surely to turn the arrow of an Indian or even the cannon-bullet of a French man o' war.

Awed by this structure, the Indians made a treaty with the new Governor, swore allegiance to King William and Queen Mary, and agreed to abandon the French for good and all.

Sir William returned to Boston, and now it was that all his fabulous luck deserted him. There was grumbling at the cost of the new Fort, but that would not have overthrown him. It was his well-known irascible temper that gave his enemies their hold. One of them, who had set himself up to be Collector of Customs, received a caning from the Governor in the face and eyes of everybody, on the Public Wharf.

Word of this reached the King of England, and Governor Phips was summoned thither to answer for his indiscretion. "He came as Governor and went in Darkness," Judge Sewall notes. Alas, he had given the Captain of the frigate Nonesuch a caning as well as the Collector; evidence was heaped high against him. A rough, sincere man. Sir William had dealt with mutineers too often for his own good.

From youth up, Sir William had had a way with Kings, and even now might have brought King William round to see eye to eye with him, and sent him back to Boston with all his dignities restored. But death had other plans, and a malignant fever suddenly put an end to his days.

By torch-light after dark in February, Sir William's funeral procession wound its way to St. Mary's Church in Lombard Street. The services were well attended, and those who were bidden to "accompany the corpse" on its journey from Swithin's Lane were given a black ticket, bordered tastefully with skeleton, and told to "pring this ticket with you".

So under a marble monument at St. Mary's in the vault under the Organ Gallery, and at the early age of 46, was laid to rest the first really outstanding Man from Maine.

Chapter LIX

War And Peace

The fort built by Sir William Phips at Pemaquid held the Indians in check for a short time only. Count Frontenac in Canada was up to his neck in war with the Mohawks of the Five Nations and called into his service all the Frenchmen who could bear arms; but the Maine Indians were still encouraged to make war against the English in their own way.

This they did with right good will, and from year to year the red butchery went on, with short intervals of truce, for exchange of prisoners.

In mid-Winter of 1696 a group of well-known chiefs came to the fort at Pemaquid for this purpose; when the soldiers in the fort, under Captain Pasco Chubb, suddenly rounded on them, killed some and took others prisoner. Was it a sudden quarrel? Chubb said yes. But the French said it was done in cold blood. The Indians came in good faith, with a flag of truce; and "thou hast covered it with blood," they wrote later to the Governor of Massachusetts.

Wherever the guilt lay, this quarrel sealed the doom of Fort William Henry. In August of that same year the French Admiral D'Iberville came against it with three ships; and associated with him was the Baron de St. Castin of Penobscot with 200 Indians in a fleet of war-canoes.

Towards night of an August day they appeared before the great Pemaquid fort, and sent in a summons to surrender. But the fort was the strongest in New England — probably there was nothing in the New World to match it — and Captain Pasco Chubb replied that he would hold it even "if the sea were covered with French ships, and the land planted as thick with Indians."

These were brave words; but alas for Captain Chubb, he lacked the courage to go on as he began. Under cover of night, the French landed some heavy mortars, and set them up well-masked in a spruce growth at a short distance from the fort. This place was cunningly chosen, as bearing on the west angle of the fort, so that none of the fort's great guns could effectively return the French mortar fire.

Fort William Henry was well-garrisoned with 92 men; it had a bomb-proof magazine; it boasted 15 great guns with ammunition answerable; and it had supplies enough to withstand a siege of any length. Even the French admitted that the place could hardly have been taken, if its defenders had plied their guns with any spark of courage.

But Pasco Chubb was the last man to have been put in charge of such an outpost, on which the hopes of all New England had been pinned. He was an utter coward; and with the fall of the first bombs inside the fort, he was in the mood to yield. He was further routed by a letter, written by the crafty St. Castin, which came over the fort's wall dangling from the shaft of an arrow. St. Castin notified the trembling Chubb that if the place had to be carried by assault, the Indians had orders to give hl mno quarter. Such were the instructions from the King himself.

Pasco Chubb forthwith surrendered. Not a man inside the fort lost his life, or was even wounded, in the engagement; and although the French did lose one man, he died of pleurisy. Apparently he got into a sweat landing the the mortars, and the cool sea-breeze finished him.

The French tore the fort down, and sent Chubb and his soldiers to Boston, where Chubb was cashiered out of the army, but apparently never brought to trial.

Still another year of random fighting, and then in 1697 by the Peace of Ryswick, England and France patched up their quarrel. But it was January, 1699, before the Maine sagamores, meeting at Mare's Point, signed a final treaty of peace with Massachusetts.

The war had lasted ten years; and outside of Wells, York, Kittery and the Isle of Shoals, no settlement in Maine was left alive.

Part Two
Maine's Second Wind

A four-part history of Maine appearing daily, except Saturday.

Chapter I

William And Mary Charter

The new charter of Massachusetts, the celebrated charter of William and Mary, which Sir William Phips brought over in 1692, turned out to be the deathblow to the old puritan system of governing everything by religion.

At the same time, the new charter made for a wider suffrage. It cannot be doubted that many more men could vote now than heretofore. Under the old puritan system no man might vote unless he was qualified to partake of the Lord's Supper, and to so qualify himself, he must not only subscribe to the creed, but he must also relate the personal experiences which proved that he had really had his eyes opened. And these experiences must be satisfactory to the presiding clergy.

So, for example, in the days when John Bunyan, author of Pilgrim's Progress, was still unregenerate, and was playing a game of three o' cat in the street with some roistering companions, a Voice from Heaven cried: "Will you leave your sins and come to Heaven, or have your sins and go to Hell?" A personal experience of this kind would have been eminently satisfactory to the presiding clergy; but it was far from certain that all potential voters would have been visited by such.

The new charter had nothing to say of church members as voters. From now on, to vote a man must be 21 years old, and must own an estate worth 40 pounds sterling, or a freehold which would yield an annual income of 40 shillings.

This was not as wide a suffrage as it may now seem, since in the District of Maine at that time there were not too many men whose estate would come to 40 pounds, and not too many either, in those days of almost constant warfare with the Indians, who would show an annual income of 40 shillings. Nevertheless it was certainly a much wider suffrage than before.

On the other hand, from now on everything was subject to the approval of the King in England. The independence of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts was gone; that precious independence of soul and self-government for which the pilgrim fathers had fought so valiantly had now slipped through the fingers of their descendants. It was lost, but not forgotten; and in less than another century more the grim commonwealth would find a way to get it back for all time.

Under the new charter, which included not only Maine but Nova Scotia as well, the governor was chief magistrate. He was also captain general of the militia—but he could not march any militiaman out of the province without the militiaman's consent. If he got into foreign wars, he must do that with the help of volunteers only.

Nevertheless in its own field, service in the militia was compulsory for males between the ages of 16 and 60—aside from the exemptions. (Among the exemptions, it is interesting nowadays to note, were not only ministers and members of the legislature, but masters of art, herdsmen and sea captains. Our forbears were not guilty of turning seamen into soldiers.)

Compulsory military duty was not too stiff, being only four days' training out of the year; but each militiaman must come provided with his own firelock. This could hardly have been a hardship for Maine men, since life without a gun in the Maine wilderness at that time would have been quite unthinkable. If a man had lost his gun, he must contrive to beg, borrow or steal another, or life itself was all but forfeited.

Chapter II

Post War

Peace having been patched up with the Maine Indians in 1699, the settlers, heirs of a smoking wilderness, began to be seen on its trails again.

Richard, Earl of Bellamont, who succeeded Sir William Phips as Governor of Massachusetts, had a particular eye on his Province of Maine. It was good mast-country, for one thing, and all Crown-land trees that were two feet in diameter at one foot from the ground were to be marked with the King's broad arrow, and reserved for the King's navy. If a settler felled such a tree, he might be fined 100 pounds sterling.

It is more than doubtful if such fines were actually imposed, because it is practically certain that the settler had not the wherewithal to pay. Too many of them had lost their houses, their wives and children to the torch and hatchet of the Indians and wilderness had crept in at the edges of cultivated fields.

The Province of Maine was desolated and many were the petitions that came into the hands of the Massachusetts Council.

Here, for example, is the petition of Col. John Phillips, showing that he made a voyage east last winter to bring back captives, and asks their Excellencies and their Honors to give him, for this three months of service and hardship in the dead of winter—cabined aboard a rolling ship with stinking bilges—such compensation as in their wisdom may seem just...The Commttee for Petitions fixes the sum at 25 pounds.

And here in James Converse, who likewise got 25 pounds for the same expedition, writing to the Speaker of the House that "here is a poor wounded Soldier from Maine, that had a trade and a House and Land, and wherewith to live Comfortably, but hath spent all, and more, by reason of a Wound he received in His Majesty's service...I beseech Your Honor take a little Care for this pore man."

And the poor man, John Baker, sends his own petition to the Governor, saying that his arm was "broke by a Shott" in the former war, that the doctors "got him so much of a Cure" as enabled him to learn the trade of a weaver, and earn money enough to buy a bit of land and marry a wife and build her a little House; that then the new war with the Eastward Indians broke out, and John Baker, taken for a soldier again, got cold in his old wound, so that "it broke out with many holes through my arm," and ran him in debt with several doctors.

And now, with a large family about him, and he no longer able to work even at the weaver's trade, and expecting his wound before long to be his death, John Baker hopes for a mericful answer from their Excellencies and their Honors, granting him a small pension from the "publick treasury."

No 4-F's, we see, in those days when war was at a man's very door-sill, but the soldier with the bad arm must fight alongside the soldier with the good arm, so long as his trigger-finger is unspoiled, and his eye good enough to draw a bead on the red Indian. No insurance, either, for his hurts. But when he is wounded, he must come cap in hand and beg a little charity from their Excellencies who had that golden Fount of the Public Treasury under their hands.

And if he dies, that appears to be the end of him altogether, for we see the sad case of Thomas Jackson, who served on board the ship Six Friends in Phips' expedition against Canada, and died there, "never having any wages paid him, as by ye Books will plainly appear." His family petitioned for these wages, but Thomas Jackson being dead, the House of Represetatives voted that said family must get on as best it can.

Chapter III

Ransom Of Captives

Besides the wounded and the dead, there were the captives in this second war with Maine Indians. A dead man, as we have seen, was worth nothing to the House of Representatives in Boston, and a wounded man, however desperately crippled, was worth no more than a handful of silver.

But a captive might be ransomed for a good round sum; and so it was that the Indians came to take more captives.

But again the bargaining power of the House of Representatives came into play. Thus in the petition of Benjamin Nason of Berwick, we see that his daughter Sarah was "by the Indian enemy captivated" and held until January, 1700, at which time she had the good luck to be redeemed by one Thomas Hutchings.

Mr. Hutchings, meeting with the Indians in their Winter quarters, needed a sharp eye to recognize the daughter of his neighbor Nason. After six years of captivity and the scanty clothing of an Indian maid, Sarah's very thoughts, like her body, had all but turned color of Indian, and even her spoken English had grown rusty.

Nevertheless Thomas Hutchings knew her at a glance, and paid 5 pounds, 5 shillings and 5 pence for her, and took a receipt. But now the hard case of petitioner Benjamin Nason, the father. Either he must "purchase her" of that same Thomas Hutchings for that sum of 5 pounds, 5 shillings and 5 pence—which sum he lacks—or else he must "forego her."

In short, the girl is to all intents and purposes the slave of Thomas Hutchings — having merely exchanged one master for another—unless her father can find the ransom money, and "redeem" her.

But the House of Representatives is at its usual niggling. It orders that father Nason be paid 4 pounds towards "the Redemption of his Daughter Sarah from the Indian Enemy." Where is he to get the other 1 pound, 5 shillings and 5 pence? Or does he get it at all?

The answer is not furnished by the House of Representatives, and the whole matter is lost in the mists of history. Did Sarah get out of her plight by marrying? But if a man married her, he married at the same time that hateful debt of hers to Thomas Hutchings. That was the law of the land, and there was no escape from it. When a man married a woman, he took it upon himself to clear up her outstanding debts.

But there was one device she might use to save him this sad necessity. She might come to him in her shift, and standing up with him before the minister, be married in that single article of underwear. Such was Colony law on the subject of marriageable women's debts. If, just before marriage, they shed practically everything, and came merely trailing clouds of glory, they might be adjudged to have stepped out of their debts as well, and stood free and clear of all the commitments of a "singlewoman."

Sarah Nason, having during the six years of her Indian captivity worn nothing but a single pelt suppled by squaw's teeth, may not have flinched from being married in her shift. At least so she might have ended her captivity to Thomas Hutchings. But there is no testimony on this point.

And here again the case of Little Phineas Parker, aged 12, taken captive by the Eastward Indians, and redeemed some years later by the master of an Ipswich vessel which came trading on the Maine coast. The ransom money was six pounds, but the petitioner, the lad's uncle, humbly prays that their Excellencies may allow Phineas something over and above that, since he is a poor orphan, and likewise lame in one of his legs, through the cruelty of the savages.

Doubtful indeed if the unlucky Phineas will grow up to be a very serviceable man, with his crippled leg, and nothing le[ft] him of his father's estate, [re]duced to ashes by the Ind[ians].

But the General Court [or]ders the petitioner just [six] pounds ransom money, [and] rest, young Phineas [will] ble along as best he can.

Chapter IV

The Plight Of Maine

It was not only individuals who appealed to the Massachusetts Council for relief against the devastations of the Indian war. Whole towns did so. The petition of James Gouge on behalf of the Town of Wells, for example, "humbly showeth" that this town had suffered fearfully in the late war, even its meetinghouse having been burned down by the Indians.

The town is so poor that it cannot by itself build another meetinghouse, nor pay a minister to fill a pulpit. Will the right honorable earl therefore, and his council, allow the sum of 30 pounds towards a new meetinghouse, and 20 pounds for the minister, who otherwise will have to leave town, "not having a competency?"

The House of Representatives in Boston pared this down to six pounds for the church and ten pounds for the minister.

So, again, York and Kittery in 1701 have been "so impoverished by ye Former and Latter Wars"—meaning the first and second Indian wars—that they can no longer pay a minister's salary, and ask for relief from this sad plight. The council allows five pounds to York and ten pounds to Kittery.

The next year, 1702, York is still "dispersed and broken up," many families having gone away altogether, and those that remain "having much to do and but little to do withal," so that Massachusetts must give her ten pounds more to make up the Rev. Samuel Moody's salary ... And at the same time practically five pounds to Joseph Bean, a soldier at Fort Saco who had his thumb and three fingers blasted off "by the splitting of his Gun," which he fired by order of his captain to set the watch.

And let alone individuals and towns in Maine, the Massachusetts Bay Colony herself appears to be in sore straits, and her Lt. Gov. Stoughton writes to His Majesty's principal Secretary of State that the colony depends on "His Majesty's Princely care of us" to send supplies for the forts, and a naval guard for the sea coast.

But touching those same forts, the principal secretary had a bad word for the colony, and sternly ordered her to build up again that fort at Pemaquid which Pasco Chubb had so basely yielded to the Indians half a dozen years before.

The lieutenant governor replied that Pemaquid was too far out of the world to make a fort there of any use in the defense of the Maine plantations against Indian raids. However, since the late King William himself had ordered Pemaquid Fort to be repaired, the lieutenant governor put the propositions to the House of Representatives, and the House sent a committee to Pemaquid.

The committee reported back that the fort was pretty well tumbled down, but the stones were still there, and the walls might be built up again easily enough, if so be Her Majesty would consent to put a garrison of 100 men there.

Lieutenant Governor Stoughton went himself to Pemaquid, estimated that the fort could be rebuilt for half the original cost, urged the Boston House to rebuild it, as Her Majesty had directed.

But the stiff-necked House still hung fire. The original cost

"Nothing could be easier," says the light-hearted Canadian writer, "for the road is good, and there is plenty of horses and carriages. The troops would ruin everything as they advanced, and New York would quickly be destroyed and burned."

That was the tune it went to — as sung by those who wouldn't actually have to fight the war.

And even a few of the warriors were sanguine enough to sing the same song. The celebrated seaman, Le Moyne d'Iberville, who had captured the last Pemaquid fort, had a plan to capture Boston which was as hare-brained as any of the landlubbers' plans. He had the same idea of coming down the Kennebec with his Frenchmen and his Indians, and then he thought he could surprise Boston by night under cover of the forest.

and minor household necessities in this part of Maine, and his outfit would be a revelation to the rising generation.

Chapter V

New War Causes

The third Indian War in New England was brought about by the ambitions of Louis XIV in France. America's war, then as now, were off-shoots of Europe's wars. When Louis XIV placed his grandson on the throne of Spain, and proclaimed that the son of James II was the rightful King of England, then England went to war with France.

And even before the war was actually declared, Canada was thinking up ways to conquer New England and New York. Her strategists said that she must stir up the Indians again, send them down by way of the Kennebec through Maine, destroy Boston, and march on New York.

But he overlooked the fact that Boston, except for its Neck which in those days was only a few yards wide, was an island and that, furthermore, the settlers had long ago chopped down the forest in its neighborhood. Luckily for the French, his plan was rejected.

Nevertheless, the French Jesuits kept whooping the Maine Indians on to make a new attack that would end by driving all Englishmen back into the salt sea from which they came. The English, on their side, were creeping back into the Maine wilderness. Saco, Scarborough, Falmouth and Georgetown were rising from their ashes, and one Dr. Noyes, who had a sturgeon fishery on the Kennebec, began to build a stone fort at Cushnoc (Augusta).

The French had always claimed as far east as the Kennebec and Father Sebastian Rale, had the souls and very lives of the Norridgewock Indians in his charge, looked on the revival of English settlements with a mistrustful eye.

In fact, the English claims to these Kennebec lands were often shaky. Some of the settlers had merely squatted there, and had no other title than the fact that they were there, and made their claim. Some held under doubtful old Crown patents, and some had got title from the Indians, swapping a bottle of rum for a 50-acre farm.

These deeds would be signed by the Indians in due form, but from first to last they could never be made to understand what it was that they were signing away. In their opinion, it was the Master of Life, it was God, who actually owned all property. What they were signing away was only the right to hunt and fish and farm on God's Little Acre.

But now Father Sebastian Rale told the Norridgewock chiefs that they had no right to sign away even such rights. These lands he said, had been owned by the tribe as a whole, and could not be sold unless all members of the tribe consented. Indeed, even the unborn must consent, since the living held everything in trust for their children, and children still to come owned the land as much as those whose feet now pressed its turf.

The Indians thought that these were good and sufficient arguments, and were on the point of war when Governor Joseph Dudley in June, 1703, asked their Sagamores to meet with him on Casco Neck (Portland.

Chapter VI

Governor Joseph Dudley

Gov. Joseph Dudley of the Massachusetts Bay Colony had enough to do with the destinies of Maine to warrant a short account of his life.

He was the son of a former governor, and took a degree from Harvard. He had in his youth a touch of actual war, and sword in hand, fought the Narragansett Indians in 1675 in the great swamp fight.

A few years later we find that he has dropped soldiering, and is appointed as one of two agents to go to London and try to save the Massachusetts charter. But nothing could save that charter. Sir Edmund Andros, as we know, landed at Boston with a commission as governor of all New England.

Sir Edmund had short shrift, when hardly more than two years later, the Boston Revolution occurred — reflecting the great Revolution of 1688 in England which brought King William and Queen Mary to the throne—Sir Edmund was imprisoned, as was Joseph Dudley, the head of Sir Edmund's Council.

A sad predicament indeed for a council president and a graduate of Harvard. Dudley wrote to Cotton Mather: "I am told that this morning is a last opportunity for ye Rolling away the stone from the Mouth of this Sepulchre where I am buried alive ..." and goes on to say that if Sir William Phips—our mighty man from Maine who was now Governor—could be moved to speak to the House, in his behalf, all might yet be well.

But the best that Sir William could do was to get Dudley out of prison and confined to his own house in Roxbury, giving a bond of 10,000 pounds to be "a true prisoner." Unquestionably Dudley was unpopular, "getting to himself so many bags of money, to the ruinating of trade" and his keeper confided in a friend that "he had a wolf by the ears."

The wolf wrote unhappily to Cotton Mather: "After 20 weeks' imprisonment, I have now to complain that on Monday, the whole day, I could be allowed no victuals till nine of the clock at night, when the keeper's wife offered to kindle her own fire to warm something for me, and the corporal expressly commanded the fire to be put out. "...I may be easily oppressed to death."

And at the same time Dudley writes to the General Court, asking them to "show me the kindness of a brother as God knoweth I am." In the end they took pity on him, and let him go to England, where he got himself appointed deputy governor of West New Jersey.

He later had a commission as chief justice of New York, and had conferences with the Mohawk Indians, which no doubt served him in good stead later. But he yearned all the time for Massachusetts. It was he who made all the trouble for Sir William Phips, his old benefactor, having him arrested in London and held to bail in 20,000 pounds. And when Phips straightway died of a malignant fever, Dudley moved heaven and earth to get himself appointed Governor of Massachusetts. "I have a passion for laying my bones there, which equals that of the ancient Athenians," he declared; but eight more years passed before the appontment was actually his.

It was this Governor Dudley, who had been so low and was now raised so high, who now began to hear dark tales of Indian unrest, and therefore sent messages to the Maine Sagamores to meet with him at Casco Neck (Portland).

Chapter VII

Winter Marches

Governor Dudley was to find that is was certainly easier to meet with Sagamores friendliwise at an appointed place, than to track them to their lairs with soldiery.

The English had not one-tenth the woodcraft of the Indians, and were only fighting with wind and shadows and running water when they set out in pursuit of them. The Indians would hardly ever fight pitched battles unless they were in overwhelming numbers, and even then not unless French officers or Jesuits were near at hand, to sting them into it.

So it happened that so doughty a soldier as Capt. Benjamin Church, hero of King Philip's war, had little luck in his expeditions into Maine. "Weary legs and sorry bodies" were the portion of his soldiers, but they took few scalps and made fewer conquests. They might come upon the nest, but the bird himself had fled, and left not so much as a tail-feather behind.

Only a few months before Dudley called the Sagamores together at Casco Neck, he had sent Major Winthrop Hilton with a squad of soldiers to hunt out the Pequawket Indians, who were supposed to be headquartered near the present Fryeburg.

The soldiers reached the Saco River in the neighborhood of the present Hiram, and found the Indians had left the river and gone South. A scout tracked them; they fled to the East, they changed their course a dozen times. Major Hilton gave up the chase, camped, picked 100 men, gave each man a biscuit (a sort of K-ration) and marched them up the river to Pequawket Fort.

The Fort had 100 wigwams in it, but the wigwams were deserted, the Indians having gone away in such a hurry that they had left some of their corn scattered on the ground.

"Marched home, saw nothing remarkable," writes the Major in his diary. Governor Dudley notes that "this March was made upon snow a yard Deep, every man in snowshoes," and seems to think the expedition a great success, because "no man returned sick."

But they had killed no Indians.

All that country was "daunting terrible" as Jesselyn had written earlier, when he made his journey to the White Mountains. They were indeed a rugged race who came to settle on the upper reaches of the Saco River. The men were picked for strength and courage; what wonder if the women, when they came, were sometimes "rude and urbulent." They came in Winter, on snowshoes, often enough with a hog harnessed to a hand-sled, on which was heaped their few worldly goods.

Such was Maine, whether for soldier or civilian; a harsh uncompromising place, a wilderness where the screech of a wildcat was a pleasant sound compared with the whoop of an Indian starting out of ambush. Often they were near starving; and then a man must buckle a wide strap of deer-skin around his middle, like a soul-and-body lashing, to hold himself together.

Once a starving man had buckled into the last hole, and was barely able to stand up on his two legs; but sighting a moose near his cabin door, he cut a new hole in his strap, buckled tighter yet, and tottering forth into the frosty open with his gun, drew bead on the moose with a wavering "double-wobble"—over and back and shoot when your sight is in the middle of it—and so he killed the moose and saved his life.

Bears had ravaged his fields, wolves had eaten his pigs, eagles had pounced on his fowl; but all this he would cheerfully endure, if only he could brush the shadow of the Indian from his door-sill.

A thrill of hope therefore went through the countryside when it was known that Governor Dudley was meeting with the Sagamores at Casco Neck.

Chapter VIII

A Treacherous Peace

Governor Dudley and an escort of gentlemen from his Legislature came down from Boston in mid-June, 1703, and had the pleasure of meeting with the Eastern Sagamores at Casco Neck (Portland).

The Indians were in full fig, well-dressed, well-armed, well-painted, splashed on cheek and forehead with ochre and vermilion, and filled to overflowing with their wild woodland graces. It might perhaps have seemed to the gentlemen from Massachusetts that butter wouldn't melt in the mouths of these amiable Indian Chiefs; yet the truth is that even while they spoke of the sweet desirableness of peace, their guns, and the guns of all their followers, were loaded.

Red men and white, they all met together inside Governor Dudley's big tent; and the Governor, wreathed in smiles, opened the meeting. He told them he had a message for them from the good and great Queen Anne of England, whose subjects they were (although until this moment it is doubtful if they had ever heard so much as a whisper of the good Queen Anne). The Queen, he said, had a mother's love for them, and had told the Governor to think of them as brothers, hear their grievances, and give them remedies.

His heart was good towards the wild brother, the Governor continued unctuously. If all wanted peace sincerely, it would not be hard to reconcile every difficulty.

There was a grave pause, and then Simmo replied. Simmo was their Chief Orator, but he was not a Sachem. He was merely their most cunning speaker. The Chiefs were strong silent men; it was not oratory that had made them what they were.

Simmo politely thanked the Governor for coming all the way from Boston (he called it Bosting) to talk with his poor friends and brothers, the Indians. That was a great thing in itself. A great favor. The Indians were grateful for this benediction of the great man's presence. Their hearts were good. There were cloud-shadows running on these June meadows, where the grass had already sprung as high as a man's thighs; but the sun was hot. The sun was a song; it was a song of peace; it would burn up the clouds, and then the shadows would be gone.

"The sun is high," Simmo said courteously. "It is far indeed from the earth. That is what we think. And so far are the Indians' thoughts from war."

Yes, as the soft June wind blew through the tent-opening, and stirred the laces of the white men and the feather-ornaments of the Indians, Simmo, with a lambent flash of his dark eye and a candid heave of his bare chest, symmetrically painted, hastened to assure his Excellency that the thing furthest from their minds was war. To confirm this sentiment, they gave the Governor a belt of wampum, and he in his turn distributed presents of pipes, tobacco, brass rings and small arms.

Peace in our time. That was how it was. Simmo had said it, and all echoed it. Bomazeen, the

celebrated Kennebec Chief, said that French Jesuits had turned and twisted them against the English, but now his followers were "firm as mountians," they would be faithful to his Excellency as long as the sun and moon hung in the sky.

And then the conference ended with a grand round of gunshots on both sides, a usual ceremony with the gun-barrels pointed heavenward; but some of the Indians were standing under an oak at the time, and by the clipping of the leaves it could be seen that all their guns had been loaded.

An ominous note in the song of peace; and if the astute Governor had not taken the precaution to mix his men in "promiscuously" with the Indians, from the very beginning of the Conference, the English would almost certainly have been shot down in their tracks.

Chapter IX

Littlefield's Captivity

The forest express in Indian warfare was usually a single white man, a sort of forerunner of the western scout. He would of course sometimes be taken captive by the enemy. Such had been the harsh fate of Joseph Bean of York, who asked Governor Dudley to "take my sad circumstances into your serious consideration," these circumstances being that he had been eight years captive to the Indians, and no sooner released than he had the hard luck to blow off a thumb and three fingers "by the splitting of a gun."

The Governor called him "honest Bean," gave him "smart money" as balm for his "smart," his wound, and sent him back to forest duty.

Next came the equally sad case of Josiah Littlefield of Wells. A letter to Captain Sam Moody at Casco, written by Josiah and brought to Casco by a small squad of Indians under a flag of truce has this to say: "After my love to you, I would pray you to make these Indians very welcome, for one is my Master. Therefore pray be kind to them, and if you can, send me a old coat and a pear of stockings, and a little tobacco, if it were but a pound or two, no more. . . ."

Enclosed with this, was a letter to Governor Dudley from Littlefield, explaining how the case stood with him. "I was coming home in the Fall, and was taken by a Canady Indian, which told me that I must go back to Canady again." Littlefield does not explain how one lone Indian had got the drop on him, but such the sad fact was.

He was saved from a stiff journey through winter woods to Canada through his good luck in being sold to a Norridgewock Indian. This Indian "has been like a father to me" and is now willing that Josiah shall come home, if only Governor Dudley will send a sloop up the Kennebec for him, and with it honest Bean, for the Indians "will have no other man to come than Joseph Bean." After eight years' captivity himself, Bean no doubt spoke their language well.

Josiah Littlefield says nothing of ransom money in his letter to the Governor for the excellent reason that, as he knew very well, the Governor did not believe in ransoming captives from the Indians. If the habit got established, the Indians would always be haunting the fringes of the frontier towns, picking up white captives as a business venture.

Nevertheless Littlefield meant to be ransomed if he could, and so sent a letter in this same package to his cousin, Thomas Barber, in Boston, telling this Merchant what the Littlefield ransom would amount to. It was not small. It included "two hogsheads of meal, one hogshead of corn, one hogshead of peas, ten yards of broadcloth 'of a sad color,' a two-gallon brass kettle, a hundred weight of roll tobacco, two barrels of cider, one barrel of beer, 15 gallons of rum, a dozen bracelets, some fine shoe buckles and a couple of cheeses. . . . Pray fulfil this paper and in so doing you will oblige your friend Josiah Littlefield."

Unfortunately for Josiah, this letter never got to cousin Barber, but came instead into the hands of Governor Dudley, who wrote Captain Moody at Casco: "I always pity a prisoner in Indian hands" but went on to say that he had made his mind up never to buy one back, "lest we make a market for our poor women and children in the frontiers."

Honest Bean therefore was dispatched up the Kennebec River in a whaleboat to "hear what the Indians will say" and insist upon the delivery of Littlefield without any purchase-money. He may or may not have succeeded; history is silent on that point.

tans were few in number who thought they would find Indians in Heaven—or even wanted to find them there.

And from New York, Lord Bellomont wrote: "It is next to impossible to prevail with the Protestant Ministers to live among the Indians. They (the Indians) are so nasty as never to wash their hands, or the utensils they dress their victuals with."

The Jesuits were not so delicate as to flinch at dirty dishes, if by eating out of them they could take the owner's soul into their keeping; and to this end they worked so assiduously that at last the Indians—certainly the Maine Indians—waited only the French word of command.

Chapter X

Queen Anne's War

The Indians had never heard of good Queen Anne, and their reasons for fighting were nearer home.

In the first place, a good many of their people had been captured and made slaves of by the English. In one conference held at Casco Bay, the Indians asked what had become of two children, John and Robin, whom the English had pilfered away from their father's wigwam?

The peace commissioner from Boston replied that those two children had been taken in war, and sold abroad by their owner. One of them had died. The other was now a slave in London, but he had forgotten the Indian language altogether, and since his master was kind, and gave him good clothes to wear and good food to eat, this child, slave though he was, was unwilling to return to the Winter miseries of a Maine wigwam.

The Indians with black frowns cried out: "You ought to force him to come home, for we have a great mind to see him."

And they reminded the commissioner that they had forced some of their young white captives to return home, though said captives had cried bitterly, and preferred to stay and be Indians.

At this same conference, the question of the Indians' religion came up. The commissioner complained that the Indians had "grown biggotted in the Romish faith," having been so foolish as to listen to the wily Jesuits. Whereat the eyebrows of the Indians went up.

"It much surprises us," they said, "that you should propose anything of religion to us." And they spoke only the truth when they added that the English for the most part had taken the Indians' lands and furs, but had quite forgotten to give him a religion in exchange. They had left that to the French.

It was the French Jesuits indeed who had slept with the red brother in his wigwams, followed his trails, baptized his children, and with the greatest skill and tact, and with superb courage, attended to that matter of the Indian's salvation which the English had thought too trifling to waste time over.

To be sure, on the English side, there was John Eliot and his Indian Bible, and John Eliot was a noble soul who made a good many Christian Indians in his neighborhood; but the Puri

Chapter XI

The First Attacks

On the 10th of August, 1703, the Indians launched simultaneous raids on Wells, Saco, Spurwink, Scarboro and Purpooduck Point.

At the same time three Norridgewock chiefs appeared outside the fort at Casco Neck (Portland) with a white flag. The commander of the fort, Maj. John March, a brave man but indiscreet, went out to talk with them, taking with him only two old soldiers as a guard.

No sooner were these two groups "beard to beard" than the Indians drew their tomahawks and brained the two old men wtihout a word spoken on either side. Major March, a strong man and quick as a cat, wrenched the tomahawk out of an Indian's hand, and kept the three chiefs at bay until a sergeant came out of the fort with a file of men and rescued him.

Unlucky Casco Neck was just coming to life from the ash of the last war, and now it w again burned to the grou Only the fort remained. Fre and Indians to the numbe 500 collected round, and to undermine it from the side; and they might well succeeded, had not Capt prian Southack luckily peared in the Province which ship seems to hav the coast guard of those

Shot from the galley sank a good many Indian canoes, and the enemy, both French and Indian, retreated; but this action was not entirely one-sided. We learn this from the surgeon's bill. John German, surgeon, was ordered by Governor Dudley to "repair on board Her Majesty's Ship Province Galley" which he did, and found nine people very badly wounded. These "by the blessing of God on his endeavors, he perfectly cured," but in so doing he neglected his general practice, and therefore petitioned the "Governor and Honorable Council" to be reimbursed for his losses while in "ye Service of ye Publick."

The House of Representatives allowed him five pounds.

A slightly earlier petition to the same house was drawn up by Major March. The major points out that he was commander of the fort at Casco Bay, and manager of the Indian truck-house there, having come down from Massachusetts to this post with his family and stock of cattle out of sheer patriotic zeal, and not, certainly, through any love of this miserable wilderness situation, where the shadow of an Indian with a red hatchet was liable at any clock-tick to stream across a man's door-sill.

Wherefore the doughty major — not satisfied with having got his life back through the efforts of Sergeant Hook and his file of men — now renders an account of what he lost by the French and Indians in that lamentable attack on Aug. 10.

Among these losses, we note "eight oxen .... 14 cows (very large) .... ten of the best calfs that ever I saw .... 5 acres of very good wheat .... 6 acres of as good peas as ever I saw .... 46 pounds in debts owing me by the inhabitants that was killed and destroyed .... chains and yokes and tackling for my team" and finally a large canoe which he bought for the use of the fort.

It all came to better than 500 pounds. The House of Representatives in Boston allowed him 50 pounds, and for his brave defense of Casco Bay promoted him to be a Lt.-Col. — which only in the end got him into more trouble, as will presently appear.

Chapter XII

Stephen Harding

This bloody day in August, 1703, was all but Maine's deathblow. Her towns were in ashes again; her settlers dead or dying or collected for what seemed a last stand in the few garrison houses that still held out.

The Indian surprise had been almost complete, and 130 Englishmen were either killed or taken captive. But there were some who had escaped the onslaught, and got by hook or crook into the shelter of a garrison, when it might have seemed that nothing short of a miracle could save them.

Stephen Harding, the ferryman at Kennebunk River, was one of these. This fabulous man was a link in the old King's Highway, a poor enough road indeed, but still the best that could be had, made up in part of hard sand beaches, and in part of rock-ribbed headlands, where the hoofs of post-riders' horses rasped and struck sparks. Bridges were makeshift, and ferries not much better; but such as his ferry was, Stephen Harding ran it back and forth right willingly; and no matter at what hour of the night the knock of the traveler thundered on his door, he roused himself, ducked his head into a pail of cold water, and slid the oars of his ferryboat into the tide.

Harding's logcabin stood on a rise of ground between the main river and a tidal creek. The sea, the beach, the salt marsh, all were lower than his door-sill, so that if he kept the skin off his eyes, it would not be easy for anybody, "man or Indian" as he said, to catch him unawares.

At a great distance, on that fatal morning, Harding saw a scattering of black figures on the white beach, and made up his mind that there were too many of them for any peaceful purpose. He told his wife to hide herself, with her baby, in a certain hollow oak; and made sure that she ran in that direction.

Harding himself held his ground a little, not liking the notion of running away from Indians; but for all his courage and his giant strength, he was soon enough forced to take to his heels. A squad of red men rushed at him from the doorway of his blacksmith shop—he was smith as well as ferryman—and he fled into the thick of his cornfield, where the corn was higher than his head.

And there he found his poor wife, who had never neached reached the hollow oak at all, but after running only a few rods from the house, had sunk down in the corn trash with her child against her heart. The smith a mighty man was he—and he had need to be. He took his wife under one arm, and her baby under the other, and plunging for the creek, wrestled his way through mud and water, gained the farther bank, and vanished into the woods.

The Indians could easily have killed him in the creek; but they had held their fire, wishing to take him alive. "Much man Stephen; all same one Indian" they used to say; and they were thinking what a wonderful slave he would make if only they could capture him.

But once in the woods, he slipped through their fingers, though he was forced to kill his faithful dog, whose bark would otherwise have betrayed him to the Indians.

These dogs of the early settlers were huge and fierce, and could easily polish off a full-grown wolf. There is a legend in Scarborough of a ferryman's dog, later in the century, that was matched against a lion in a traveling show, for the wager of a barrel of rum.

Once in the cage, the dog got the lion by the throat, whereat the showman at once agreed to pay the rum, and $50. to boot, for which sum the dog's master would let the showman shoot the dog and save the lion. Such is the legend. The judicious may sift out true from false to suit themselves. It hardly seems that the lion could have been exactly in the pink.

Chapter XIII

Garrison Houses

M. Beaubassin and his 500 French and Indians were driven away from Casco Fort by hot shot fired from the "Province Galley"; and they had no better luck when they attacked the garrison house at Black Point Prout's Neck).

There were in this garrison only eight men of fighting age; but their leader, Captain John Larrabee, was a host in himself. What could eight do against 500? They could try, and try never was beaten in Larrabee's opinion.

But in any case, it was better to be killed fighting, than to surrender, only to roast to death with your body stuck full of blazing pitch-pine splinters. Indians had little or no respect for terms of surrender, as they had proved on other battlefields.

Therefore Captain Larrabee refused to treat with the enemy on any terms. And looking round at his desperate handful with a stern eye, he said that he would shoot the first man who should so much as breathe the word 'surrender'.

So the little garrison house kept blazing on all sides at the enemy; and the Indians, who never liked direct fire, got down back of a steep bank, and began a mining operation, just as they had at Casco.

But then providentially came heavy rain, the soil gave way, the mine caved in, and exposed the diggers to fire from the garrison. They grew disheartened and gave up the fight.

Such garrison houses, when well-defended, were hard nuts for the Indians to crack. They were built of sawed timbers, 20 inches wide, 5 inches thick—five inches was bullet-proof in those days, no matter what the powder-charge—and at the corners of the second story sentry-boxes were built out. The upper story projected 20 inches beyond the lower, so that, if fire should be backed up against the wall of the house, water could be poured down to put it out.

This was the simpler type of garrison-house. That of Joseph Storer in Wells was more complicated. It had sentry-boxes at the four corners, as usual; but, more than this, it had a palisade, a wooden wall going all round it at a distance of 10 feet from the house-walls. This outer wall was made of large timbers, 10 or 15 feet long, driven into the ground close together, with a strong gate in front.

This was not a community project. Storer was a rich man for the times and built it himself; but in the days of danger everybody, men, women and children, came and crowded inside the garrison, so that it was "as full of humans as an egg is of meat," and the fighting men had hardly a place to ground their guns for reloading.

Just as feudal barons built huts for their serfs outside the castle walls, so Joseph Storer built cabins outside the walls of his garrison house. When government troops came, he quartered them here and charged them nothing; nor did the House of Representatives in Boston ever think fit to pay him anything for his accommodations.

Yet despite the Indian marauders, Storer prospered, and his garrison house was not all public charity. Without it, the people of Wells must have fled in a body, and left the place a wilderness: and as the wilderness crept in, where would have been the prosperity of Joseph Storer? He was stronger than other men, more forehanded, more long-headed; but what would his forehandedness have come to if his neighbors had deserted him, and Joseph Storer had remained the sole citizen of Wells?

It has been a standing marvel that men should repeople the slopes of Vesuvius after an eruption; it is no less marvelous that our Maine forebears, after each terrible Indian raid, returned, almost before the smoke had blown away, to renew their grapple with an unrewarding wilderness.

Chapter XIV

Church's Last Expedition

Maj. Benjamin Church, that famous Indian fighter of King Philip's War, was 65 years old now, and so fat that he must needs have a sergeant at his side to hoist him over blowdowns, as he was pushing through forest trails at the heels of the elusive Indians.

Nevertheless, the Major had all his old courage and energy; and Governor Dudley made him a Colonel, and put him in command of a mixed force of English and friendly Indians, to go east by water, and do what damage he could to the Indian headquarters, whether in Maine or Nova Scotia.

Colonel Church had a fleet of transports, and enough whaleboats to move half his command at any given time; and with these, he set out in high feather for the eastern board.

He was, of course, "too old in the horn" not to know that his chance of surprising Indians unawares was very poor indeed. Indians had powerful ears, and would hear the roll of oars against the thole-pins from a long ways off. Nothing could muffle these from the senses of men so perfectly wary and alert. And burning deserted wigwams would be no better than burning so much brush-wood. Only the poles would be left in any case; the squaws would roll up the birch-bark covering and take it with them in their flight.

Church's strategy, therefore, was to strike at the French trading and fishing stations of Nova Scotia. After all, England was at war with France abroad —they were fighting to see what kings should sit on what thrones —and it was sensible, therefore, for New England to set New France by the ears, if she could.

The French themselves had not been backward in bedeviling New England. It was the French who had egged the Indian on to dip his tomahawk in English blood; and it was the French at Port Royal in Nova Scotia who had collected a fleet of privateers and even pirates to prey on Boston shipping. It was fitting that the French should suffer some of the misery which so far had fallen only on the English.

Such at least was Church's theory; and on this theory he acted. His transports dropped anchor first at Matinicus Island, that outpost of Penobscot Bay. His whaleboats went in, and wherever the English met with French or Indians, they killed them. At Castine, they found that Castine the Younger was on a visit to France, to his father, that Master of the Woods who had forsaken Maine in his old age to live at ease on his French estates.

The wife and children of Castine the Younger fell into Church's hands, and were well-treated. But few Indians were so foolish as to let themselves be taken by this campaign of the whale-boats. Church rowed on to Mount Desert, landing by night in the hope of surprising red men to whom the darkest night was as plain as day.

He found none there. Machias Bay, too, was deserted. At Passamaquoddy, one or two who had already surrendered were knocked on the head by a mistaken order. In Nova Scotia, Church set fire to Grand Pre, the Evangeline country later immortalized by Longfellow. He cut dykes and flooded farms in undefended places; but when he came to Port Royal itself, where there was a fort and garrison, and some show of fight, he went back to Casco Bay, and then to Boston.

Nobody supposed that Church lacked courage for a fight. If he turned tail at Port Royal, it was because he had been forbidden to attack, and who could have forbidden him except Gov. Joseph Dudley of Massachusetts, who had planned all the details of this expedition?

Chapter XV

Conquest Of Nova Scotia

The war dragged on, long after even the Indians were tired of it, and had lost a third of their fighting men; but it was seen that nothing could take the pressure off Massachusetts and its Province of Maine so effectively as the capture of Port Royal in Nova Scotia.

It was out of this port that the French privateers preyed on Boston fishermen; and here too was the headquarters of the Jesuits who kept the Indians from burying the hatchet.

In the Spring of 1707, Col. John March, who had so valiantly defended the fort at Casco Neck (Portland), led 1,000 men against Port Royal, but made a disgraceful failure of it, being called "old wooden sword" by the very children in the streets of Boston.

A second expedition two years later under Col. Francis Nicholson fared better. He landed 2,000 men—they were all but stepping on each other's feet—and brought ashore a good few mortars from his ships. The mortar fire was galling, and the Governor of Nova Scotia sent a flag of truce to Nicholson, asking him "to receive into his camp and take under his protection certain ladies of the fort who were distressed by the bursting of the English shells."

The gallant Nicholson replied that "the Queen, my royal mistress, hath not sent me hither to make war against women"; but it appeared that the Governor himself was equally distressed by the bursting of those shells. He capitulated. The French troops marched out with drums beating and colors flying; the English troops marched in, raised the English flag, and drank to the English Queen in French cognac. The English officers then gave a breakfast to the French ladies of the fort, and compliments fell thicker than bomb-shells of the day before.

Conspicuous in the defense of the fort had been Anselm de St. Castin, "Castine the Younger" as he is called by Maine historians. This son of the old Baron de St. Castin was a man of mark himself; half-Indian, a skilled woodsman, a valiant fighting man, and at the same time a moderate, a man of peace. He was chosen to go with the British Major Livingston to notify the Governor of Canada at Quebec that Port Royal and Acadia had fallen to the English.

This, in November, was no easy journey. The half-breed St. Castin showed all his brilliant powers. Once he saved his English companion from an Indian's tomahawk; and again saved him from drowning when the ice of the Penobscot River tore the bottom out of his frail canoe.

St. Castin and Livingston left the river, and for 19 days traveled by compass—and by St. Castin's native wood-craft; toiling over snow-crusted mountains, fording icy rivers, struggling through spruce and cedar swamps, sleeping at night between two fires, and waking often to throw blazing embers in the teeth of howling wolves that crowded all the trails, and haunted men's very dreams.

Finally the two "voyagers" had eaten all their food, and then for six days lived on the leaves of frozen wild vegetables, the inner rinds of trees, a few dried berries. More dead than alive, they came in late December to Quebec, where the Canadian Governor, M. Vaudreuil, received them well, although this news of the fall of Port Royal mortified him.

Thinking he might retake the place some day, Vaudreuil sent St. Castin back to his home acre in Penobscot Bay, hoping that the subtle half-breed would find a way to keep the Indians still in the services of the French. To rivet his friendship, the Governor commissioned St. Castin as a French lieutenant of foot; and from that day forth, the Lord of Penobscot Bay, when he attended the councils of the white men, did so in a brilliant French uniform; but in the wigwams of the Tarratines he still wore the blanket of an Indian.

Chapter XVI

Canadian Fiasco

The conquest of Nova Scotia helped make Maine a safer place to live in; but it was still far from safe. The Indians were still on the war path and Queen Anne's War was not ended, either here or on the other side of the Atlantic. It would be well, thought Colonel Nicholson, if all Canada could be wrested from the French. That alone would give the English the prestige they needed to stop this

eternal warfare with the Indians.

Perhaps to his own surprise, he got Queen Anne's consent to a new expedition against Quebec.

The last one, commanded by so able a man as Maine's Sir William Phips, had failed. If the present one could have been commanded by the famous Duke of Marlborough, it might well have succeeded; but the duke was no longer in the royal favor. His wife, the brilliant Sarah Jennings, had lost the Queen's ear, and the sly but beautiful Mrs. Masham had replaced her.

Mrs. Masham, to begin with, had been only one of the women of the Queen's bedchamber, but she had used her arts to make herself almost another queen. Through Mrs. Masham's influence, her brother, Jack Hill, a gilded youth and man-about-town, was put in charge of the new expedition against Canada. Adm. Sir Hovenden Walker was his chief naval officer, and Colonel Nicholson his land commander, who was to advance on Montreal while the admiral was scaling the heights of Quebec.

The fleet dropped anchor first in Boston Harbor, and the admiral made himself unpopular by taking all the fresh provisions in that port. He also took a few Boston citizens out of the streets to man his ships, whereby he fell still further out of the good graces of this stiff-necked colony. The admiral wrote in his journal: "People live here as if there were no King in Israel, but everyone does what seems right in his own eyes."

The crown would lose this colony for good and all one day, and the admiral seems to have partly read the handwriting on the wall.

Pilots were needed, and the admiral sent into Maine for sailors who had been with Sir William Phips in the attack of 21 years before. They came grumblingly, and said they had forgotten where the rocks were in the St. Lawrence River. Nevertheless they were enrolled; and finally there was found an old French sailor, Paradis, who said he knew the river well, and took a bribe of 500 pistoles to act as pilot.

But Paradis, though he took this handsome bribe, was on the French side still; and as the fleet entered the St. Lawrence, he was artfully telling the stupid admiral that he would do well to go about his business of taking Quebec quickly, and put to sea again, because when the ice froze in this river, it froze solid, right to the bottom, and would crack the ships like egg-shells.

Oddly enough, it was on an island called the Isle of Eggs that eight of the admiral's transports did in fact crack up, through a bit of villainosuly bad piloting on the part of Paradis. Nine hundred Englishmen were drowned.

This was only a twelfth of the English forces. An attack might still be made. Sir William Phips had had worse pilots even than these, yet Sir William had got his fleet safely to Quebec. And Admiral Walker had with him in his cabin Phips' journal of that voyage in the original manuscript.

Nevertheless he advised Gen. Jack Hill, that man of fashion, that to go further up this dismal river would be fatal. It would come to shipwreck; and there was nothing the Indians hereabouts liked better than roasting shipwrecked Englishmen alive, and eating them for dinner. The admiral knew this beyond question, because the imaginative Paradis had told him so.

The fleet therefore beat the most cowardly retreat in English annals; and left the taking of Quebec for a later day and a far abler commander — Gen. James Wolfe.

Chapter XVII

End Of War

The Peace of Utrecht, which ended the war on both sides of the water, was not signed until March, 1713; but the fighting in Europe had stopped by armistice in the last months of the preceding year. In November, Captain Samuel Moody, who commanded Casco Fort, got a letter from Governor Dudley in Boston, telling him to let the Indians know that the war in Europe was over.

"You may tell them it will be very hard to persuade the Governor to believe them to be good," Dudley wrote. He was going to play "hard to get," yet perhaps he wanted peace as much as any man.

Even the Jesuit at Norridgework, Sebastian Rale, begged Captain Moody to forward to him any news of peace which might arrive in Boston from abroad, so that he, Sebastian, might take measures to stop the savages from any further fighting.

And "honest Bean," Lt. Joseph Bean the forest express, he who had lost thumb and fingers by the splitting of his gun but not his relish for shadow-boxing Indians—thin Hawkeye of the Maine wilderness wrote the Governor in Boston that the Indians were now in the mood for peace on any terms which the Governor might see fit to dictate.

Lieutenant Bean added that the Fort at Casco "had by storms partly closed down" which does not speak too well for the constitution of the Fort. Peace no doubt would be as welcome in Casco Bay as elsewhere.

The Peace Conference at Casco we read of in a letter from John Wentworth of New Hampshire to Governor Dudley. That occurred in mid-Summer of 1713. The English made a kind of dais or booth for themselves outside the walls of Casco Fort, most likely in the neighborhood of Munjoy Hill, and in front of this a long bench for the Indian Chiefs. There were about 30 of these, and behind them, standing, "180 brisk young men" who "behaved themselves handsomely."

In the treaty which the Chiefs signed, they admitted that they had been wrong all along, and made the fairest promises for the future. They asked only the liberty of hunting, fishing and fowling in this green land which their forebears had received unconditionally from the Master of Life; and for the rest they cast themselves on the Queen's mercy, begged her pardon for their many crimes, solicited her favor for their children and their children's children—and finally signed the Treaty by making queer scrawls in the shape of fish and birds and lobsters.

Then, having said Amen to every article, they proceeded to drink Queen Anne's health, whereat there was a discharge of cannon from the Fort, and many tokens of joy and satisfaction on all hands.

The English gave them, as presents, an ox, a hogshead of bread, a barrel of flour, molasses, rum, tobacco pipes and the like. And then young Mugg—son of that cunning elder Mugg who had been Madockawando's Prime Minister and got himself killed in the earlier war—stood up and advised all the Chiefs to stand by these articles of peace as he himself would do with all his heart.

Finally honest Bean—who had had eight years of Indian captivity and—made a good interpreter—first gave the Indians a great deal of good advice in their own language, and then turning to the English, with a flourish of his hand that lacked the thumb and fingers, said soberly: "Let this peace be as lasting as the earth we stand on."

Well indeed if it might have been so, but fair words butter no parsnips, and before too many years the trails were destined to run red with blood again.

Chapter XVIII

Post War

There was little enough left of the Maine settlements after Queen Anne's War; and it may well be asked why the scattered settlers should have the impulse to build new towns, knowing full well that at the slightest provocation, the Indians might 'arise and unbuild 'em again."

Nevertheless these new settlements were made. Berwick was made a town; and Elisha Plaisted, that young bridegroom who had been kidnapped on his wedding night by the Indians, was chosen to represent it in the Massachusetts General Court.

So too Saco was re-peopled, and likewise Scarborough where not a single human soul had lived for the past ten years. Ancient Falmouth (which included the site of modern Portland) comes to life again, and about three dozen men (and one valiant woman, Mary Brackett) petitioned the new Massachusetts Governor, Samuel Shute, for permission to resettle these lands, which the petitioners say "are well-suited to the fishery and the lumber trade."

Brunswick, Topsham and Harpswell got their start; though Brunswick was hardly more than a fort—Fort George, on the Androscoggin, opposite the lower falls. Brunswick got itself exempted from taxes by contributing 400 pounds towards the fort, and agreeing to maintain a sergeant's guard of 15 men.

Where did Maine's new population come from? We get some notion of it from a letter of one Thomas Coram to the Earl of Orford in England. Coram reminds the earl that the King —(King George who had succeeded Queen Anne) — still owned a vast tract of land between the Kennebec and the St. Croix Rivers; and that this country was stuck as full of mast-pines as pins in a cushion, with plenty of oak for ship's planks and other timbers.

"There are now," Coram goes on, "a good number of the disbanded officers and soldiers who having been bred up in the wars from their youths, have no calling, or trade to enable them to subsist."

These stout fellows, Mr. Coram was convinced, with their wives and children, could be made into a formidable colony somewhere near the mouth of the Kennebec, say at Georgetown. A thousand men, with officers, could be kept busy building forts and churches, and cutting masts for the King's Navy in that Maine wilderness, —besides growing hemp for the King's cordage, the writer added hopefully. And with captains at eight shillings a day, and corporals at one shilling, and 1,000 privates at eightpence a day, this enterprise would be a big thing fror his majesty — and would make a fund of hardy Maine men who one day would be able to conquer Quebec and Canada from the landside, without that disagreeable necessity of getting shipwrecked in the ice and shifting currents of the St. Lawrence River, which had been the downfall of poor Admiral Sir Hovenden Walker.

But in one Sir Bybye Lake's opinion, the hemp, if it were grown, should be made into a noose for Mr. Coram's neck, for suggesting to His Majesty such a heinous thing.

As far north as the lands on either side of the Kennebec went, from the mouth as high up as Teconnet (Winslow), these lands, (said Sir Bybye in a memorial to the throne) had been bought by his ancestors from the Indians; and although, true enough, those same Indians had later shot his ancestors and burned their houses, the titles to the lands had descended to Sir Bybye, and the Crown would be very ill-advised to listen to Mr. Coram's scatterbrain project.

Chapter XIX

Georgetown

Sir Bybye Lake seems to have made good his claim to the lower reaches of the Kennebec and especially to the site of Georgetown on Arrowsick Island. He sent down 20 or 30 families to build it up again, headed by John Watts of Boston with a shipload of bricks from Medford to build a garrison house.

Sir Bybye's claim was that his grandfather Thomas Lake had bought these lands from the Indians, and taken Indian deeds for them. Thomas Coram retorted that such indeed might be the truth; but that Thomas Lake and his associates had first filled the Indians to the brim with rum, and then "drew them in" to set their marks to those deeds, when they had not the faintest notion what the deeds meant.

The Indians had parted with their ancestral lands for mere baubles and trinkets, Coram urged; and when they found how they had been tricked, they took to the warpath in revenge.

But the Attorney General in Boston ruled that Sir Bybye's claim was better than the Crown's; and so John Watts built his brick garrison house at Georgetown on Arrowsick Island, and a sergeant's guard of 20 soldiers was sent from Fort Loyal at Casco Bay to occupy the garrison, and encourage settlers to come in on Georgetown.

This military occupation was called "covering the settlement" against the Indian threat; and so encouraged, one Capt. Peter Nowell built a sawmill and a gristmill in a creek on Arrowsick Island; and a Boston gunsmith sent his partner down to Georgetown to start up the old fur trade with the Kennebec Indians.

But the Indians had an appetite against Forts, and especially against these new Forts on the Kennebec. As the English encroached, the Indian hunting-grounds shrank like the fabled wild ass' skin, and the time perhaps was near again when the Indian might be himself hunted like a wild beast through his own forests.

The Kennebec Chiefs were uneasy, and stirred up always by the Jesuit Sebastian Rale, who watched these doings on the lower river with an angry eye, from his station at Norridgewock. Sebastian had been there since 1693. At one time Norridgewock had been the extreme outpost of the French pretentions, since they claimed to extend west as far as the Kennebec River.

Since the Peace of Utrecht however, all this territory was supposedly English; notwithstanding which, Sebastian Rale had caused the village of the Norridgewocks to be fenced in with a stockade of logs 9 feet high, and sharpened at their tops.

This village the English had burned in 1705, but now it had risen from its ashes, and Sebastian Rale was again in those parts Master of the Woods, and, for the Indians he ruled, all but Master of Life. Their medicine men disliked him, because his medicine was so much more potent than theirs. Twice a year, once in Summer and once in Winter, he went a pilgrimage to the seashore with his red brothers, to satisfy their appetite for fish and clams and oysters. Lately he had begun to fear that, as the English multiplied at the mouth of the Kennebec, these pilgrimages might be interrupted. He told his Indians that, as Christians, they must not be needlessly cruel—but at the same time, a little judicious pilfering of these English plantations might bring good results.

Col. Samuel Shute, one of the Duke of Marlborough's old soldiers, had now succeeded Governor Dudley as Governor of Massachusetts. Not liking the aforesaid pilfering, he called the Indians to a Council at Georgetown, and went down there with his own councillors in the frigate "Squirrel."

Chapter XX

Shute's Treaty

Just three years had passed since the Peace Conference at Casco Bay, when Bomazeen, the Kennebec Chief, had promised that the peace should endure as long as the sun and moon hung in the sky. And now the fat was all but in the fire again; a tent was being pitched on Arrowsick Island for His Excellency Sam Shute, Governor of Massachusetts; and Bomazeen and his friends, swarming down the Kennebec river in their birch-bark canoes, were in time to see his Excellency's frigate "Squirrel" run ashore on one of the treacherous river reefs.

"You will not believe" said the artful Indians, "how perfectly sick we were yesterday to see the man of war ashore. We were so faint we could not speak out with strength. That was how it was. We are very glad now the Ship is well."

Actually, if the ship had split and gone to the bottom with that arbitrary great man, Sam Shute, that would have satisfied the Indians very well; but now that he had been preserved for worse ends, they were willing to gather and listen to his story.

Sam Shute's tent, they noted, was pitched under the guns of John Watts' new brick garrison-house; nevertheless they entered in, and one by one made their reverence to his Excellency, who was pleased to give them his hand. On his right, as interpreter, was Captain John Giles, who had been captured by the Indians as a mere lad when they killed his father, Thomas, and surprised Fort Pemaquid.

Governor Shute told them that Queen Anne had been replaced by King George I, and spoke a few well-chosen words in praise of that great, good and wise prince, whose loving care over the red brothers was certain to become a household word among them.

King George was a Christian a believer in the Word of God, (here his Excellency held up a Bible) and had sent down to his red friends a Christian minister (his Excellency pointed out Mr. Joseph Baxter) who would live among them, and teach them the King's own religion .... And now, Shute concluded, had the Indians any fit or reasonable thing to ask of him?

The Indians said that they would put their heads together, and come back tomorrow. Shute told them to come when they should see the flag hoisted by his tent; and gave orders that an ox should be roasted for their dinner.

When the two parties met again, the Indian Orator Wiwurna said: "We are glad to have English live on our lands." The Governor said they must not call it their land any more, for the English had bought it of them and their ancestors. They must take no more meat out of the pots of the English, must muzle their dogs, and take good care not to kill the English cattle.

The Indian Orator said they might agree to all that, except that they didn't like these new Forts springing up everywhere. His Excellency said impatiently that he should put Forts where he chose; and the meeting broke up in anger.

That night a letter from S

bastian Rale, the Jesuit, was brought to the Governor in his cabin on board the frigate. This letter said that the King of France had lately been asked whether by treaty he had given away any lands to the English? The King had answered No; and had added that he would take the Indians' part, if the English swarmed upon them any more.

Governor Shute, an old Marlborough soldier who had a low opinion of the French as fighting men, jeered at this threat; and next day the Indians came and signed a Treaty, in which they agreed to be from this time forth loving subjects of "our sovereign Lord, George," gave up their land claims, and were promised trading-houses by the English, and a gunsmith to mend their guns.

And then the Sachems came and shook hands with his Excellency, with a pious hope—their old chestnut—that Peace might last as long as the Sun and Moon hung in the sky. And they prayed that their young men might be allowed to "give his Excellency a dance — which his Excellency allowed off."

"The Jesuit"

The Rev. Joseph Baxter seems to have had some success in teaching the Norridgewocks his own kind of religion, which was Calvinism. Some listened to him, and these Sebastian Rale at once excommunicated; but in spite of him the new religion gained a foothold, for a little time.

In the end, Baxter gave it up; but not before a good few bitter letters had passed back and forth between himself and Rale.

Governor Shute himself sent down a long letter to "the Jesuit at Norridgewock," in answer to the Jesuit's own letter. Rale said the English traders got the Indians drunk on rum. Shute admitted it, said it was certainly a bad thing, and had all along "had a great hand in private murders as well as open and cruel warrs." The clergy had roared against it from the pulpit: and the government had made laws against it.

"But, alas," the Governor concluded, "it is almost impossible to prevent it, the country and seacoast being so large."

He was finding out, even in that early day, the difficulties of enforcing prohibition, the traffic in rum "being transacted secretly by villains."

As for Mr. Baxter, of whose bad Latin Friar Rale complains, his excellency having seen none of the letters, cannot say which writes the worst Latin, the Jesuit or the Protestant; but doubts whether it will take a Latin scholar to redeem the Indians "from the power of Satan."

And in conclusion, the governor reminds Rale that England and France are at peace across the water; so that if the Indians here break out against their loving sovereign, King George, it can have no other reason than the wiles of "Popish Missionaries."—and Rale is notified that Sam Shute, disciple of that great soldier, the Duke of Marlborough, will know where to apply the lash.

'The wild Indian is unstable as water," Parkman writes. So short a time before, at the Georgetown conference, the Norridgewocks had been all for peace; but a word from Rale stung them into a new mood. They began to kill English cattle on the lower Kennebec, and burn the haystacks of the English settlers.

There were more forts than ever, the Indians complained; but none of those trading-houses which Shute had promised them.

Nevertheless, although there was a war-party, there was a peace-party too in Norridgewock, a party so strong that when the English rose in wrath and demanded damages for some mischief done by random Indians, the tribe yielded up 200 beaver-skins, and gave four hostages as security that things would go better for the future.

At the same time, the Indians went duck hunting in August in Merrymeeting Bay, and to gladden the hearts of the English, sold them great quantities of ducks at a penny a dozen. Says the contemporary writer, Samuel Penhallow, who knew the Indians well, and was present at the treaty-making on Georgetown: "It was a season of the year in which the old ducks generally shed their feathers, and the young ones are not so well flushed as to be able to fly. (The Indians) drove them like a flock of sheep into the creeks, where without either powder or shot they killed at one time 4,600; for they followed them so close, that they knocked them down with billets and paddles. . . ."

Merrymeeting is still good duck country, but perhaps "not as good as all that comes to."

Georgetown Again

Captain Samuel Penhallow, who told that story of the ducks at Merry Meeting, was, like Julius Caesar, a fighter as well as a writer of war.

He was the officer in charge of the Fort on Georgetown when the Indians came down there for a new conference in 1721. In spite of Jesuit Rale's best efforts, the Norridgewocks still had a large peace party; and the Governor of Canada, fearing they might go over to the English altogether, sent down to mix with these wavering Norridgewocks some of his Hurons and Iroquois who always touched their fingertips lovingly to the edges of their tomahawks when the English were mentioned.

They all came paddling down the Kennebec in 90 canoes, and with them came Sebastian Rale himself and the halfbreed St. Castin, who was in his uniform of a French lieutenant. Staring down at them from the Fort's flanker, Captain Penhallow thought the omens looked like war. The Indians were well armed, and had feathers dangling from their scalp-locks; and the soot and white clay and vermilion which they had daubed on cheek and forehead was hardly calculated to disarm suspicion.

The Peace Party gave up 200 beaver-skins to Penhallow; but when they asked to have their four hostages turned back, the Captain shook his head, and said he had no authority for such surrender.

Whereat the War Party at once took over, and gave Penhallow a letter for Governor Shute. It had been written for them by the Jesuit, and they had signed it with their totems, —strange scrawls in the likeness of fish, birds and bugs.

This letter said frankly that if the English did not move out of the lower Kennebec in three weeks, the Indians would come and kill them all and burn their houses.

"These lands" the letter notified his Excellency, "belong to us. The Master of Life gave them to us long ago. It is not possible for us to yield them up. Those of us who are still unborn do not consent. That is what we think. We cannot give the lands away without consulting all our children. This we cannot do, because some of the children are not yet born."

This was the perfect philosophy of Sebastian Rale, worked out carefully by him in quiet hours when he tilled his garden at Norridgewock, or ate his meager supper of roots and acorns.

His Indians no doubt believed him fully, yet many of them disliked the thought of getting at loggerheads with Englishmen again. It was the English who mended their guns, and gave them good prices for their furs —far better prices than the French had ever given.

Nevertheless, within a month, the War Party prevailed again, and the Indians began burning white men's houses and killing cattle.

France was at peace with England, but the French in Canada sent their red brothers plenty of gunpowder and bullets. "Since we are at peace, we must let the Indians act for us," said Governor Vaudreuil at Quebec.

The Indians were not subjects of France, but allies; and allies, said the Governor—but with his tongue in his cheek—could not be ruled in their uprisings and downsittings. The red men were truly like the wind, and the wind bloweth where it listeth.

Rum, too, which men called kill-devil, could be reckoned on to play its part. John Gyles, the forest scout, wrote to Governor Shute from the heart of bedeviled Maine: "It is ordered that all things traded for rum are to be returned to the Indians. I hope such methods will put a stop to liquoring . . . or otherwise the Inhabitants will be under a Darke Cloude."

Chapter XXIII

War Renewed

It was only too likely, as John Gyles had foretold, that the inhabitants of Maine would come to be under a "Darke Cloude;" and the fault would partly lie in the Governor of Massachusetts.

That arbitrary man, Sam Shute, got word that St. Castin, the half-breed, had been among the Indians at Georgetown, when they gave their ultimatum that the English must be out of the Kennebec River within three weeks.

Later in the year, a Boston ship dropped anchor at Castine, and a smooth invitation was sent ashore to St. Castin, ask him to come aboard and partake of the Captain's hospitality.

St. Castin, never averse to a parley with the English, put on his splendid uniform of a French lieutenant, and joined the Captain in his cabin. Whereupon the ship got under weigh, and St. Castin found himself a prisoner, charged with rebellion against "that loving sovereign, King George I".

He had ready answers to the accusations. When the Boston Court asked him: "Why did you go to the Conference at Georgetown?" St. Castin answered: "They are my people. My mother was one of them. I myself am one of them. My skin is theirs. Actually, I am their leader. Could I be absent from a conference where their fate was in the balance?"

The brain of the wily old Vincent de St. Castin looked out of the Indian eye of this Anselm de St. Castin, whose life so strangely blended the New World with the Old. The brilliant half-breed played his part in a kind of No Man's Land, where he could never quite command the confidence either of the white man or the red.

"Your uniform," his inquisitors pressed him. "By what right do you wear this uniform?"... "This uniform is suited to my birth. I have the honor of being an officer under the French King," St. Castin replied, with the poise of the most finished courtier.

He was set free after five months; but the method of his capture had been contemptible, and the Indians in revenge were at their burning and killing again.

Sabastian Rale the English had put quite beyond the pale, and according to his own story, a reward of a thousand pounds sterling was offered for his head. Sebastian may have drawn a long bow here; but it is true that Colonel Westbrook was sent at the head of 300 men to seize him and bring him back to Boston.

The Indians could hardly be deaf to the tramp of so many feet. They warned Rale of the approach of the enemy. He hid the sacred vessels, and took to the woods, where as he later said, Providence tempered the wind to the shorn lamb, and the English passed him by without discovering his hiding-place.

The Indians avoided a pitched battle, as their custom was; but no sooner had Westbrook and his men wtihdrawn than the Norridgewocks were on the war-path. They burned the infant village of Brunswick; and at Merrymeeting Bay, where lately they had been so active in knocking down ducks to please their English friends they now captured nine families.

From this they went on to other red atrocities. The whole coast of Maine was aflame; every fort was marked for destruction. At Georgetown, the wary Penahallow got his people into the garrison house and beat the enemy off. Fort St. George, on the St. George River, suffered

Chapter XXIV

Death Of The Jesuit

Governor Shute had promised the Indians that he would set up trading-houses in their country, and give them handsome presents besides.

He failed in both these promises, because the penurious House of Representatives failed to give him money. Shute, who felt that this, more than anything, had brought on the new war, sailed for London to put his case before the King and Council. He never came back, and Lt. Gov. William Dummer carried on for him.

The House of Representatives had its way in one important particular. For a long time it had called for the total destruction of the mission village at Norridgewock. The House believed that Sebastian Rale in his own person was the continuing cause of all Indian wars, and had even voted 500 pounds (Rale says 1,000) as a reward to any man who should bring the Jesuit's head and set it on the rostrum.

The Council, more merciful, had refused concurrence. But now, war being declared, the House forced the appointment of Col. Thomas Westbrook (for whom Westbrook was named) to take a force of men in sloops and whaleboats, and destroy the Indian village above Bangor.

The rough-handed Westbrook did as he was told. He found no Indians; but the Fort, he said, was "built regular" and probably by English carpenters, as had happened previously on the Saco. He destroyed it.

In the next year a force of 200-odd men under three captains and the famous Lt. Joseph Bean — "Honest Bean" who knew the Indians so well, and spoke their language like one of themselves — set out from Fort Richmond in the Kennebec in 17 whaleboats, and went to the attack of Norridgewock.

Colonel Westbrook had burned the old stockade, and it had never been rebuilt. Norridgewock cabins therefore were unprotected, all exposed in the broad meadow marked off only by the bright noose of the Kennebec; and this time, for once, the Indians were fairly surprised.

They saw the English close at hand, seized their guns, fired a wild volley, and ran for the river. They jumped into their canoes, but they had left their paddles in the cabins, and the English raked them with a merciless fire.

Sebastian Rale, now at long last at the end of his tether, kept up a hot fire from his cabin; but one Lieutenant Jaques broke open the door while the Jesuit was loading for another shot, and called on him to surrender.

Rale said that he would neither give nor take quarter, whereupon Jaques shot him dead.

The leader of the expedition, Captain Jere Moulton, had given strict orders that Rale should not be killed, but it would doubtless not be easy to punish any man for having made an end of the formidable Jesuit.

Rale's death was welcomed by Maine settlers as making an end to the days of pillage and the slaughter of innocents. They thought of him as the fiend incarnate; but his friends in Canada mourned him as a martyred saint.

In fact, he was somewhere between the two extremes — a bold, tenacious man who used Indians as the weapons of his zeal, and who believed to his dying moment that nothing could help the fortunes of New France so much as the extermination of the English. Into this enterprise for 30 years he threw himself, soul and body; and now that it had failed so bitterly, perhaps the veil of death could hardly be distasteful to him.

Lovewell's Fight

The death of Sebastian Rale was not the end of the war. Indeed this fourth Indian war had the name to after times of Lovewell's War, because of Captain John Lovewell's fierce fight with the Pequawket Indians at Fryeburg, on the shores of what is now called Lovewell's Pond.

Captain Lovewell, of Dunstable, Mass., said in a petition to the House of Representatives that he had got together 40 or 50 smart lusty fellows who were willing to spend a whole year hunting down and killing Indians, if they could get the right encouragement.

Encouragement took the form, voted by the House, of two shillings sixpence a day to each hunter, and 100 pounds for the scalp of every male Indian old enough to fight.

Thirty men went out with Lovewell on his first expedition, and came back after a bitter winter month with one prisoner and one scalp. That decidedly was not good hunting; but a second expedition yielded ten scalps, which made the venture reasonably profitable.

The third expedition had Seth Wyman of Woburn as ensign, and Jonathan Frye of Andover as chaplain; and Frye, student of theology though he was, wielded gun, knife and hatchet as skilfully and fiercely as any of the others.

Early in May this party crossed the Saco just below the present Fryeburg, and the battle with the Indians began. It is called Lovewall's fight, but Lovewell himself fell at the first shot. The Indian who killed Lovewell was himself shot dead by Wyman, and young Frye duly scalped him.

Lovewell, though mortally wounded, got in a shot or two as he lay dying; and the scalping-party, suffering other losses, stood their ground and drove the Indians back in among the trees. Ensign Wyman was unhurt, and ordered his men to fall back to the shore of the pond, which then protected their rear.

The fight raged all day, from mid-morning until dark, when Ensign Wyman shot the Indian Chief Paugus, and forced the enemy to draw off. Of the 34 white men, nine were unwounded, 11, including Frye, badly wounded, the rest dead or dying, except one coward who had run off and notified the fort at Lake Ossipee that Lovewell had lost his fight.

He had lost his life, but

the fight. The Indians had lost at least 40 of their warriors, and those who were still alive were sick of fighting, and made no effort to harass the white men's crippled party. Chaplain Frye and some others struggled on for a little; but were finally left to die on the ground of their wounds.

"Tell my father that I expect in a few hours to be in eternity, and am not afraid to die," he said, as they were leaving him.

The later town of Fryeburg preserves his name, but was not

actually named for him, rather for his father's cousin, General Joseph Frye, the original grantee of the land.

Lovewell's fight made perhaps the greatest stir of any encounter between the white man and the red, and was made into a popular ballad. Chaplain Frye's sweetheart, Susanna Rogers of the village of Boxford, also "dropped into poetry" to commemorate his fate, and wrote for all

"that hears the sad and doleful fall
Of that young student, Mr. Frye,
Who in his blooming youth did die."

CHAPTER XXVI

End Of Lovewell's War

The Indians at last were sick of fighting, since fighting had reduced their tribes to mere shadows. One of their hostages, who had been cooling his heels all this weary time in Boston, was allowed to go home to Penobscot on a visit, came back shortly to say that his countrymen were miserable and wanted a peace treaty.

So the Articles were drawn up in Boston, and agreed to by four of the leading Sagamores. Little enough had been gained by the war. The Indians now promised to be good, send back their captives, and swear allegiance again to that "loving Sovereign, King George."

Next came a conference to ratify the treaty at Falmouth (old Portland) where there was more talk about the hated English forts, and the land titles which the Indians never could be made to understand. The Norridgewocks sent a belt to the conference, but it was a full year before their chief, Moxus, could be brought to sit down in the same tent with Lt. Governor Dummer.

Then he said he was very thankful that "white men and red men had lived to see the faces of one another" after so many tribulations on both sides. The Indians had grown very thoughtful. They were willing to say now that God was the Hearer of Prayer, and prayer was good. If there wa prayer on both sides, there might be peace

And so the Indian orator prayed that the white governor would keep nothing back. It would be well if he would hide nothing, either from the Face of God, or the faces of the Indians. "That is what we think. We ought to be strong in this affair of the treaty. It is of great weight and moment. It weigh heavy. We have said."

But they had not yet said quite all. There was a little thing that worried them still. The English had agreed by treaty to set up truck-houses in the wilderness to trade with the Indians and to appoint suitable truck-masters. But—and this was a serious but—high prices had made the Indians thoughful.

"Your honor told us," said their orator, "that we should have everything as cheap as it was bought at Boston. We were to get for our beaver-skins as much as they would fetch at Boston. But now it is not so. That is what we think. There is a falling off. That is our thought in this matter. Last year two yards of cloth were sold for three pounds of beaver. Now it is four pounds of beaver."

His excellency explained to the Indians very kindly that this was not crookedness on the part of the white traders. It was only a kind of inflation. It was on account of the price of beavers falling on the market, not on account of the cost of cloth rising. Beaver-skins were a kind of Indian money, and it simply took more money this year to buy a yard of cloth.

It was much too deep a mystery for the poor Indians. They went on to say that they had to pay more beaver skins or powder now, as well as cloth.

His Excellency had a pat answer on the powder. It was due to the war in Europe. The Germans and Spaniards had been shooting bullets into each other at such a rate that powder was never known to be so high. But once that peace was made again in Europe, it was very likely that the price of powder would fall for the Indians in America.

The Indians nodded gravely and said that at all events they should like to have a gunsmith or two sent down among them from Boston. It would be well to have their guns in good repair, even for the times of peace.

And so the treaty was ratified, and the conference concluded with public rejoicings.

Chapter XXVII

Wilds Of Windham

There was peace for a time, yet nobody could say when the Indians might not take up the hatchet again. The Massachusetts Legislature thought it would be well to picket the frontier with a new line of towns. So far, both in Massachusetts and Maine, there was only one long string of settlements, and all on salt water.

The Legislature laid out these new townships in the wilderness—60 families to have 100 acres each, and that would make a town—and gave them to the sons of old soldiers who had fought against King Philip, half a century before. Buxton and Gorham, Maine, were laid out in this way.

Then the town of Marblehead told the Legislature that it was in a beggarly condition, with too many people to support; and asked for a grant to settle a new town in Maine. A township of 25,000 acres on the east bank of the Presumpscot was surveyed to them; the plantation was occupied and called New Marblehead (now Windham).

The first settler of Windham was Thomas Chute. Chute was a jack-of-all-trades. He was a tavern-keeper, and entered the grog score against you in his "drink-book"; and on the side he ran a dry-goods and hardware store. He was also a tailor; and back of his tailor-shop he had a livery-stable, and let out horses, so much single, and so much "double" in case a young man had it in mind to take his girl up behind him. She would have to put her arms 'round him then, which he would like better than hiring another horse.

Then, to eke out the livelihood he got from all these sources, Thomas Chute was a deputy sheriff, served writs, and charged cash for publicly whipping misbehaving men. History does not accuse him personally of laying the lash on the backs of misbehaving women, but that would be one of the duties of a deputy sheriff.

All these ways of making a living in Marblehead added up to next to nothing, obviously, since Thomas Chute gave them all up to go and live in the wilderness of Windham, where he was sure to be attacked first if the Indians took up the hatchet again.

The prospect was so dubious that he merely dallied with it for a while, living at Falmouth Neck (Portland), where he worked at tailoring again, making clothes for men like the celebrated Parson Smith and Colonel Thomas Westbrook. For Moses Pearson he made "a plush coat and britches trimmed with silver lace."

But in the end Thomas Chute gave up thread and needle, and made his brave plunge into the menacing wilds of Windham. There he built a house and took the new minister to board. The church at Falmouth dismissed Chute and his family, and recommended him to the church at New Marblehead (Windham), of which place Chute was the first settler — from which it may be seen that the church in those days really did come first.

Chute, once settled in his new town, was for a time monarch of all he surveyed. He and his son and his hired man built a stout fort, charging the Province for their labor. The fort was made of squared timber two stories high, with flankers at the corners, and a long 9-pounder out in front to fire an alarm. The Fort encouraged a few more settlers to come in; and Mr. Chute himself cleared a farm, and in the process chopped down a good few white pine masts for the King's Navy.

He hauled them to the river, and floated them down to the mastyard at Falmouth; and in his spare moments he still sold his neighbors drinks and made them clothes, plying his needle so nimbly that when he had past three score years and ten his fingers were still strong and supple.

Moses Pearson would drop in on him on his way to Pearsontown — (now Standish) and Chute would charge him for the drinks . . . "To a bowl of toddy and oats for ye horse . . . To one mug of flip when your son Freeman came from logging."

Yes, decidedly Thomas Chute the tailor was Kingpin of old Windham to the very hour of his death.

Chapter XXVIII

The Mast Industry

At the very beginning of New Marblehead (Windham), the proprietors in old Marblehead thought that a sawmill would encourage settlers, and gave one George Pigot the right to build a mill at the Falls, and also "liberty to cut Timber off the School lot."

George Pigot, however, did not build. A new Indian scare may have damped his ardor. After two years, the grant to him was voided, and a new grant made to Ebenezer Hawks and his associates. This was in 1738 when New Marblehead was flourishing and had a total of four families including that of Thomas Chute.

Ebenezer Hawks and his friends chose for their mill-site the falls next above ancient Saccarappa. Pine and oak and ash grew thick along the river's bank; and it might have seemed that Ebenezer's enterprise could hardly fail, when suddenly the black feather of an Indian was seen against a red sunset, boding no good.

The things most hated by Indians were forts; but sawmills were almost as distasteful to them. Ax and saw ate into their native wildwood like a kind of plague, and would end by swallowing whole the forest shades

which were both sword and shield to the red brother. What would be the good of woodcraft, if there was to be nothing but stumps underfoot?

Fishing was no harm, because there were always as good fish in the sea as ever were caught; but lumbering was a menace to the Indians because it bored through and touched them in their inmost shrines. If this went on, there would be no place to pitch a wigwam.

The Indians said No to Ebenezer's mill, and drove his workmen off; but only for a time. He changed their minds for them by ample presents of rum, cloth and tobacco, and by late 1740 the mill was operating.

The Indians need not have feared that it would swallow the forest at one gulp. It had only one up-and-down saw, set going by "a flutter wheel," and could saw nothing but boards and planks, and not too many of these on any one day.

And not only the Indians were its enemies. The mast-men forbade the mill to hinder by dams the free passage of long logs over the falls; and the mast industry was the life of early Portland. The King's ships took the storms of all the seven seas; and there was nothing like the strength of Maine's white pine for lower masts and bowsprits.

Not that there were many pines on Falmouth Neck itself. When Congress Street was laid out in 1728—and it was the first highway voted by the new settlers after the peace treaty with the Indians—the growth was mostly oak. From the old Falmouth records it appears that this highway, going from the present India Street "up to the head of Fore River, beginning at the head of Middle Street," encountered nothing but oaks; "from Mr. Proctor's fence to a great Red Oak, thence to a large White Oak marked with W, then to a large Red Oak near a small brook or gully . . . thence to a Red Oak tree by ye side of the marsh".

And so the whole length of Congress Street, all oaks and no mention of a pine at all; which may mean of course that the pine had already been cut, since the Mast trade had been going on for some time.

But in any case, there was plenty of white pine still "on the back of the town," and it was this pine that made the life of old Portland.

Chapter XXIX
The Big White Pines

Getting masts out of the woods was work for rugged men; and it was only right that Freeman Pearson should have his mug of flip after a day's logging in the neighborhood of Windham.

Great masts were hard to find, even in that virgin territory. The pine might be tall enough, but not straight enough; it might be both tall enough and straight enough, and show fair on its outside, and yet be rotten at the heart and not worth a shilling.

If it were sound, it might be worth as high as 100 pounds; yet that would not include too fat a profit. The tree must be felled skilfully, with a bed of smaller trees cut to break its fall. It must have a roadway to the river cleared for it; and it would take from 8 to 20 yoke of oxen to "twitch" it into the river, either on sleds or on three pairs of axles.

Going up a little rise was heavy business for the oxen; going down might be fatal to them, for despite the snub-line, the big log sometimes surged forward on its own momentum and crushed or choked the oxen at the bottom of the hill.

And then finally there was the chance that the big log might be shattered in going over the falls; and then after all the saw mill would get it and cut it into humble boards.

The mast-wrights at the mouth of the Presumpscot did not turn the tree into a rounded mast; they merely hewed it into sixteen sides, and in that shape it went aboard the mast-ship.

These American masts were so huge that the mast-ships had to be specially constructed. They went as high as 1,000 tons, would take from 40 to 100 masts, and were the "luxury liners" of their day, bringing passengers, troops, mail and tea. Parson Thomas Smith, Portland's first minister, often notes in his diary the loading and sailing of the mast-ships, the harbor's great dramatic scene in those days.

The mast industry was a big business, a job for big men. Col. Thomas Westbrook of Scarborough was up to his neck in it, and took some of his holdings from Samuel Waldo, a famous Maine man who lived part of the year at Falmouth, and acted as American agent for the King's mast contractors.

If we look into the account book of Nathaniel Knight of Saccarappa Village, we find him in a kind of partnership with Westbrook—47 weeks of "hunting masts, fitting them, and clearing of roads."

He makes charges for going up the Stroudwater River, "twitching masts into the river, clearing river, bringing down the river, twitching masts out of the river." He pays for certain "soldiers' work"; and since masts had to be cut for the King's Navy whether or not the Indians were on the war-path, there were times when the cutters went into the woods with an escort of troops. "Soldiers' work" was lallygagging with your spine against a tree, smoking your pipe and keeping a weather eye out for Indians. Soldiers were seldom asked to swing an ax themselves, for fear that they might mutiny.

Further on in this interesting account book we note a charge for hauling masts at Horse Beef Falls. That's the Falls next above old Saccarappa, and got its name when Ebenezer Hawkes was building his saw-mill there. He bought a barrel of beef, which his men ate with relish; and then the cook produced the hoofs of a horse which he had found in the bottom of the barrel.

Whereupon they headed up the barrel, hoofs and all, rolled it over the dam, and renamed the falls "Horse Beef"; and the name stuck for better than 100 years.

CHAPTER XXX
THE BROAD ARROW

Great masts in old Portland must be nearly a yard in diameter at the butt, and measure 96 feet over all, without noticeable crook in all that length; which meant that even in a virgin forest there must be much hunting for just the right stick.

Such a mast sold for 100 pounds, in a day when money had much the value that it has today, as we see from the fact that Nathanial Knight charges George Tate of Stroudwater (the King's mast agent) a little over six pounds for six turkeys.

In the year 1754 Knight contracts to deliver to Samuel Waldo 15 mainmasts, 8 foremasts, and 10 bowsprits (chiefly the Apple Pines otherwise known as Norways), and all these sticks to be "handsome, straight and sound sticks," free from all defects.

And again there was an order for 50 white pine masts out of New Gloucester, but the Master of the Woods, John Wentworth of New Hampshire, the King's Surveyor, must grant a license for the cutting of these pines.

There are those who think that conflicts with the King's Surveyor brought on the American Revolution as surely as Stamp Act or Tea Party. Lumber and fish were the two great products of New England; and the wilderness men of Maine were not inclined to tolerate the tyranny of the King's Master of the Woods.

Nevertheless it was only the bitter truth that the Massachusetts charter reserved to the Crown all trees 24 inches thick at the butt, provided they were growing on land which had not been granted to any private person. Such trees could not be cut without license, and the penalty for such cutting was 100 pounds a tree.

But the Maine woods were "wide and uncertain," and the King's Surveyor had only a handful of men to help him patrol the woods. Sawmills were growing in number, and ate logs very fast; and cutters went in where they chose, and cut down trees "irregardless."

This would never do, the King's men said. The Navy must have these American masts because of their size; and the reason they had grown to this size was just because no ax had got in to cut them down when they were smaller.

And so the law grew stricter. Instead of talking about 24 inch pines, the law of 1721 said that nobody could cut any white pines at all, outside township limits, without getting the Royal Licene from the Royal Surveyor.

And a still later law said that nobody should cut down any tree that had the King's Broad Arrow blazed on it. This Arrow was shaped rather like a crow's track and was made with three blows of a marking hatchet. It was the old sign of naval property, and to disregard it was nothing short of desecration. At least, in the opinion of the King.

Says R. K. Sewall, in his Ancient Dominions Of Maine "The great (Revolutionary) is-

sue began in the forests of Maine, in the contests of her lumbermen with the King's Surveyor, as to the right to cut, and the property in white pine trees."

Men, indeed, had reason to get wrathy when a man like David Dunbar came to get himself appointed as Surveyor General, and Master of the King's Woods. Maine was at the heart of the mast and lumber industry; but her old owners of land had been killed or driven out in half a century of warefare with the French and Indians. Very little land in Maine was private property, in the eyes of Surveyor Dunbar, who was wretchedly poor, and arrogant into the bargain.

If men wanted to cut here, they were cutting "on the King" and must come to Dunbar for a license.

Chapter XXXI

Struggle For The Woods

David Dunbar appointed King's surveyor in 1729, was more than a surveyor. He was a kind of little king in his own right. He was King of Sagadahoc. The crown had given him the right to re-settle Sagadahoc, and even to govern it. Dunbar appears to have had the power of life and death in that vast and shadowy province which included all the land between the Kennebec and the Penobscot Rivers.

In return for these profitable rights, Dunbar promised to keep 300,000 acres of the best pine and oak for the use of the crown.

Dunbar went to work as if indeed he were the monarch of the province. His title was dubious, because the crown's title was dubious, and the best lawyers — Massachusetts lawyers, that is — were convinced that the title to Sagadahoc was in Massachusetts. Undismayed by that claim, Dunbar went about his own domain, righting things up. He repaired the fort at Pemaquid, so long in ruins. He laid out townships, Boothbay, Bristol and Nobleboro; and the descendants of the settlers introduced into Boothbay by Rogers and McCobb are for the most part living there today.

People in the Damariscotta neighborhood had "got their backs up" against Dunbar even worse than elsewhere; so he conveyed lands there to his young friend William Vaughan, and gave him the benefit of the river, with sawmill privileges. Vaughan built two or three mills, and opened out some farms, and became the great man of that region. He later was a prime mover in the celebrated siege of Louisburg, of which more anon.

Dunbar himself kept on with his arbitrary tactics. In 1730, settlers on the Sheepscot River complained to the Massachusetts General Court that "Dunbar came with an armed force, turned them from their lands, seized their timber, burned and destroyed their houses" and even threatened to throw them into jail—if a jail in that wilderness could then be found.

And once when the King's surveyor had loaded a boat with seized lumber, the neighboring people, dressed and painted like Indians, scuttled the boat; and at another time threatened the arrogant colonel's life.

The colonel, however, was still in a fine glow over the prospects and wrote to the Lords for Trade and Plantation: "By Spring I shall have a 1,000 families settled at Pemaquid and Sheepscot."

And these 1,000 families would not be of that "stiff-necked generation here" that looked on Colonel Dunbar as a tyrant and an intruder but rather a new population, who would willingly pay him a license fee for cutting timber in the King's woods.

The Indians in that neighborhood heard about this, and sent Dunbar a letter written for them by Captain Gyles.

"We hear you are planted at Pemaquid . . . Good friend, you say you are employed by His Majesty King George. If you pass St. Georges River, we shall be uneasy. We say no more at present, and what we have said is from our hearts. If any pass St. Georges River, we shall not think them to be our friends. We salute you, Colonel Dunbar."

The colonel however, brushed this aside as nothing more than the poor red man's dreaming; and notified Governor Dummer of Massachusetts that this new King's province extended from River St. Croix, and would be known as Georgia. The colonel furthermore told the governor plainly that he had rebuilt the fort at Pemaquid, which had been rubbish for 33 years, although Massachusetts had time and again had orders from the King to put it in repair, and failed to do so.

And now does Massachusetts complain because the King comes in, in place of her? . . . "It looks," says Dunbar, "like ye dog in ye manger, that would not let the horse cat hay or eat it himself."

Chapter XXXII

Dunbar's Province

In a letter to his patron the Duke of Newcastle in England, Colonel Dunbar recounts that when he had finished the repairs to Fort Pemaquid, by raising a dry stone wall nine feet high on the old foundations, he hoisted the Union Jack, fired a round from seven small ship guns and three volleys of small arms; and then "We all drank his Majesty's health."

But the Indians were still uneasy. They came to see the Colonel, and he told them he had come "from the King of England, to settle some of his subjects there, and to renew settlements which were began 100 years ago."

The Indians said that King George was welcome and the colonel was welcome, but one of the sagamores claimed that the land about Pemaquid was his interest for a time was at

In his letter to the duke, Dunbar wrote: "He said he would sell it to me for what I pleased to give him. I told him I did not come here to buy land. Nobody had a right to sell any, for it all belonged to the King my master, and had for many years."

The Indian laughed and said King George was welcome; all the Indians claimed was the liberty to come and go. All they wanted was to hunt and fish, and have the white man keep truck-houses where they might trade their furs without being cheated.

Dunbar gave them "a few laced hatts, blankets, pipes, tobacco and a little powder and small shot for their hunting." To the duke he confides: "They are a poor miserable people . . . and even their food is uncertain. Their dress is frightful. They make themselves hideous with red paint, they clean their hands in their hair, and make large holes through their ears, in which they put long feathers and long tobacco pipes."

But is is doubtful if the colonel's contempt for the Indians was shared by such a man as truckmaster John Gyles, who had been captured by them as a boy, and seen his father brained by a tomahawk and the fort demolished when it was stronger far than it was now, for all the Colonel's laying of "dry stones."

However, it was not the Indians that the King's surveyor was battling. He goes on to say, in this same letter to the Duke of Newcastle, that he, Dunbar, is the first that ever "had a care of the woods on this continent" and that he finds the white settlers making canoes and even shingles of the largest mast-trees.

"I burnt in one of the rivers more than 60 canoes made this Summer out of trees fit for large masts."

Such a course was little likely to make the colonel popular in that rough country.

He objects too, to the titles, says he has seen some pretended Indian deeds "wherein 30 miles square were sold for 50 skins."

This is the reason why this country has been so little improved, in the Colonel's opinion. Too much land in too few hands, some owners having several hundred thousand acres; and he thinks it will be well to tax them out of it, and start fresh; and then this new province will really be a proper nursery for King's masts.

Lacking which new start, all this virgin territory of Sagadahook will lie "as nature left it, wild and unimproved."

Energetic though Dunbar showed himself, there were men in Massachusetts who had as much energy as he, and as it turned out, stronger influence on both sides of the Atlantic.

One of these was Samuel Waldo, a merchant of Boston and Falmouth, who had acquired heavy landholdings in the very heart of this great province of Sagadahock, where Dunbar played the tyrant. And it was Waldo who succeeded in putting the tyrant, out, neck and crop.

Chapter XXXIII

Samuel Waldo

Samuel Waldo was a natural trader. His family was rich, and Samuel, brought up in his father's great Boston house, found ways of growing richer. When still young, he had a very comfortable trade in fish, naval stores and lumber.

Lumber he got from down in Maine, and this led him into buying big tracts of land in that province. He had large holdings, in Falmouth, which made him very rich as old Portland grew. Lots on Congress Street began to bring town price, and no longer the old wilderness price of a penny an acre.

Extending his operations, Samuel Waldo bought some part of a fat old grant of land between the Muscongus and Penobscot Rivers which came to nearly a thousand square miles, and included the whole of the present counties of Knox and Waldo, with a bit of Penobscot thrown in.

It was a very tidy transaction indeed, in the beginning, since nothing at all was for it, not even a penny an acre. The owners simply agreed to give the King a fifth of all the gold and silver ore that might be found in those woods, and that, as it turned out, was just exactly nothing.

The old Council of Plymouth, which made the grant back in 1629 wanted to encourage settlers, and supposed that if it gave some land away, it would give value to other land which it retained.

The ownership of that vast tract came to be finally in John Leverett, president of Harvard College, but finding it too big to handle all alone, he parcelled it out to "Ten Proprietors" and they in their turn took in 20 other partners, called the "Twenty Associates".

Waldo's father was one of these, but the early Thomaston and Warren settlements were snuffed out by Lovewell's War, and only the two blockhouses held out.

As soon as peace came again, the Twenty Associates undertook to send some settlers down into their terriory; but hese settlers ran smack against the claim of Surveyor Dunbar that these were King's lands, and that all pine-trees here with a diameter of over two feet were reserved as masts for the King's navy, whether or no these trees had yet been marked with the broad arrow.

Samuel Waldo therefore was very active against Dunbar, as were a good few settlers who held title from the Indians, and thought themselves under the jurisdiction of Massachusetts. A letter from Colonel Westbrook to Colonel Dunbar says: "We are having a flying story that you are dead which surpriseth us very much..... Therefore I trust this will find you in good health."

Chapter XXXIV

Struggle Against Dunbar

In the teeth of strong opposition the King's surveyor, Dunbar, persisted in saying that all the land between the Kennebec and the Penobscot was King's land, and not under the jurisdiction of Massachusetts at all.

And so Dunbar offered any man who would settle in this Province of Sagadahoc a hundred acres of land free, and promised to give him a year's provisions into the bargain. Any settler of Dunbar's, who paid him a license fee, could cut trees to his heart's content. Those who had not paid the fee could count on being in hot water with the King's surveyor from the go-off.

"I have great reason to believe you have . . . some private views to damnify my interest," Colonel Westbrook wrote Dunbar, who had held up cutting in the neighborhood of Scarborough because his palm had not been greased.

The rough-handed Westbrook spoke his mind to all and sundry, and said tartly that these wild lands in Sagadahoc claimed by Dunbar for the Crown were in fact private property, and had been for a hundred years. If the King wanted masts, he could go into the Bay of Fundy for them.

This was certainly disrespectful treatment of His Majesty; and Dunbar, hearing of it, wrote the Lords of Trade and Plantation: "It does, I own, so ruffle me that I am weary of my life," and goes on to add dismally that "any man here that behaves anything different from the crowd, stinks of the prerogative."

The King's prerogative, that is, to tread on the toes of the common man; and the crowd, in New England, having breathed the new breath of freedom, had got its back up against such prerogative, would throw the King out of their woods neck and crop, before too many years had passed.

But Surveyor Dunbar, busily feathering his nest with license fees, would not read the signs aright. He went on tyrannizing. One Josiah Grover complained to the governor of Massachusetts that he held land at New Harbor which had been bought of the Indians a full century before by his ancestors. He had lately built a house there, cleared some land, bought a little fishing-vessel; but as he was going out to fish, "eight Irishmen armed with guns and swords" came aboard, seized him and terrified him by saying they meant to "carry him to Pemaquid Fort and lay him neck and heels," for having the audacity to set up here under an old Indian title, against Dunbar's express orders.

Informant Grover escaped by night while his captors were sleeping in the cabin; got away, as he said, "by the skin of his teeth," paddling the ship's canoe; but the ship itself he had lost. Dunbar's men had confiscated it.

And Dunbar, writing of this transaction to Mr. Secretary Popple in England, says: "They would fain make it piracy, but the King's advocate laughed at it," and wishes their lordships might see what a boiling these people are in against the Irish.

Dunbar has heard a rumor that Governor Belcher of Massachusetts means to send a force to Pemaquid to take him prisoner, and adds with a touch of bravado: "I am resolved to try what they will do, and not be frighted or putt off by words."

Belcher, learning of this swaggering resolve, writes to England: "My lords, there is not a shadow of truth (in Dunbar's statement that Massachusetts soldiers are to be sent to capture Pemaquid)." Yet His Excellency is not at all surprised at Colonel Dunbar's folly, "because I am lately told he has wrote many other palpable falsehoods against me. If he would confine himself to truth I should not give myself much trouble about him."

Certainly the poor lords of trade must have been hard put to it to separate the true from the false in these dispatches from the Province of Maine.

There is a trace of irony here. Westbrook it is true was a mast-agent at Scarborough for the King, but he did not like Dunbar's methods any better than did Samuel Waldo, also a mast agent. Dunbar at the time was very much alive, and we find him writing to the Lords of Trade and Plantations to be on their guard against Waldo, who is "one of the violent ones."

Most of the people in Sagadahoc, says Dunbar, had been quite willing to take new titles under the Crown, and pay quitrent of a penny an acre—what's a penny an acre?—but now Waldo has got them "all haired up" by saying he wouldn't give the King a farthing. This wilderness property in Maine has been private property since the days of Captain John Smith, according to Waldo; and now if the King is to concede this point, Colonel Dunbar's labors have been in vain, and this part of Maine is forever lost to the Crown as a royal nursey for mast trees.

In short, the revolutionary spirit was already blazing up.

Chapter XXXV

End Of Dunbar

The King's surveyor, Colonel Dunbar, went on seizing all timber in Maine that had been felled without license paid to him, but the opposition was fiercer all the time.

He wrote to the Lords of Trade and Plantations that he had had to hire out of his own salary a justice of the peace, "to protect us from the insults of the people. It would be scarce credited how vilely we have been abused and threatened to be beat, and the King's officers are so hated here that if the King himself in his own defense should kill one of these fellows, he would assuredly be hanged."

A sad state of affairs indeed, and reminiscent of that saying of Oliver Cromwell's that if he met the King in battle, he would kill the King like any other man.

Indeed, there was a lot of "swamp-law" flying around in that neck of the woods, the colonel complained, with a parcel of impudent upstarts proclaiming that "they will part with their heart's blood before they will give the King one farthing quitrent."

Such was the rugged and revolutionary humor of Maine's early settlers; but Dunbar, though he found his "spiritts sunk with a dropsical humour," made bold to say that if the King would only send a regiment or two into these woods, that act would "clip the wings" of these unruly borderers, "who are as ripe for rebellion as their ancestors. If this does not prove so, I will submit to be hanged."

The King sent no regiments. His councillors were as cautious as ever in dealing with that grim Commonwealth of the Puritans, whose own acts were as arbitrary as the Crown's, and who had the advantage of being on the ground. There was an order in council restraining Governor Belcher of Massachusetts from sending soldiers against Dunbar's Fort at Pemaquid; and beyond that, a message saying that the King's referees were going into the merits of the quarrel.

The referees decided in favor of Massachusetts, and against the Crown. That decision was largely brought about by Samuel Waldo, who had gone to England as the agent of the Twenty Associates.

The referees decided that Massachusetts had the sole right to govern this great territory between the Kennebec and St. Croix Rivers, its original royal charter being still in full force there. The King had no rights in that wilderness; and consequently Colonel Dunbar

From that time forth, the King's surveyor was no longer master of the woods, at least not in the old arbitrary sense; and the colonel himself, who had got so high as to be made Lieutenant governor of New Hampshire, was out of all of his offices. He went to England, was jailed for debt, then sold his job as King's surveyor for 2,000 pounds sterling. He spent his last days as governor of the remote island of St. Helena, a perfect banishment for an obstreperous man.

As for Samuel Waldo, the Twenty Proprietors of Knox and Waldo Counties (as they would later be named) gave him half of the whole enormous patent for his services in ridding the countryside of that "plague of the province," Dunbar, and setting up the patent on a solid foundation.

Waldo was active in developing his wilderness. He gave some Scotch-Irish emigrants 100 acres apiece to settle there, and they founded what is now the town of Warren. He sent circulars to Germany, describing Maine in glowing terms; and 40 German families came over and made the start of the present Waldoboro.

Waldo had oceans of land, and could afford to give some of it away, to give value to the rest. In 1747, after the Province House in Boston burned, Brigadier Waldo said, only half jokingly, that he would "throw in 100,000 acres if they would build the new house on Penobscot Bay."

He could have well afforded it.

CHAPTER XXXVI

Commodore Tyng

England had been at war with Spain since 1740, and from year to year it was expected that Spanish privateers would harry the coasts of Maine and Massachusetts.

A vessel called the Prince of Orange was built to protect the coasting trade against such privateers. She was commanded by Commodore Edward Tyng of Falmouth.

Not much, actually, was to be feared from the Spanish; but when the French joined up, on the Spanish side, bad repercussions in America were sure to follow.

It was again New France against New England; and in no great while the French and Indians attacked the English at Annapolis in Nova Scotia. The new Governor of Massachusetts, William Shirley, with his Council, declared war against all Indians east of the Passamaquoddy; and, as in the old days, offered 100 pounds for the scalp of a male Indian over 12 years and 50 pounds for that of a child or a woman.

At the same time, through the suggestion of William Vaughan of Damariscotta, it was decided to attack the French fortress of Louisburg on the island of Cape Breton. Commodore Tyng was put in command of the naval forces.

It was a natural appointment. Commodore Tyng was a popular hero and had got so high as to marry a sister of the renowned Samuel Waldo. He had also gained a victory of quite another kind. Commanding the new galley, The Prince Of Orange, Tyng had fallen in with a French privateer of 18 guns — he himself had only 14 — and, after a hot fight, the Frenchman struck his colors.

When Tyng brought his prize into Boston, bells were rung and bonfires lighted for him in every part of town. Nothing was too good for this brave seaman of old Portland; and Boston merchants presented him with a silver cup, weighing 100 ounces, "as an acknowledgement of his good services done the trade."

Tyngs were indeed noted for their fighting spirit and were in direct descent from George Cleeves, Portland's first lone settler, who likewise had a mind of his own. The son of this Commodore Tyng, William Tyng, was Sheriff of Falmouth when years later the Revolution broke out. Fierce old General Jedediah Preble happened to say that Falmouth would have mob-rule if things went on as they were going; and Tyng, touched in his honor as Sheriff, contradicted the General and called him an old fool.

"Repeat those words, and I will take my cane to you," General Preble blazed, standing in the middle of Congress Street, with Tyng straddling the way.

The Sheriff drew his sword and threatened to run the General through the body. But the General had faced cold steel before. He jumped inside Tyng's guard, seized him by the collar and shook him till his teeth rattled. The upshot of it all was that the Sheriff begged the General's pardon; and there was peace in Congress Street again.

Fighting blood was easily up in those historic days; and General Jedediah Preble was noted for his pugnacity. Ten years before the encounter with the Sheriff, Parson Smith of Falmouth notes in his Journal: "This evening the signers for the new meeting-house had a meeting, when General Preble and Captain John Waite quarrelled and fought in the street. A foundation for a church was thus laid . . . The pillars tremble," the Parson concluded wittily and sadly.

The quarrel seems to have been over whether the new church should be Episcopal or Congregational.

The General's pugnacity descended to his son, the celebrated Commodore Edward Preble, who years later, before Tripoli, shook young Stephen Decatur until his teeth rattled, for some act displeasing to the Commodore.

CHAPTER XXXVII

A Mad Scheme

This was the period of the Great Awakening in New England, a series of religious revivals, during which the celebrated George Whitefield held thousands under his spell.

Interest for a time was at white heat, since Whitefield had a power in him like the much later Billy Sunday, whose sermon Hot Cakes Off The Griddle won such popular acclaim.

But when in 1744 France and England came to blows again, in the War of the Austrian Succession, religion in America subsided and all the talk was war.

"The heavenly shower is over," mourned the Rev. Thomas Prince. "From fighting the devil they must turn to fighting the French."

A much easier assignment, in the view of Wililam Vaughan of Damariscotta. He was a graduate of Harvard College but, unlike most graduates then, did not go into the ministry. He put a fishing station on the island of Matinicus; traded in fish and timber; had a garrison-house at Damariscotta; and owned most of the land thereabouts.

Vaughan was an able man, but he was headstrong and even headlong in his acts. His courage was fabulous; and he believed, like Lord Cochrane of later times, that "the impossible has the best chance of success, because nobody guards against it."

And probably most sober-sided men of the time would have said that the fortress of Louisburg was impregnable. It was on the southeast side of Cape Breton Island; it threatened Boston; it stood guard over the mouth of the St. Lawrence; the French had spent $10,000,000 to make it one of the strongest places in the world.

And well enough Vaughan knew that it was strong. He had been there. He had seen its rampart of stone 30 feet high and its ditch 80 feet wide; his own hand had caressed the breeches of its mighty cannon; he knew how shallow the sea was in the neighborhood of the fort.

Surely it would be a wonderful help to the American fisheries if this place could be demolished; but could Maine fishermen and lumbermen, untrained as they were, swarm over these powerful defenses?

Even at the age of 25, Jedi- ttery's [illegible] was fined 20 shillings for

Vaughan whispered in the ear of Gov. William Shirley of Massachusetts that they could indeed; he would put nothing past them; they had some of them the blood of old Cromwell's Ironsides in them.

True, they were undisciplined, but every man jack of them had been a marksman from youth up . . . And then in Winter the snowdrifts sometimes banked up against the ramparts so high that men in snowshoes could scale them easily, walk into town, and take the frightened French like so many hens in a coop.

Governor Shirley himself was a brave man; but that audacious notion of attacking Louisburg in the dead of Winter made him quake a little. It would be better to wait at least until April . . . And even then, as he later wrote in instructions to the commander of the expedition, it would be best to rely on surprise, and swarm over Louisburg at night, "while the French were asleep."

But the headlong Vaughan of Damariscotta had made his main point. Shirley was won over; and the plan to conquer Louisburg was carried in the Boston Assembly by a single vote. Connecticut, New Hampshire and Rhode Island agreed to help.

The redoubtable Commodore Edward Tyng of Portland was put in charge of the fleet; and Samuel Waldo was one of the high land officers; but the top commander, appointed by Shirley, was William Pepperell of Kittery.

This dazzling adventure was destined to make him the great man of his time in New England. As a military figure, he would even outshine that other great Maine man, Sir William Phips.

France got the place back without bloodshed by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle.

A decade later, the British appeared before Louisburg in full force and laid siege.

In place of Warren's three ships, they had 23 ships of the line and 18 frigates, also a fleet of transports. In place of Pepperrell's 4,000 New Englanders, these transports carried 11,000 British regulars. In place of the Kittery merchant as commander-in-chief, this expedition had one of the best of Britain's professional soldiers, Sir Jeffrey Amherst. And the man chiefly in charge of siege operations was the man who would be known as one of the most notable of all British soldiers — James Wolfe, who later took Quebec.

And the result? With approximately the same number of Frenchmen behind the ramparts, this second siege, like the first, lasted exactly 49 days.

From which the British might have drawn an omen as to what lay in wait for them, in case that "stink of the prerogative" got too high for Maine and Massachusetts nostrils.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

William Pepperrell

William Pepperrell, commanding General of the English at the siege of Louisburg, was not a military man. He was a Kittery merchant and trader; a dealer, like his father before him, in lumber, salt fish and naval stores.

But he was not without his taste of war. During his youth, the Indians were on the warpath most of the time from Kittery to Falmouth; sentinels were posted at church doors; and men prayed with their hands closed around the barrels of their firelocks. At 16, young Pepperrell bore arms in patrol duty, and in keeping watch and ward.

He was early taken into his father's firm, and in 1716, at the age of 21, bought the land underlying the whole of the present town of Saco and most of Scarborough. The firm of Pepperrell was the greatest in New England, and young William, the vigorous outdoor partner, acquired courtly manners by being early appointed to the Governor's Board of Councillors in Boston.

He was indeed a jack-of-all-trades. He was made, for example, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas; and says his biographer, "immediately after his appointment, he endeavored to qualify himself for its duties by the study of law."

In the same way, when he was made commanding general to conduct the siege of Louisburg, he at once set about qualifying himself for that post by the study of war. He was, it is true, already the colonel in command of all the Maine militia; and more than 1,000 hardy sons of Maine followed him to Louisburg; but up to that time he had commanded these rough-and-ready soldiers only on the parade ground.

What wonder if this astute and prosperous citizen of Kittery had his doubts? . . . About this time, the celebrated preacher, George Whitefield — the Great Awakener—was a guest in that Kittery house and Pepperrell asked for his advice. Should he take the job or not?

The preacher viewed the prospect with a black eye. He did not think the mad scheme very promising. . . . "If you fail, the widows and orphans of the slain will reproach you. If you succeed, envy will poison your days."

Pepperrell, however, accepted, and contributed 5,000 pounds out of his personal fortune to equip the expedition. The dubious Whitefield gave him a motto for his flag. Nil Desperandum, Christo Duce. Nothing need be despaired of, if Christ is leader.

Certainly, under these conditions, if Louisburg were taken, it would have to be by miracle. Governor Shirley didn't go himself; but he gave his general, Pepperrell, the most complete inwritten instructions on how to act.

He must take the French by surprise. To do this, he must arrive at Louisburg by night, land his troops after dark at a place called Flat Point Cove, carry the Grand Battery and its 30 heavy guns by assault and then turn these guns against the town.

But that, says Historian Thomas Hutchinson, would be "like selling the skin of the bear before catching him."

The people who stayed home bade adieu to the Louisburg soldiers in a kind of "It's been nice knowing you" mood; but yet they hoped for good results. A letter from Boston to one Colonel Hale at Louisburg goes like this: "I hope this will find you at Louisburg with a Bowl of Punch, a Pipe, and a P-K of C-ds in your hand, and whatever else you desire (I had forgot to mention a Pretty French Madammoselle.) Your friend Luke has lost several Beaver hats already. . . He has turned poor B. out of the house for saying he believed you would not take the place.

"'Damn his blood,' says Luke, 'let him be an Englishman or a Frenchman, and not pretend to be an Englishman when he is a Frenchman at Heart. If drinking to your success would take the place, you must be in possession of it now, for it's a standing Toast.'"

CHAPTER XXXIX

The Siege Of Louisburg

The fall of Louisburg might be a standing toast in Boston, but it was not to fall without a struggle. The French were not to be taken in their sleep. They held out 49 days and during that time a good many old-fashioned cannon-balls sizzled back and forth across the ramparts.

William Pepperrell of Kittery had been handling small boats all his life—he was a builder of boats and ships, too—and he got his 4,000 men ashore skillfully. The breaks favored him, as they so frequently do favor the skillful. It was down in Shirley's instructions that he was to take the Grand Battery, and so he sent the redoubtable William Vaughan of Damariscotta to take it.

Vaughan, whose whole life had been passed in making hard things easy, set some naval stores on fire behind that battery; and immediately great billows of black smoke from burning pitch rolled across it. The French defenders thought the jig was up, and ran away. The Grand Battery, when he got close to it with his men, looked deserted. With a flask of brandy, he bribed a Cape Cod Indian to take a closer peek; and the Indian came back and said the Grand Battery, in fact, was empty.

Vaughan sent a note to Pepperrell: "May it please your Honour to be informed that by the grace of God and the courage of 13 men, I entered the Grand Battery about 9 o'clock, and am waiting for a reinforcement and a flag."

And then Vaughan's valiant 13 stood on the open beach and beat off an attack of four boatloads of French, who were getting over their scare and coming back to re-occupy the Battery. Brigadier Samuel Waldo brought his regiment up and the Grand Battery was lost to the French for good and all.

Worse than lost; since its 28 forty-two pounders were soon drilled out and then their fire was turned against the town itself.

Benjamin Franklin in Philadelphia had written his brother in Boston. "Fortified towns are hard nuts to crack and your teeth are not accustomed to it; but some seem to think that forts are as easy taken as snuff."

Not quite so easy as taking snuff, perhaps, but without a kind of brash confidence that filled the army, the fort could hardly have been taken. The siege began. The soldiers of New England brought their munitions and food ashore on their heads, wading through icy surf; they dragged their cannon across the spongy marsh on great sledges, each pulled by 200 men, and all these men wading, slipping and sinking in a quaking morass where more than once they were at the point of foundering, guns and all.

They had their daily dram of strong New England rum and they slept at night on the wet ground, or at best in sod huts roofed with spruce boughs. They lost their shoes; they lost their socks; they fell sick of the marsh fever, till only half of them were fit for duty. They struggled on.

Their General, William Pepperrell, was having a struggle with Commodore Peter Warren, who had been sent up from the West Indies with three of the King's fighting ships to help out.

The Commodore, a fierce and peppery seaman, arrogant where Pepperrell was affable, cried out against delay.

"For God's sake, let us do something and not waste our time in indolence," he wrote the General. "Pray, how came the island battery not to be attacked? Pray let me know."

So they attacked the island battery, and were beaten off disastrously.

CHAPTER XL

The Fall Of Louisburg

By mid-June ,the French had shot away most of their cannonballs; and their food was getting low. The circular battery was ruined, and the west gate punched in; and there was hardly a house in town that was still fit to live in. The morale of Governor Duchambon's troops was worn down by the 48 days' siege and the bouncing around in their midst of so much red-hot iron; and the morale of the women and children, who had got only the sleep of utter exhaustion inside half-ruined casemates, was at still lower ebb.

The governor therefore capitulated; and Pepperrell's army, on the 49th day, marched in and took possession. The soldiers were ragged and worn; some of them were sick; but Parson Moody in his prayer at the start of the siege had said "Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power," and the soldiers were still willing.

At a banquet for their officers, given in Louisburg by Pepperrell, many feared that the grim parson would be too long-winded in his prayer. But for once he was short. "Good Lord, we have so many things to thank thee for that time will be infinitely too short to do it; we must therefore leave it for the work of eternity. Bless our food and fellowship upon this joyful occasion, for the sake of Christ our Lord. Amen."

As a decoy to French merchantmen, the French flag was kept flying for a long time over Louisburg; and the value of the prizes taken by this means was estimated at a million dollars.

The victory at Louisburg, won by raw militiamen, was reckoned as one of the wonders of the world. Boston learned of it in the middle of the night; and long before sunrise, bells were ringing, cannon roaring and people swarming in the streets as thick as on election day. In Philadelphia, wise old Ben Franklin had to eat his ironic words about "taking forts as easily as snuff"; and even in far-away London, the tower guns were fired by order of the Lords of the Regency.

The Duke of Newcastle wrote a gracious letter to General Pepperrell on behalf of His Majesty, touching "the event which does so much honor to His Majesty's arms" and expressing the duke's great satisfaction in being able to acquaint the general that His Majesty has thought fit to distinguish him by conferring on him the dignity of a baronet of Great Britain.

Sir William Pepperrell it was from that day forth; and Sir William to the end of his days wore nothing but scarlet clothes trimmed with the most brilliant of gold lace. The Kittery merchant had well earned the honors that were thrust upon him; and it was plain enough that the British ministry knew the high value of his victory from the fact that they instantly ordered two Gibraltar regiments to be shifted to Louisburg as a permanent garrison.

There is an interesting way to measure how great a victory Louisburg really was. It was possible in those days, too, to win a war and lose a peace. Three years after the siege,

CHAPTER XLI

Mid Century

By the middle of the 18th century, there are plain signs that Maine has got her second wind again. Her population is down two or three thousand from the effects of Louisburg and other battles; but shipbuilding has revived, schooners are being built, and masts for the King's Navy are floating down Maine's rivers. There have been some great fires in the King' wood; and to protect the trees, laws have been passed imposing heavy penalties for setting fires in the woods or near them.

Maine is really growing, and we note the fight for land between towns like North Yarmouth and Brunswick. North Yarmouth has always been considered the remotest frontier town of the Province, its petitioners say; and add bitterly that if this upstart Brunswick is allowed to gobble up North Yarmouth land, then "this ancient and remote frontier Town of North Yarmouth, that has been so often broke up, and great numbers of its inhabitants slain on ye spot, and their Blood spilt upon ye Land, will lose a large and handsome Parish, to have become a Parish in the Town of Brunswick, that is but 3 years old, and we shall be obliged to quit our rights to Foreigners.

Signs of growth, too, when 20 or 30 families of old Kennebunk ask to be set off as a separate parish, because, as it is, they have to wade two rivers to attend the public worship of God . . . But the inhabitants of Wells rise in wrath at this request. Kennebunk, they say, has a perfectly good road to the Meeting House, or, anyway, a fairly good road, and as to wading rivers, "five families only are put to any difficulty thereby" and even then, only every other Sunday, "by reason the Tide suits every other Lord's day to ride through them, and the road is pleasant and good then, being on plain beaches along by the Sea."

But it is plain that Kennebunk (old Arundel) is casting off its swaddling clothes. And then, at a legal meeting held at Berwick, where it was voted that "there shall be a meeting house to be paid in boards, shingle, Clapboard and Staves at a convenient landingplace," there are fears expressed that in a few years, there will have to be three Parishs instad of two.

Berwick is prospering, but her neighbor Kittery, home of the great Sir William Pepperrell, who has made such a name in the world by his brilliant conduct of the siege of Louisburg — this poor Kittery prays for relief from burdensome taxes.

Kittery testifies that it is full of rocky ground and soggy swamps; its citizens composed of poor fishermen and sailors, who have built themselves wretched little cottages to live in and are lucky if they raise 100 cabbages a year.

Of the town's 284 families, not so much as a quarter of them, nay, not one in ten in town raises enough for his family to live on through the year. On top of this, the fishery has dwindled to nothing. The cry of hunger is everywhere. Tradesmen have little or nothing. Farmers have nothing to spare.

"There is not three Rich men in Town, most all are very poor. Many are wretched and miserable."

York, according to Kittery's lament, is twice the town that she is, more than 20 citizens of York having vessels and all kinds of riches, silver and gold, cattle and tillage. There are more Gentlemen and Merchants in York; and moreover court is held there, and so the County money is spent in that fortunate town.

Wells again has excellent farms, and a wealthy and careful people who know how to support themselves. Biddeford produces more lumber to sell than all the export from Kittery in 10 years. Falmouth (old Portland) is four times as big as Kittery; and "that Place is the beauty and riches and strength of the County" And then just east of it a fat soil and great stocks of Cattle.

But as for Kittery, "there is nothing of all this in Kittery, but poor widows and orphans they have in plenty. These things we are ready to verify and subscribe ourselves in behalf of the poor town of Kittery."

All of which, so far as it touches Kittery, must be taken with a grain of salt, as a taxpayers' lament. For Kittery too was getting her second wind.

Chapter XLII

Three years after the fall of Louisburg, the war between the French and English was ended in 1748 by the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. For the next decade, Maine's military history can be best traced by following the life of Jedidiah Preble.

"The Brigadier," as he was called in later life, was usually boiling with energy. His courage was well-known, and so was his temper. He had a weakness for getting hold of people by their coat-collars and shaking them till their teeth rattled — which weakness descended to his son, the famous Commodore Edward Preble. Whenever indeed any later member of the Preble family had a choleric flash, he was said to be showing "a touch of the Brigadier."

Even at the age of 25, Jedidiah was fined 38 shillings for "pushing around" a couple of citizens of York (though he was acquitted of striking them). In that town he was first a yeoman, or coaster (a merchant mariner), and later a gentleman. When he came to live at Falmouth in 1748, he was referred to as Jedidiah Preble, Esquire, and had money enough to buy lands and houses and marry his second wife.

He made his money as a sea-trader and general real estate man, as we see from the notation of his losses when Captain Mowatt burned the town at the opening of the Revolution. For besides his dwelling-house, "with a porch and a Chinese fence," this memorandum shows "one dwelling-house that Samuel Moody kept a tavern in...one large store ...one hatter's shop...one bake-house...one store on the end of my wharf..."

In short, if Jedidiah had been living today, he would probably have owned half of Congress Street. (But in his day India Street was a better property; Congress Street was only "Back Street," being back of "Fore Street.")

At the same time, the memorandum shows that he lost 13,000 feet of seasoned board, from which it appears that like every other Portland merchant of his day, he dealt in lumber.

expeditions. In 1754 he was lieutenant colonel of a regiment that was sent against the eastern frontier when the Indians were at their old threats; but this seems to have ended peacefully by the Indians "putting on clean shirts and painting" to receive him, and drinking King George's health all round.

Next year Preble took part in the celebrated expedition which removed the French Acadians from Nova Scotia, later a subject of Longfellow's Evangeline. A few years later we find him a full colonel of a regiment of foot, raised for the invasion of Canada. Actually, as we learn from the journal of Samuel Cobb, one of the his captains, the regiment never got to Canada at all. It sailed for Albany, marched overland to Lake George, and was a part of the attack on Ticonderoga, which was so disastrously beaten back by the brilliant French General Montcalm.

There is however a family tradition that "the Brigadier" was present the following year, 1759, at the siege of Quebec, when Montcalm lost the battle and his life, and all America for the French indeed, on the Plains of Abraham—where his conqueror James Wolfe also fell, a shining example of the truth of his favorite poet's line, that "the paths of glory lead but to the grave."

It is said that the Brigadier was wounded in the thigh at this battle; and that the ball, half spent, struck his old-fashioned broad-flapped waistcoast and drove the cloth in with it. The bullet at all events was preserved in the Preble family long after the Brigadier was gone, and unable to answer for the truth of it.

Jedidiah is said to have been the first white man to get to the top of Mt. Washington. He went up and "washed his hands in the clouds," he used to say, and left a bottle of brandy there. The next comer found the bottle smashed, apparently by a stroke of lightning. This was not the last time that the too daring Jedidiah Preble would bring down on his devoted head the wrath and consuming fire of jealous gods.

Chapter XLIII

Early Machias

Like Boothbay, Machias seemed reasonably loyal to the King, even as late as the early 1770's; but the structure of the town was different, and its growth was different.

Ichabod Jones and 79 others got up a petition to the Massachusetts House of Representatives that "a tract of land now known by the name of Machias" be granted to them as a township. In return for this favor, they agreed to settle the town with "eighty good protestant families, and build eighty houses, none to be less than 18 feet square and seven feet stud" —good, roomy houses in short.

Furthermore each settler agreed to clear and cultivate five acres of land; and all of them together bound themselves to build a Meeting house, and settle a minister.

The House, granted this township, but ordered that as it was "remote" from the Centre of the Province" and a long way from the King's Surveyor of the Woods, the Petitioners should be very careful "not to cut or destroy any of his Majesty's timber on or about said Township."

This was in 1770, and in the next year three commissioners, including James Bowdoin, reported to the Governor at Boston that there was no need to worry about mast pines, because there were very few in the neighborhood of Machias.

On the other hand, the quality of the land there was very good, "capable of making extraordinary farms;" the rivers were full of fish, including a lot of fat salmon; and a good few saw-mills had already started up. The people were peaceable and industrious, "a few excepted, who though not so peaceable are very industrious."

This exception looks a little ominous; but the Commissioners go on to add that there might be as much peace and good order at Machias as at any other place, if only a Constable could be appointed, and a Jail built. The nearest Jail, as it was, lay "70 Leagues distant by water" and since for the winter months it was inaccessible, this brought on "a thousand legal difficulties."

It appeared too that although the townspeople had agreed to build a church and settle a minister, they had not done so. Nevertheless, they expressed "ardent desires" to have the Gospel preached among them, in order that "they and their children might be taught to fear God and honor the King."

Since the pines in their neighborhood were "chiefly saplings," the King's Surveyor had done nothing as yet to get the people "haired up," and they were "perfectly inclinable" to give the King their warmest loyalty. That of course was because the King had not yet got athwart their hawse. The fact that Machias now had upwards of 150 Fighting Males was not to say that she would turn her back on George III in the hour of his need.

Yet there were still those few who "though not so peaceable were very industrious" and who as we see by a Memorial to Governor Hutchinston, have "at divers times put his Majesty's peaceable subjects in great Bodily fear." These reckless souls have indeed been rioting and pulling down their neighbors' buildings, to say nothing of beating and abusing people who opposed them . . . And the Constable still not appointed, and the Jail, mind you, still 70 miles away, and impossible to reach after the heavy snows had fallen.

In which situation, the Memorialists said sadly, one Jeremiah O'Brien and a few of his misguided friends did attack the Civil Magistrate (an out-and-out King's man); did throw him on the ground, and so beat and bruise him that he can no longer go about his "common business," and must, in plain

Chapter XLIV

Land Titles

Hatred of the customs officer though shown in the case of Arthur Savage of Falmouth, was not the chief cause of the revolutionary spirit in Maine. The Stamp Act and Writs of Assistance loomed larger in Boston than on the banks of the Kennebec. The Maine borderers were much more concerned about the King's arbitrary claim to their woods, and his insisting on holding up logging operations until mast-pines could be marked with the Broad Arrow.

Thus in 1772 we find the King's deputy surveyor writing to Governor Hutchinson at Boston that "the poeple in general were prepossessed with very strange notions, one of which was that I was coming down with an armed force to dispossess them, and burn their mills."

And the governor writes to the Lords of Trade and Plantation in London that although new people are all the time swarming east of the Kennebec —"150 new families are going out upon it next Spring"—the question of land title is "a subject of controversy in the courts of law", and has been for the last quarter of a century.

The uneasiness of Maine people over titles is best shown in the petition of the inhabitants of Boothbay which points out to His Gracious Majesty, that Colonel Dunbar, way back in 1731, had settled them there as tenants of the Crown; and so having, as they thought the promise of the King, they "proceeded to build us little hutts, and to clear and cultivate, as we were able, an inhospitable desert, in the midst of savage beasts and still more savage men."

Dunbar was thrown out, but his settlers were still in possession of the lands, "though always oppressed with every kind of hardship horrible to humanity on earth." They were 200 miles, they said, from any market (there they exaggerated); and "a little shell-fish called clams, dug out of the mud at low water, was our only food." Then the Indians came murdering and burning, and the settlers were forced to "pen up our families in a little garrison of our own building" and "scalping or captivity was frequently the fate of some, and ever the expectation of us all."

In the face of such hardships and terrors, the settlers held their ground, but after peace came, they were bedeviled by swarms of men who cama claiming title to these very lands by pretended Indian deeds, ancient occupations and the like, so that the settlers were compelled in some cases to buy their lands three times over, "from three opposite setts of competing claimers." And how to find hard money for such purchases it would be hard to say, since they "still live very poor," mostly by cutting down fire-wood and carrying it to Boston.

And these Boothbay petitioners were careful to assure His Majesty that "they had never taken part in any of the seditious proceedings for which many . . . have rendered themselves just obnoxious to your royal displeasure" . . . And they continue, "Therefore as loyal and affectionate subjects to the best of Kings (George III) who have for more than 40 years without aid from any but Almighty God, possessed and defended a remote part of Your Majesty's dominions . . . permit us, Great Sire, to cast ourselves, our wives and helpless little ones, at Your Majesty's royal feet, humbly to implore a share in that princely tenderness that so strongly bespeaks a father's heart."

But this petition to quiet titles, written by so powerful a pen, and signed by those various McCobbs, Barters, Alleys, Reeds, Wileys, Murrays, Pink-

hams, Lewises, Beaths, Montgomerys, etc., whose descendants live in the Boothbay Region today,—this loyal petition seems to have been totally disregarded by the King, since when the Tea Party took place in Boston, Boothbay, in unanimous town meeting, "suspended the use of that baneful herb," and voted that "they were firmly determined to part

Chapter XLV

Brush With The Customs

The revolution was coming closer, and the custom house laws had much to do with it. The customs were obnoxious. When the Massachusetts governor, Thomas Hutchinson, refused to sign a tax bill because it did not exempt customs officers from taxation, the House of Representatives told him flatly "they knew of no such officers."

The Crown, in the opinion of the House, had no right to any revenue whatever in this province; and the unjust assertion of such a right "stank of the prerogative." Massachusetts was getting tired of her King.

The only custom house in Maine was at Falmouth (old Portland) and Tory informers brought the news to it that a certain schooner in the harbor was smuggling goods ashore in defiance of the revenue laws.

Arthur Savage, comptroller of the customs, ordered the revenue-cutter to seize this schooner. (This was in November, 1771.) The consequences were dire. As Arthur Savage was "setting in his house at Falmouth" with his nephew William, some preson "gave a violent stroke at the door of the house."

Nephew William took a candle, and went and unbolted the door. Those outside rushed to the narrow entry; and says Arthur Savage: "Turning me head towards the door, I see a number of disguised persons entering."

They cried out that they had come to have Savage tell them who was the informer. He wouldn't say. Whereupon they laid hold of him and hauled him out into the street. Arthur Savage called out to his nephew William to call neighbor Ben Titcomb, who lived across the street; and when Titcomb came, the unlucky customs officer cried out to him: "Release me from the grip of these villains."

Neighbor Titcomb was of no service to him whatever, but told him frankly that if he knew which side his bread was buttered on, he would give the name of the informer.

Mr. Savage wouldn't do it, and his captors hauled him down a dark lane leading to the river, "where no house is"—but water enough to drown him handily, if he wanted to think of it in that light. Every now and then they stopped. and "with horrid oaths and threatenings" asked for the name of the informer.

Savage persisted in refusing to reveal it. It was against his wish to reveal it, and against his duty to reveal it. In short, he would not reveal it. Let them rip him up and tear him crosswise, he would not tell them the name of that informer.

He asked his tormentors whether he had ever injured one of them in any way, and they said no, but the name of the informer they must have. And having by now hustled him along "to the extreme parts of the town," they suddenly yelled out all together, like a parcel of wild Indians, and pressed close around him, and their leader shoved a "pistol" against the collector's ribs, and shouted, "By the living God, you must let us know, or take the consequences."

And then, by what dismal light there was, the badgered man saw that three or four more pistols were levelled at him, whereupon he saw that discretion would be the better part of valor, and gave them the information they wanted.

They made him swear to it twice; told him they would certainly kill him if he blabbed about this transaction; shot off two or three pistols in the air to prove the sincerity of their intentions; and left him in the street opposite his house.

Next day Mr. Savage told his story to the justices then sitting in Falmouth, who all agreed it was a high-handed riot, and said they would issue warrants against any who could be identified. But the collector could not say who the persons were, and "having reasons to think his life in danger," fled to Boston, where he lived with his family in poverty,—an early Tory casualty in the path of the "high sons of liberty."

CHAPTER I

The Broad Arrow Again

All through the 18th century, the pine-tree laws in Maine were violated; and from Maine's point of view, perhaps these laws were a leading cause of the revolutionary spirit.

Lumbering was Maine's great trade; and on the whole it was more profitable to cut lumber than masts. So the illicit chopping went on everywhere; and shingle and clapboard makers descended on the woods like locusts, chopping into trees big enough for masts merely to see if they split well; and if they didn't, leaving them to die, "to the great detriment of His Majesty's Navy."

The law said that no trees 24 inches or more in diameter were to be felled; these either had the King's Broad Arrow or would have it, when the King's Surveyor could get around to make his survey. So when the lumberman did fall these trees, they cut them into boards 22 and 23 inches wide, "but almost never the damning 24" says Robert P. Albion, in his Forests and Sea Power.

And adds that some cutters even marked pines with the Broad Arrow themselves, to scare away rivals.

The truth is, lumbering was the very life and soul of the early Maine settlers; and the King's Broad Arrow came to little or nothing in the remote wildernesses of the Androscoggin or Machias. The King's master of the woods might prosecute all he pleased, the colonial courts turned a deaf ear to his pleas. This was as hard a prohibition to enforce as the later liquor prohibition.

And naturally, Since lumbering was the first and greatest support of the people of Maine. Ther was more profit in lumber than in fish. And there was more colonizing in it. It was Maine's forests that beckoned to new settlers.

At first lumbering had been confined to the region between Kittery and Falmouth. But in 1762 Maine had one of the great fires which from time to time through her history have blackened her hopes. It swept for 50 miles through the woods, turned Portsmouth and Falmouth pine lumbering to ashes, and only died on the shores of Casco Bay.

Lumbermen had to move east. They went farther up the Kennebec and the Penobscot. As early as 1764 a sawmill was set up at Machias, whose first inhabitants were careful to say that the pinetrees in that neighborhood were not fit for masts, "they being what is called saplings."

All these woodsmen had felt the heavy hand of the King's mast-agent; and when war came, they knew that there was no better way to cripple the King's Navy than to refuse to let it have Maine masts.

At Bath still a part of George town when the battle of Lexington was fought, on April 19, 1775, two King's ships were lying in the river at Jones' Eddy, waiting to take masts from the King's dock, as the cove was called where the mast-pines were rafted.

Dummer Sewall, one of the chief men of Bath at that time, had lately circulated an enlistment paper for a company of Minute Men. "We the subscribers do hearby acknowledge ourselves enlisted Minute Men and do hold ourselves in rediness whensoever there shall be a call for our services and to use our best endeavour to learn the military arte."

It was probably these Minute Men on whom Sewall called when the news of Lexington arrived. Fifty of them approached the King's Dock, where King's men were hewing away at the mast-pines with adzes and broad-axes; and Dummer Sewall, stepping on the round of a mast, called these words: "In the name of the People of America, I command you not to strike another blow."

It was perhaps the first time in our history that Americans had been spoken of as something different from the British.

The workmen dropped their tools, and rowed away to the two King's ships, which forthwith left the river.

CHAPTER II

Col. Samuel Thompson

The King's mast agent at Bath, Edward Parry, was known as an "urbane" man, smooth of speech, and full of makeshift. He promised Dummer Sewall's party that no masts should be shipped; and all might have been as "peaceful as a sea-pie," had not Col. Samuel Thompson arrived from Brunswick with an armed party of 20 men. He seized the person of Mr. Parry, and forced him to give a 2,000 pound bond, the said Parry to remain in Bath until they got word from the Provincial Congress what to do with him.

He also had to pay a small sum for the refreshment of the Colonel and his men.

Colonel Thompson was a portly man, fierce in looks when he wanted to be, and sometimes very witty. When somebody complained that he had no education, he snapped: "Good, but perhaps I can furnish ideas to those who have." A lawyer told him that if he had had an education, he would have been a great man. Thompson turned on this man with a black frown, and roared: "If I had your education, sir, I could put you in my pocket."

As early as 1757, Thompson was a member of the Brunswick train-band, and no doubt studied military matters hard, since in November, 1774, he was elected Captain of the town's Military Company, and headed the Committee of Safety. He was also a member of the Massachusetts Provincial Congress, which ordered him to arrest Parry.

Unquestionably Thompson was a patriot. Ten days after Lexington he wrote from Brunswick to the Committee of Safety at Cambridge: "We are all staunch for the Country, except three men; and one of them is deserted and the other two are in irons. Sir, as powder and guns is much wanted in this Eastern parts, and also Provisions. Pray, Sir, have your thoughts something in this matter, against I arrive."

Yes, Thompson was a high son of liberty, but he was impetuous and noisy, and many of his acts were highly injudicious. He seized one Vincent Woodside, and tried to force him to renounce British rule, but finding Woodside stubborn, buried him in the ground up to his neck, and left him to his friends to find and dig up again. This punishment was nowhere in the code book.

Such being the character of the man, we are not surprised to find that to him primarily must be laid the destruction of old Portland by the British Naval Captain, Henry Mowatt.

Encouraged by the receipt of a barrel of powder from Cambridge, Colonel Thompson thought he would have no great trouble in laying alongside the King's ship Canceaux, and taking it with a little brisk hand-to-hand fighting. This was Mowatt's ship, and he had dropped his hook in Portland harbor to protect the loading of a new mast-ship owned by Thomas Coulson.

Now the chairman of old Portland's Committee of Correspondence was a man quite as fierce for liberty as Sam Thompson himself, — namely the redoubtable General Jedidiah Preble. But when Preble got wind of this scheme of the upstart Brunswick, he was opposed to it.

No better patriot lived than General Preble; and it was about this time that he abandoned the Episcopal Church, because its Parson Wiswell insisted on praying for the King and the Royal Family. The General took seats for himself and family "under the droppings" of Parson Thomas Smith's Congregational eloquence.

Nevertheless he had not forsaken all his caution. He sent a Forest Express to Brunswick to tell Thompson to drop this mad plan of capturing the frigate, which, whether it failed or succeeded, would "lay a foundation for the destruction of this town." Desist . . . desist.

But desist was not a word in Thompson's rash vocabulary of action.

CHAPTER III

Kidnaped

Col. Samuel Thompson gave up the idea of tackling the frigate; but he still thought it might be well to kidnap her captain.

There is not much electricity in a ship's deck, and seamen prefer to take their exercise on land. Captain Mowatt had the habit of getting himself rowed ashore, somewhere in the vicinity of Munjoy Hill, for his daily stretch; and on May 10, 1775, he was walking there, with the ship's doctor and Parson Wiswell, when some of Colonel Thompson's men rushed him and took him prisoner.

The colonel had landed his men there in the night and hidden them in the trees. They had no uniforms, but each man wore a sprig of evergreen in his hat, and standard of the party was a spruce pole, with the foliage left in a tuft at the top.

Captain Hogg, sailing-master of the Canceaux, learning of the capture, clapped springs on his cables and turned his ship so that her guns would bear on the town. He sent word ashore that if the gentlemen were not released, he would fire.

Colonel Thompson, who stuttered when excited, answered this threat by yelling: "F-fire away . . . F-fire away. Every gun you fire, I will cut off a joint."

Meaning, apparently, a joint of Captain Mowatt.

Captain Hogg, undaunted—or perhaps willing to have his superior disjointed — fired twice. They were blank shots, but, wrote Jedidiah Preble to the Provincial Congress, they "frightened the Woman & Children to such a degree, that some crawled under wharfs; some ran down Cellar; and some out of Town, Such a Shocking Scene was never presented to View here."

Captain Mowatt begged to be allowed to go back on board his ship for the night, and pawned his word of honor that he would come back in the morning at the time appointed.

Colonel Thompson agreed to this, provided the Brigadier Preble and one other would also give their word of honor, that if the British captain broke his word, they would deliver themselves up and stand by the consequences.

It was a foolish business altogether. In place of coming ashore himself, Captain Mowatt sent a letter saying that his man, going on shore early with some dirty linen for the washing-woman had heard one of Thompson's soldiers say that when that British captain came ashore, "he should have what was in his Piece"—namely a bullet.

So now Colonel Thompson had to consider what "standing by the consequences" meant for Brigadier Preble and his friend, —great word with the colonel, who had a hearty appetite, was "refreshment" and so he decided that General Preble must furnish the militia with some barrels of bread, some cheeses, and two barrels or rum.

This the General did, to the tune of 13 or 14 pounds lawful money. The swaggering colonel then sent a bill for time and expense which came to over 158 pounds, but this the sponsors refused to pay.

The high-handed Thompson then seized some boats, took a "small matter of cash" from Captain Pote, and "brought one man on his knees" for speaking disrespecfully of the militia.

General Preble wrote the Provincial Congress that had the colonel succeeded, it must have proved "the destruction of this town and the Country back."

His failure no less brought destruction. Captain Mowatt came back in October and laid the town in ashes.

CHAPTER IV

Destruction Of Portland

Capt. Henry Mowatt, for all his blustering, no doubt had a secret sense of shame at having broken his word of honor and forfeited his title to the name of gentleman. Nevertheless he burned to revenge himself on a Portland which had made a prisoner of him so ludicrously.

And he soon got his opportunity. It arose over that vital question of masts for the King's Navy. Captain Mowatt reported to his superior, Admiral Graves, that the men of Falmouth no longer permitted the loading of mast pines. Graves said, if they persisted in that contrary course, he would "send a ship or ships and beat down the town about their ears."

He did precisely that. It was on a dread Friday the 13th of October that Mowatt's fleet appeared on the horizon; and two days later it entered the harbor, and formed a line of battle close against the town.

Mowatt was not likely to risk his skin ashore a second time; but he sent an officer in his private barge with a letter to the people. A crowd of anxious citizens followed this man into the Town House, where Lawyer Theophilus Bradbury, standing in the Judge's seat, read the dread communication out loud in a dumfounded voice.

The men of Falmouth were disloyal to the King, they had committed crimes against their government, they had put themselves beyond the pale, and must be punished by the destruction of their town. So said Captain Mowatt, making heavy weather with his spelling, but getting his point over clearly enough. He concluded: "I warn you to move without delay the human specie out of said town, for which purpose I give you the time of two hours."

What wonder if poor Parson Smith should note in his diary under that date—"A solemn time." A solemn time indeed. It is said that even Captain Mowatt himself shed tears at the harsh necessity of his act; but if they were tears, then they were the "iron tears of Pluto," in the opinion of his victims.

Brigadier Preble and a few others waited on Mowatt, and succeeded in getting him to put off the destruction till the next morning. He would delay the blow, he said, if the people would deliver up to him a proportion of their small arms and delay it further, if they would send him out four of their cannon.

The small arms were yielded

up, but not the cannon. By this time the sons of liberty were beating drums and firing alarms in the back-country; and some country militia companies came into Falmouth declaring that if the town submitted, they would burn it to ashes themselves before the Britisher could do it. Jedediah Preble and his friends were emphatically between the devil and the deep blue sea.

And so all night long the "human specie" were pouring out of town, women of quality along with the others hurrying their babies and finery into countrymen's carts, "never asking their names though strangers; and then at 9.30 next morning, at the raising of a red flag to the mast-head of Mowatt's ship, and when the streets were still full of furniture, oxen, and horses, the bombs and fire-streaming carcasses came falling into town, and knocking buildings sideways.

A fire-shell fell near the meeting house, and a man tossed it away "with the muzzle of his gun"; but there was no plan for defense. There was not so much as an hour's supply of powder in town; and when Mowatt, growing impatient at the slowness of the spread of fire, sent 100 marines ashore, they lighted their torches and fired houses at will. They had their way as completely as the red-hot cannon-ball that went through Deacon Codman's house at the corner of Middle and Temple Streets; and by night three quarters of the town was nothing better than a pinch of ashes.

So it was that King George III thought he could bring his "loving subjects" to their senses. But unfortunately for that monarch, there were too many Jedediah Prebles in their midst. When roused, they would be found to have that "touch of the Brigadier" which carried everything before it.

CHAPTER V

Which Side To Take?

Things were "in a sad toss" as Parson Smith would say, after the destruction of old Falmouth. King's men beat a hasty retreat from that place of ruin. Parson Wiswell withdrew, and left the Episcopal Church without a head. High Sheriff William Tyng—he who had once offered to run his friend Jedidiah Preble through the body with his sword—took his stand as a loyalist and fled to New York.

Jedidiah himself was a true son of liberty, but because of ill health, refused the command of the American Army which George Washington later accepted. Jedidiah was "so exercised with the gout that he could not wear his shoes." He had also lost under Mowatt's guns the most substantial fortune in old Portland.

All through the District of Maine there were suspicions and accusations, and things were in a boil generally. One Jonathan Hicks, picked up in Arundel, said he "owned his general conduct has been such as the people for liberty call a Tory, but still he says he is against the oppressive acts." But a man in such parlous times cannot blow hot and cold, and Mr. Hicks was sent away and jailed in Concord.

In Wiscasset, there was a deposition that Abiel Wood, merchant, had said publicly that "most of the Congress were Damned Villains" and furthermore that "Hancock, Adams and the rest had acted out of selfish views in destroying the tea" at that famous Boston Tea Party.

Abiel Wood replied that while in fact he had "disapproved of the Destruction of the Tea," he nevertheless was determined to stand by his Country so long as he had "Life and one Farthing of interest in it"; and if he has done or said anything "unfrindly" he hopes it will be imputed to error in judgment and not design.

His neighbors seem to have been satisfied by his promise to make amends by his future conduct.

Whole towns sometimes came under a cloud. Partridgefield, for instance, would not pay its tax to the Provincial Congress, and wrote: "This Town is but New . . . and the Generality of Us are people of Low Fortunes. We would be as free with our money as with our Men if we had it and could possibly Spare it."

The Eastern Indians were in doubt which side to take, and after all the talk that had been drummed into their ears about their "loving King" who had such a warm affection for the red brother, who can wonder if the Indians now were puzzled to hear George III called a tyrant and a wicked man.

The Provincial Congress wrote the Indians: "We by standing together shall make them wicked men afraid, and overcome them, and all be free men. Our liberty and you liberty is the same, we are Brothers and what is for our good is for your good."

And the Congress added that clothing and warlike stores will be forwarded to the Indians with all speed.

Enough surely to give the 100-year red foe something to scratch his head over; and it is not surprising if it was flying news in Falmouth that "there were a number of Indians of Androscoggin River consulting what Side to take, but could not agree among themselves."

Later, as we learn by a letter from James Bowdoin, Governor of Massachusetts, to General Washington, the Penobscot Indians and the MicMacs of Nova Scotia seemed willing to join the American forces, provided a little "hard money" could be found for the support of their families while they were away fighting; and it is further known that some Indians went to Quebec with Benedict Arnold. That General's later treason must surely have knocked these poor fellows into the middle of next week, and had them "looking both ways for Sunday."

CHAPTER VI

Battle At Machias

To Machias goes the honor of Maine's first pitched battle with the British in 1776; little Machias with its 80 families and its 150 fighting males, and its formidable Jerry O'Brien who had mauled a King's magistrate four years before, heading that faction that was "not so peaceable."

Two months after the battle of Lexington, Captain Ichabod Jones came home to Machias in his trading-sloop, Unity. Her hold was full of bread, pork, fish and beans, without which his fellow-citizens must have starved; but before he would open his hatches for tradng purposes, he tried to get the people to sign a paper binding them to let him take lumber back to Boston; lumber to make barracks for the King's troops.

Ichabod was a prosperous merchant, and probably not the greatest patriot alive, but yet perhaps he was not altogether on the King's side either. He was neutral, at a moment when neutrality was dangerous—since he who would not take sides had everybody for his enemy.

Yet perhaps he might have won his point, and filled the holds of his two sloops with lumber for Boston—his argument being that lumber was their only money, and that if they didn't send lumber they must starve to death—but unluckily for him, the citizens had already heard of the battle of Lexington. The shot had been fired that had been heard round the world, and Machias had raised a liberty-pole.

Captain Moor of the King's tender Margaretta ordered them to take it down. They refused. The Margaretta was the British fighting ship, armed with 16 swivels, which had convoyed Captain Jones' sloops to Machias. Captain Jones, the neutral, persuaded his British friend to stay his hand until a town meeting could be held and the people induced to reverse their obstinate stand about the liberty pole.

Next day was Sunday, and the town seethed with argument. The Margaretta had iron persuaders of a different kind; and it was Lord Nelson a few decades later who said that "if negotiations are to succeed, force must be at hand, and in a situation to act."

Force of this kind the Margaretta's Captain had, but there was a fury of spiritual force against him that might outweigh the iron in the cannon's mouth. Benjamin Foster, who owned a sawmill, and as a youth had been a soldier at the siege of Louisburg, jumped across a little brook, and called on all to follow him, who wanted to capture the Margaretta and the two sloops of Ichabod. The O'Briens were right at his heels, and many others.

It was Sunday; but "the better the day, the better the deed" in the opinion of Ben Foster. The English officers would come to church, and these "not so peaceable" sons of Machias could seize them at their devotions.

But the plan miscarried. The day was warm, the church windows were open, and the preacher's servant, London Atus—the ancestor of all the Atuses in America—from his perch high in the negro pew saw a band of armed men approach-

ing, gave a frightened cry, and jumped out of the window.

The two Jones and Captain Moor followed him through the same window. Captain Jones hid in the woods, Captain Moor got back aboard the Margaretta, and sent this message on shore: "That he had express orders to protect Captain Jones... and that if the people presumed to stop Captain Jones' vessels, he, Captain Moor, would burn the town."

In the teeth of this threat, Foster and his men took possession of the two Jones sloops. But the Margaretta, as if stupefied by this transaction, lay out in the stream and withheld her fire.

CHAPTER VII

Capture Of The King's Tender

The patriots of Machias lined the shore opposite the Margaretta, and called out to her to surrender to America." That was a new sound in the ears of British captains; and the tender's skipper called back, "Fire and be hanged to you."

The people on shore fired, and the tender returned this fire, still not using her cannon, and slipping her cable, went downstream, stayed the night lashed to a small stoop commanded by one Captain Toby; and in the morning, taking Toby out of his sloop for a pilot, made all sail to get off, as wind and tide favored.

At this inglorious retreat, the Americans were all on fire to give chase. Forty of them, under the command of Capt. Jeremiah O'Brien, swarmed aboard Ichabod's sloop Unity. A few had guns, for which there was only a round or two of ammunition; the rest brought pitchforks and narrow axes. After they were under way, they built breastworks of pine boards, to screen them from the fire of the enemy.

A more unequal fight there could hardly be, than this between the sloop Unity which had no guns, and the schooner Margaretta, which had sixteen, between the handful of undisciplined Americans and the schooner's veteran crew. But the sheer courage of the O'Briens was a blaze of fire in which the British were shriveled up.

Captain Moor hailed the Unity and told her plainly to keep off or he would fire. It availed him nothing. He cut the boats from his stern, and made all the said he could; but at best the Margaretta was a dull sailor, and the Unity came up with her.

Captain Moor lost his vessel and his life by not using the heavy guns while the sloop was at long range. Then, with the weight of metal he carried, he could have knocked her out of the water, he could have pounded her into stove wood. But it seemed impossible for him to realize that he was in a fight to the death.

He opend fire half-heartedly with his muskets, and killed one of the Unity's men. The two vessels then came so close that John O'Brien, brother of Jerry, made a great leap and jumped onto the Margaretta's quarterdeck. Seven muskets were fired at him, but he bore a charmed life; and when those seven musketeers charged him with fixed bayonets, he gave a wild-cat screech to unnerve them, and jumped into the water.

His brother picked him up; and just then the Margaretta helmsman was shot in the heart, the ship broached to, and Captain O'Brien ran the bowsprit of his sloop spang through her mainsail. His ammunition was all gone; but twenty of his men boarded the King's ship armed with pitchforks.

Pitchforks, yes; but they were mightly pitchforks, forged by Ben Foster's brother, Wooden Foster, on his anvil, and set on a stout ash pole. Captain Moor had already fallen, mortally wounded; and the sight of those oncoming pitchforks was too much for the midshipman Stillingfleet, who was second in command. He "absconded himself away" in the hold of the ship and gave up. Pitchforks in that short terrific battle were more than bayonets; and in no time at all the Americans were ready to secure their prize.

They had lost two men, but they had taken the Margaretta captive. This was on June 12, 1775, and was certainly the first naval contest of the Revolution, and indeed the second fight of any kind. Only Lexington and Concord had preceded it; Bunker Hill was still to come.

Two weeks later the Provincial Congress passed a vote of thanks to Captain O'Brien, Captain Foster and their men for this exploit, and gave into their keeping the captured vessel and the two sloops Unity and Polly. Captain Ichabod Jones' neutrality had lost him these valuable properties.

March To Quebec

Benedict Arnold's name is black in our history because of his treason; but nobody can argue away his courage, resourcefulness and genius as a soldier and leader of men. And these were never better shown than in his celebrated march to Quebec, so well described by Maine's Kenneth Roberts in his fine novel Arundel.

The march—it was at first a boat journey up the Kennebec—began September 11, 1775, and so was one of the early enterprises of the war. Maine's only roads were rivers; but to a man up to his neck in the cold October water of the Kennebec, this river must have seemed the very sloppiest of roads.

And only too often the soldiers of the expedition were up to their necks, struggling through boiling rapids, straining at the ropes with which they pulled along the bateaux piled with their provisions and ammunition.

At the Great Carrying Place, where they left the Kennebec and grappled for the Dead River, the portaging of provisions was no longer any great imposition, since they were nearly out of them. They had killed all their cattle, and were beginning on the dogs; and they had long since thrown their casks of spoiled bread to the red gods of the river bottom.

"Our bill of fare was the jawbone of a swine" wrote young Dr. Isaac Senter.

At this time he and his men were lost, searching for the Chaudiere River, and even his guide got frightened at the hunger and fatigue everywhere, at this mass of skeleton shapes toppling through bog and swamp. "We proceeded," says Senter "with as little knowledge of where we were, or where we should get to, as if we had been in the unknown interior of Africa or the deserts of Arabia."

Rain fell in ramrods; the Dead River rose and flooded all the lowland; they were forced to fell big trees to bridge foaming torrents which only yesterday were rivulets.

"It is doubtful" says Roberts in his March To Quebec, "if their sufferings ... have ever been equalled in the history of military adventures." The bottoms were knocked out of their boats; they ate roots, made soup out of moccasins, boiled their moosehide breeches and then broiled them on the coals and ate them.

Dog-meat was a luxury, and when they had eaten the last dog, they "collected the bones and carried them to be pounded up to make broth for another meal." Dazed soldiers were killed by the fall of trees in a high wind, half-drowned by the rush of contrary currents. To add to their misgivings, they kept meeting boats coming back filled with men of the head division, who had petered out, or fallen victims to the prevalent disease of swollen joints. They licked their lips and said the country ahead was dreadful beyond anything, and could not be penetrated.

The men who were still whole passed them and drove on. Half mad with hunger, they nibbled at shaving-soap, lip salve and shoe-leather. Dr. Senter lost his medicine-box in a rapid; but he still had a lancet in his pocket, and could treat all sickness by the popular method of letting blood. But starving men needed another sort of cure.

"Finally a "timorous party" developed. As the soldier in Arundel said: "If it's sure death to go some place, you're more use to your country if you don't go there, ain't you?"

It wasn't a case of fight and run away, because they hadn't come to the fight yet. At the end of these present miseries was only the grim prospect of taking by storm the well-nigh impregnable Quebec—and with 5 rounds of ammunition apiece, the rest having deteriorated. The timorous party under Col. Roger Enos turned back, numbering 350 men; the fighting men, 550 of them, went forward under Arnold, chewing willow bark. One Arundel character said of Enos: "I hope he rots away, a little at a time, starting now, or dies plenty painful."

The expedition got to Quebec but never took it. The commanding general came over from Montreal and got killed, and Arnold, wounded in the leg, ordered his pistols loaded and a sword on his bed, "meaning to kill as many as possible if they came into the room." He was a fighting fool, but there's still no denying that he was on his way to be a traitor all the time.

CHAPTER IX

Penobscot Expedition

The British in June, 1779, invaded the Peninsula of Majabagaduce (Castine) with 900 men and built a fort there. The Colonies laid siege to it.

The old abode of the Baron St. Castine had known already "the drums and tramplings of three conquests"—more than three, indeed—but never such a siege by land and water as was now to be its portion. The fleet of the fighting Colonies was likened in its day to the Spanish Armada, and came to fully as disastrous an end as the armada.

Beginning with July, the Board of War and the Council at Boston were full of business. They were buying rum and blankets for the Indian allies, "camp kittles and axes for 600 men at Falmouth, 487 gallons of New England rum for the men on the Black Prince and the Hector, Salem ships which were going on "the expidison," though very much against their owners' notion of the fitness of things.

Everything is commandeered, willy nilly. "Take beef, pork, flour and bread where you can get it. Have it appraised, and the amount shall be paid to the owners. Hereof fail not." Again, "a quantity of alewives is in a suffering condition for want of salt.'...Supply the salt. Haste. Haste is the word. The flagship Warren lacks 70 seamen. "If you cannot enlist these, here is a warrant to any constable, to impress the men for the purpose aforesaid. Assure the men they shall be released as soon as the expedition is over." Assure them, but get them aboard. Snatch them aboard by the hair of the head, if necessary.

And, let alone impressing seamen, impress whole ships, if you have to. Herein fail not. Do the owners of the ships Hector and Black Prince refuse to hire these ships out to the expedition? . . . Then the sheriff of Essex County is empowered "to impress said ships" with all tackle, apparel and furniture. And if seamen are still lacking, the sheriff has the right to "break open and search any dwelling house in which you shall suspect such seamen to be concealed."

And then if a ship is lacking ammunition, "take from the public magazine ten barrels of good merchantable gunpowder for use of the expedition."

Is money lacking? Articles of war cannot be got without cash. The Board of War writes to the council: "We must apply to your honors for 90,000 pounds more for said expedition. This is for land power only; the ships will take more yet..."

Ships of high and low degree; fighting ships, transports. Clear out the sloop called the Terrible, John Whitmore, master, bound with provisions for the Kennebec River. Clear the grain out of her, and the cows and sheep and hogs, and let her sail with the armada. Load round shot aboard, but do not bother about beds. The troops are to be on shipboard but a short time, and spruce boughs will answer well enough for the men to lie on. The action of Majabagaduce (Castine) will shine as brilliantly in the annals of the infant United States as Saratoga or Charlestown.

The commanding officer of the land forces was General Solomon Lovell, "a true old Roman character" with courage like a lion—but he had never had command of such a body of troops before. A Weymouth farmer who had got his experience by parading with the militia. Dudley Saltonstall of New Haven was commodore of the fleet of 19 fighting ships and 24 transports, but "the command of a fleet did not set easy upon his shoulders, though he could fight a very good battle in a single ship."

And in charge of the artillery was no less a man than Lt. Col. Paul Revere—"one if by land and two if by sea"—but on the strength of this campaign against Castine his name would hardly have rung through the ages.

So the great armada got under way and Captain Allen Hallet in the armed brig Active was sent on ahead to find out the strength and motions of the enemy at Penobscot, and report to the American fleet and army,

CHAPTER X

Siege Of Bagaduce

General Peleg Wadsworth, who was second in command of the army, later wrote that "had the General and the commodore kept upon a good understanding with each other . . . they had probably stormed and carried the enemy's post."

But in sad truth, and not for the last time in amphibious operations, the army and the navy could agree on nothing. When the great flotilla lay before the Castine headland, the question, "Where to land?" naturally came up. The captains of the navy thought that question out of their province, and left the matter to the officers of the army, who concluded to land at the bluff on the western side of the peninsula. For, guarding the eastern shore were the three enemy ships of that blackguard Captain Henry Mowatt, who had destroyed Falmouth.

"Our landing on Bagaduce (Castine) might have been called brilliant, had the event been fortunate," General Wadsworth later said. But the event was far from fortunate. Two hundred militia and 200 marines scaled the heights, losing a quarter of their number in the space of 20 minutes, but consolidating their position.

Had the rest of the expedition now been landed at once, the fort might have been stormed. It was only a quarter of a mile away, not yet half built, and the British General McLean later confessed that he would have surrendered on demand, since from the size of our fleet, it looked to him as if about 3,000 colonials had come to attack him.

But General Lovell could not know what was in General McLean's mind. Furthermore, he intercepted dispatches coming to the British general, which said that 3,000 troops were on their way to reinforce him.

This was enough to take the wind out of General Lovell's sails. By now he had made up his mind that the fort could not be carried by storm. There were 1,000 veteran soldiers and marines inside it, and Lovell himself had only a scant 1,000 undisciplined militia, with, as he noted regretfully, "too many boys and old men in the ranks."

He wrote to the Board of War at Boston for 500 hand-grenades and some fire-shells. These of course would be a long time reaching Bagaduce; and General George Washington had already sent word to the Massachusetts Council that the British admiral, Sir George Collier, had left New York with seven men of war and would probably head for the Penobscot.

Time was absolutely of the essence; yet General Lovell, on the heights of Bagaduce, budged not. He wrote: "We often effect that by degrees which cannot be done at once" and seems to have thought that he could wear the enemy down by just staying where he was.

A Council of War on the commodore's flagship Warren said no to going up the river and destroying Captain Henry Mowatt's three ships, unless at the same time General Lovell would storm the fort from the rear, and keep it "amused" so that it would have no time to turn its guns on our ships.

But the general's Council of War said no to storming the fort. The Boston Board of War sent an express to the general by sea. Instructions to the express were: "Put this packet of papers in a small bag with a stone of 3 or 4 pound weight that in case you shall be taken by the enemy it may be sunk directly—but not to be sunk till last extremity."

The express got through, and General Lovell read: "Attack without delay or retreat as quick as possible to some more secure post. Your situation is very critical. Something must be hazarded and speedily, too. Delay may operate to your destruction."

But by this time, Lt. Col. Paul Revere was in favor of giving up the siege, so many of the fleet's sailors had deserted. As for the soldiers, the general wrote: "They are so averse to service, and the woods in which we are encamped so very thick, that on an alarm, nearly one-fourth part of the army are skulked out of the way and concealed."

So in place of action, there were more debates and bickerings between the army and the navy—until suddenly the dread topsails of Sir George Collier's fleet were seen on the horizon, and the jig was up.

CHAPTER XI

Retreat From Bagaduce

Only a day or two before the arrival of Sir George Collier in the Penobscot, General Lovell, "that old Roman character," had given his troops a taste of old-fashioned battle oratory "My Soldiers," he said, straddling the ground in front of them, "we must ride triumphant over the rough diabolical Torrent of Slavery, and the Monsters sent to Rivet its Chains. Is there a man able to bear arms here that would hide his Face in the day of Battle? Is there an American of this Character?"

He made it plain to them that such an American there could not be (although he had written the Board of War that a fourth part of his army was skulking in the woods); and went on to say: "Let us strike terror to the pride of Britain; we shall then return crowned with Laurels. Let after ages say, pointing to the heights of Majabagaduce — 'There landed the American Troops. There did they stand like men inspired, there did they fight, and fighting, some few fell, the rest still fighting conquered.'"

But alas, fair words butter no parsnips; and in spite of all these glowing sentiments, the old Roman did not order the attack.

And now here was Sir George Collier with a Fleet of 200 guns and 1,500 men, and the prospect of attack turned into the certainty of flight, mad and precipitous. General Peleg Wadsworth skillfully embarked the Expeditionary Force during the night; and the transports were "sailed, rowed and towed" up to the foot of the Narrows of the Penobscot, between Orphan Island and the western shore.

Commodore Dudley Saltonstall drew up his fleet in a crescent, and seemed in the mood to fight it out against Sir George's heavy broadsides. But this brave mood was for the moment only, and then Saltonstall's order to his Captains was: "Each shift for himself."

And so the armed vessels, which were faster, forged up river and left the transports unprotected. Their crews ran them ashore, set them afire, and let the soldiers plunge into unfamiliar woods in disorganized squads. General Lovell sent word to Colonel Revere to get his artillery up to the head of the river, and fortify the riverbank with it. Colonel Revere sent word back that the Brigantine with the artillery had just been burnt, likewise the transports with the digging tools.

General Lovell in a huff said he would get artillery out of his men of war, and went aboard the commodore's flagship, Warren. The commodore was busy being chased up river by two enemy ships which came on so fast that he decided to burn his own ship. General Lovell begged him by all that was powerful not to do it.

The commodore said to George Little, second lieutenant of the brigantine Hazard: "What else can I do?"

Little replied bitterly: "You have done nothing yet. Why didn't you fire your stern chasers coming up river to cover the transports?" To which the commodore replied: "What good would it have done, the enemy would only fire again."

Lieutenant Little, a fiery soul, called out to the commodore to get springs on his cables, and get his 18-pounders on one side and defend the ship as long as possible. "It's impossible for more than one ship at a time to engage you. And before the enemy should have the ship, I should set fire to the magazine."

At this another young hothead, the commodore's second lieutenant, cried out that there were as good men, or better, on board than George Little, and if she was to be burned, it would be her own second lieutenant who had orders to burn her, and not the second lieutenant of a contemptible little brigantine like the Hazard.

So they fell to quarrelling among themselves. George Little was told to take care what he said on board this ship, and answered hotly: "I shall see you on shore, then, where I shall be as good a man as you are."

The British fleet was now looming very close.

CHAPTER XII

The Crack-up

As night fell, Col. Paul Revere was in a small boat pulling past the ship Sky Rocket, and her acting lieutenant later testified: "Captain Burke asked him to come on board and drink some grog, but Revere told him he could not stop, for he was trying to collect his men." The lieutenant wanted to hand him down a mug into the boat, "to drain at one gulp," but Revere could not stop even for that. He was in as much a hurry as ever he was on the way to Lexington.

And so General Lovell himself was trying to collect his men, but they slipped through his fingers like water. He wandered up and down through the trapped and doomed fleet, begging the captains not to burn their ships, but to get them up by hook or crook to the mouth of the Penobscot River. Make a stand. Fight the ships. So the general argued. And even if the ships are lost, save the guns, sails, and rigging. It will be worth while to cut a road through to the Kennebec River to save these alone.

In vain. There was no fight in Commodore Saltonstall, and so there could be no fight in his subordinates. Some of the captains ran their ships ashore by accident, and some by design. Some went on the rocks with all sails set; others, the smaller ones, hid in small creeks, but blew themselves up when they heard the tramp of the enemy's marines.

"When they blew up, shot and timber flew very thick up and down the river," testified George Little.

There probably never was a more complete crack-up in the history of military expeditions. Of all that great armada of 43 ships, not one left that was not blown to pieces or burned to the water's edge; and the soldiers and sailors, half of them with no more than a day or two's provisions, struggling through wood and swamp in the direction of the Kennebec River.

General Peleg Wadsworth, the only able commanding officer in the lot of them, collected a few troops and marched them to Camden. Commander Saltonstall burned the Warren off Frankfort, went ashore and "swang his pack for a march to the Kennebec." Paul Revere plunged into the wilderness and, washing his hands of the whole dismal business, went back to Boston. It was complained of him that he had no right to do this without getting in touch with his commanding general; but he asked, with some justice, how was he to lay hands on the commanding general in all that forest?

In fact, the commanding general had wandered away from his wreck of an army and gone up north to comfort the Indians, who might otherwise, he said, after such a catastrophe to our arms, have gone over to the enemy. The old Roman was in such a hurry that he dropped his commission in the woods, where it was found by a wandering soldier. This gave rise to a rumor that the Indians had killed him, but the general turned up safe and sound a few days later at Georgetown on the Kennebec. A board of inquiry afterwards acquitted him but convicted the commodore of total incompetence.

The fiasco of Bagaduce had the effect of multiplying Tories in the region between the Penobscot and the Kennebec, and increasing enormously the prestige of the British. Not only the defeated soldiers were struggling in twos and threes through the woods, but the whole panicky civilian population was on the move.

"Our case," wrote the Rev. John Murray of Boothbay Harbor, "is very bad. Hundreds of families are now starving in the woods . . . the triumphing foe are carrying fire and desolation wherever they come."

The foe indeed might easily have swept clear through to the Kennebec; but he contented himself with harrying the banks of the Penobscot and plundering Belfast. General Peleg Wadsworth was finally put in charge of the Eastern Department, headquartered at Thomaston, with soldiers also at Camden and Machias; and dealing sternly with the Tories scattered everywhere, he slowly restored the public confidence.

But the enemy had won the laurels.

CHAPTER XIII

Aftermath Of Bagaduce

The indomitable Gen. Peleg Wadsworth, as long as he was in charge of the Eastern Department, kept on arguing for another expedition against Bagaduce, stressing the importance to the United States of "these eastern counties, without which our future navy, that may rule the world, will cut but a trifling Figure."

He meant, for lack of masts, of course; but once bit, twice shy, and the Congress, which had sunk over half a million pounds in the ill-fated siege of Bagaduce, was not in the mood to throw good money after bad.

General Wadsworth had to content himself with keeping the bayonets of his soldiers bright, and dealing firmly with the Tories in his immediate neighborhood. There were of course hard cases. Lucy Rittal of Pownalborough, writes him that her husband is still in jail, and his numerous family foresees "a hard Winter a-coming on. People can't but jest live in this cold climat" and her husband's disorder of asseme (asthma) is such that "at times we think he can't live."

General Wadsworth answers: "You may be assured that no undue advantage will be taken of small indiscretions, provided . . . he does not appear to be the man he is represented to be. I am with sentiments of compassion, Madame, etc."

But with people in the vicinity of Bagaduce, and under the thumb of the British, the American general had to go more gingerly, like a cat on a shelf of crockery. Many of these people had been forced by the British commander to take the oath of allegiance to the King; and to these General Wadsworth issued a proclamation, directing them to consider themselves as neutrals, with the right to "aid or assist either party."

But neutrals in a war are merely the people who have everybody for an enemy; and these neutrals were no exception. Their submission to his Britannic Majesty might be merely 'ostensible'; but the whale-boat campaign against the British didn't like that word 'ostensible'. The whale-boat Roebuck from Falmouth, with 15 armed men, landed on Deer Isle; they struck Richard Crockett with the butts of their guns, robbed him of his gun and bullet-bag, and threatened to kill him when he cried 'Murder'.

Next they broke into the house of John Campbell, "robbed him of his watch and 15 hard dollars" and took away a trunk full of women's clothes and baby linen, clouts (diapers),—all this because they said the inhabitants of Deer Isle were lawful enemies, and only 'ostensible' friends. Maine had become a sort of dreadful Donnybrook Fair, and "see a head, hit it" was the rule.

But not all were neutrals. Said Frenchman's Bay in its Memorial: "When the other towns west of us took oath of fidelity to the Crown of England, we made a stand and absolutely refused to give up. They have plundered us of all . . . even to our fishermen, stopped all our trade, but as yet we have stood out."

And when Francis Shaw of Gouldsborough wrote to Stephen Jones of Machias that "we have an undoubted right to make the best terms we can to save our families and interests," and turn coats as often as might be necessary — then little Machias rose in wrath with a resolution that "we despise a neutrality in the present contest, holding as an indisputable truth, those that are not for us are against us." The town's great fighting captain, Jerry O'Brien, was eating his heart out in an English prison, but if he had known, it is sure he would have approved.

A contemporary letter from Georgetown shows the misery of the Maine coast. "Our seacoast is infested . . . A British ship anchored in Townsend (Boothbay Harbor), a brig in Sheepscot, one in the mouth of the Kennebec with whale-boats . . . Deacon Sawyer of Boothbay surprised last Sabbath morn and robbed of everything in his house except a bed under his daughter."

Massachusetts took notice of these "most horrid depredations" by fitting out a privateer to cruise on the Maine coast, and offering a bounty on British cannon—50 pounds in silver and gold for each cannon carrying as much as two pound shot—but it is not on record that any were brought in.

And so with hardships aplenty, but nothing more in the way of pitched battles on the Maine coast, the Revolution ended in the triumph of American arms, and that "stink of the prerogative" was no longer in colonial nostrils.

CHAPTER XIV

Separation Fever

Had the Revolution failed, perhaps the first rebel to have been hanged in Cumberland would have been Col. Sam Thompson, of Brunswick, who kidnapped Captain Mowatt and got him so mad that he later destroyed Portland with his red-hot cannon balls.

But since the Revolution succeeded, Thompson was a patriot, and it was often said of him that he "dared to be free." He was a brusque and "knowledgeable" man; and it is interesting to note that when in 1787 the Federal Convention in Philadelphia had forged the Constitution, and submitted it to be ratified by the various states, Thompson was not altogether satisfied with it.

"There are some parts of the Constitution which I cannot digest; and sir," he roared, "shall we swallow a large bone for the sake of a little meat? Some say, swallow the whole now, and pick out the bones afterwards. But I say, let us pick off the meat, and throw the bone away." And he went on: "My own town—Brunswick—considered it seven hours, and after this there was not one in favor of it. It is strange that a system which planners say is so plain that he who runs may read it, should want so much explanation."

The truth is, Maine was not satisfied with Massachusetts and had been trying ever since the peace to be rid of her. The first number of the Falmouth Gazette, Maine's first newspaper, appeared on New Year's Day, 1785, and was full of this subject of separation.

A committee which had for chairman that reliable soldier, General Peleg Wadsworth, pointed out that Massachusetts was too far off to administer the District of Maine properly. Nobody new, better than the general, how helpless Massachusetts had been, during the War, to protect Maine's ragged coastline. Maine had "fought, bled and died" for liberty, but her cries for assistance had been mostly futile. As Portland's James Phinney Baxter wrote, in 1914, of that Revolutionary Massachusetts government: "We can but suspect that some of those whose names shine on the roll of fame as patriots, have been overestimated."

Maine, it was argued, was too thinly represented in the House of Representatives, and also too heavily taxed. It was the old story, only closer home, of taxation without representation.

Such was the argument addressed to the General Court in Boston; but the Court in reply only said that "attempts by bodies of men to dismember the State were fraught with improprieties and danger," which of course was what George III had been saying only a few years before.

The movement for separation failed at this time; but it was far from dead. Two years later, in 1787, when the Constitution was finally drafted—that Constitution which Gladstone would later call 'the greatest political document ever struck off at one heat by the brain and purpose of man"—Benjamin Franklin had a different view of it from Sam Thompson of Brunswick. Some parts he did not approve, but he was astonished to find it so nearly perfect. Whatever opinion he had of its errors he would sacrifice to the public good, and he "hoped that every member of the convention who still had objections would on this occasion doubt a little of his own infallibility . . ."

When the Constitution came before a Massachusetts convention to be ratified, the Maine delegates were half of them opposed to it. They wanted separation, and they were afraid that the close grip of this new Federal Union might make it impossible for Maine thereafter to detach herself from Massachusetts.

Also, the Constitution called for a standing army; and Nason from Maine cried out: "Had I the voice of Jove, I would proclaim it throughout the world; and had I an arm like Jove, I would hurl from the globe those villains that would dare attempt to establish in our Country a standing army."

"Those villains" being the Founding Fathers themselves, it is just as well that Mr. Nason's will did not prevail. With the help of Maine's federalist delegates,—and so close was the vote, this help was really needed—ratification squeaked through in Massachusetts, and without Massachusetts, Federal Union would have died still-born . . . All of which did not prevent the Separation, three decades later.

CHAPTER XV

New Settlements

Following the Revolution, there was a passion for getting settlers' lots, mill-sites and water privileges in the District of Maine. The terms were easy, and often generous.

The whole island of Mt. Desert, for instance, formerly the property of Tory Governor Bernard, had been confiscated; but the Government gave half of it back to his son, Sir John Bernard, a shopkeeper in Bath who had been as hot for the cause of liberty as any of his untitled fellow-citizens.

So the settlers on the islands in Penobscot Bay, squatters for the most part, took title to their properties as gifts from the Government, which recognized what a mauling they had taken from the enemy in the late war.

The Tarratine Indians by agreement released all claims to most of the lands on the Penobscot, reserving to themselves only Old Town Island, and all other islands in the river above it, and reserving too certain lands as hunting grounds, which were not to be settled by the State. As a reward for their good nature in these transactions, they were given 350 blankets and 200 pounds of powder.

Many lands were sold for trifling sums to soldiers of the Revolution. Many of these, when the war was over, were forced to beg their way from door to door. But a new day was dawning, and soldiers could profit by it, if only they were not afraid of wilderness conditions.

Gen. Peleg Wadsworth, who had built the first brick house in Portland, and might have thought of himself as a city man from that time forth, in 1790 bought 7800 acres of land between the Saco and Ossipee Rivers for 12 and ½ cents an acre. This was about one-third of the town of Hiram; and the general began selling land there to his old soldiers, in very easy terms and taking his pay for the most part in labor.

A former servant of the general's, Daniel Hickey, had been kidnaped by the British out at Thomaston headquarters—along with the general himself, who made a bloody room-to-room fight of it but was taken by superior forces. They were imprisoned in the fort at Castine, from which the general made a spectacular escape; but Daniel Hickey had to wait for the peace to set him free.

Hickey had settled at Hiram, and Peleg Wadsworth, as soon as he had bought land there, went out to look at it, and stayed the night with his old servant. In the morning, the two of them climbed Bill Merrill Hill, splashing through brooks, and sinking their feet in forest mold which the sun could never touch. At the peak was mostly solitude and silence; but Peleg could see the White Mountains, where long ago the fierce Jedidiah Preble had "washed his hands in the clouds."

As far back as 1642 Darby Field had gone to investigate those Crystal Hills, using the Saco River as his road; and now after a century and a half, Peleg Wadsworth was hardly less a pioneer than Darby Field. A few were here before him. John Clemens, an ancestor of Mark Twain's, came here with his wife and six children in 1779; and Captain John Lane took him in, and served the children bean porridge "out of the hollow in the leather bottom of an old armchair."

More lately Col. William Prescott of Bunker Hill fame had bought 800 acres in Hiram; and Capt. Daniel Waters, a Malden Minute Man, was also on the ground. But it was General Peleg who became the patriarch of the settlement, the true kingpin of Hiram. He built a house of ten rooms, with a fireplace in every room. Here his children grew up; here his daughter Zilpah married Stephen Longfellow, and their son, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, came here Summers with his head full of a young poet's dreams, and sprawled under the great King's Pine — a favorite with old Peleg Wadsworth too, who would stop in its shade and reflect with a chuckle that this

CHAPTER XVI

WILLIAM KING, MERCHANT

In the years after the Revolution, Maine had her first great maritime burst. "When my ship comes in" were household words; and they were words to conjure with. The shipyards at Portland, Bath and Wiscasset were yellow with chips that seemed to speak the spreading golden fortunes of those that made the blue-water legend. No sound was sweeter to our early merchants than the music of the caulking-hammers; no smells more potent than the smells of pine and sour oak, of the pitch and tar and oakum that was all one with the great business of the day.

Ships often paid for themselves in a single voyage; but then too, the sea was "wide and uncertain," and ship-captains would enter in their logs "a voyage towards Liverpool," remembering that they might founder by the way, and that a voyage "to Liverpool" could not be so described until it was accomplished. The merchant owners accepted giant risks; and "nothing venter, nothing have" was the perfect slogan of the times.

A typical merchant of this sort—and in his life we read the history of Maine for the three decades of his ascendancy —was William King, who came to Bath from Topsham just before 1800. He was a rough, burly, barrel-chested fellow, masterful to a degree, with a booming voice and a burning flash in black eyes under craggy brows which made people do his will as if what they heard was the voice of authority itself.

His half-brother, Rufus King, one of the really great Revolutionary figures, had all the education in the family. While Rufus was studying at Harvard, young William at 14 had a job in a Saco sawmill. His grammar when he grew up was faulty, his spelling none of the best; but like Samuel Thompson of Brunswick, he could and did "put men of better education in his pocket." His judgment was of the best, and he had the courage and energy to back it; he was in the old Sir William Phips tradition of Maine men, and seemed to sniff out on the wind where the best markets were, and what would make the richest trading.

This was the man who was to come forward in these next two decades as the great separationist, and to become Maine's first Governor in 1820. But at the turn of the century, at the age of 30, he was no more than a thrifty ship-builder and trader, having stores retail and wholesale in Brunswick and Bath, filled with the stuff of cargoes which his ships brought him from Europe and the West Indies.

When his brother-in-law, Benjamin Porter, who ran the Topsham store for him, wrote him that the great Rufus King would lodge the night following, in Topsham, begging him to come over if the weather made it at all possible to get from Bath to Topsham, William went to see his brother, but there were many who thought that, as between the two, William was the more massive intellicet, the greater force — and perhaps William himself thought so, too.

He might well be forgiven if he did think so. He was the son of Richard King of Scarborough, shipwright and timber dealer; and Richard King was the son of Richard King of Kittery and Hannah Preble. William King had the dominating Preble blood in him, and with it "a touch of the brigadier," as much of that perhaps as Commodore Edward Preble himself, and all those other Prebles who excused their martial impulses by saying the devil himself was in them—or Jedediah Preble, who shook people till their teeth rattled.

Such was William King, "the Sultan of Bath" as he came to be called; and Bath people were perfectly suited to his needs. As an eyewitness, Jonathan Hyde, later wrote: "The inhabitants at and near Bath were generally industrious, rather rough in their manners, though kind, civil and hospitable, fond of getting together and having a row; a great proportion would work hard through the day and be drunk at night; a few were reputable and some were very pious. The females were civil to strangers; were kind and somewhat agreeable; not generally very handsome and not overstocked with neatness; a few were quite accomplished; such were generally from other parts. There were but few schools and little preaching, mostly Methodist."

With the help of these citizens, William King made his great commercial empire.

CHAPTER XVII

The Sultan Of Bath

William King, the Sultan of Bath, was so necessary to the town's destiny that if he only went as far away as Boston people felt as if a good deal of the town's underpinning had slipped away from under their heels. They could not rest easy till they saw him home again, coming out of his great house by the river-bank, a fateful figure in his blue cloak with scarlet lining. He would be looking out for a favorable wind for his brig Ferdinand to go to sea with, or sending his booming voice rolling through the empty streets, calling his workmen to their duty.

So his daughter, Mary Elizabeth, writes to Boston to tell him: "Mother says she has thought ever since you have been absent that there would be a fire." The very elements you see, would conspire against Bath in the absence of his guiding genius.

And Mary Elizabeth adds pertly that if her papa comes home without bringing her a straw hat, "she will tell a fib," She will do something desperate, indeed, because papa believes that one should tell the truth and shame the devil.

Mrs. King, for her part, would have him bring home "some blue India china with small plates." This old correspondence is very revealing. Mrs. King informs her spouse that she has been much engaged this week past in quilting, making soap, etc., and then having received the General's indulgent pardon for some little extravagance of hers, she says: "I find you are as disposed, as you always have been, to put the most favorable construction on my motive and actions."

She gives him good news. "I believe your business is going very well, the Reserve has just gone down the river with a fine North Wind."

Men of substance in those days sent their daughters to Boston to be instructed in music, needle-work and "the globes" — such subjects as women's minds could comprehend—and Ann King writes her mother from her Boston school that she has painted a pair of screens, and means to present her with "these specimens of her improvement." Her Preceptress has even agreed that she shall paint a pair on velvet, velvet painting being all the rage just now, because taught at "the most exorbitant prices.."

William King himself traffics in more humdrum wares. His London agent writes him: "By the Osiris, we have shipped on your account coals, salt, and earthenware. Captain Redman means to sail this day with as fine a wind as can blow."

And tucked in between two yellowed letters written with spluttering quill-pens, we find the policy on the Osiris issued by the Boston Insurance Company. The ship is valued at $6,000, and the premium on this voyage $969.-16%. A little high; but, says the Policy, "touching the adventures and perils which the said Insurance Company are contented to bear, they are, of the Seas, Man of War, Fire, Enemies, Pirates, Rovers, assailing Thieves, Surprisals, Takings at Sea, Arrests, Restraints and Detainments of Kings, Princes or Peoples."

From which it appears that the ship ran risks enough in all conscience. Reason enough to expect her to pay for herself in one voyage. That item of the risk from men of war alone is enough to make the ordinary merchantman's blood run cold. General King's agent in Montserrat writes him that the British man of war Hornet "has brought your brig Nancy in here on suspicion of having infringed the revenue laws."

No doubt the Sultan of Bath let a roar out of him that went clear across the Kennebec and echoed back from the Woolwich shore. The impudence of the upstart Britisher. The thing is piracy, and nothing less. Piracy on the high seas. But the agent adds soothingly,

"You are luckier than any other vessel brought in here under similar circumstances. Mostly the costs are $700; to you they are nothing."

The British let the Nancy go scot-free, and she spread her wings for another profitable voyage.

CHAPTER XVIII

Risks Of The Sea

The risks of the sea, for traders, were quite as various and ugly as stated in the insurance policies of the time. Here for example, is the sad plight of the brig Nymph, owned by William King, and sailing in 1797 for St. Domingo. She went to "the Havannah," and thereafter in Caribbean waters was "fallen in with" by a Spanish privateer, captured, stripped and plundered.

For a long time her captain was held a prisoner in Cuba, while the ship deteriorated, rotted away indeed under the eyes of her captors. The captain writes home that no justice is to be had from a Cuban tribunal; there must be an appeal to the Spanish Admiralty Court at Madrid.

The appeal was made; but Spanish justice was no better than the Cuban; the Nymph was a gone goose, and her captain, released at last, must engage his passage in another ship, let us hope a better-fated one.

Or here again is Captain Redman, master of the Osiris, a brig shifted out of the Liverpool salt trade into West Indian waters, where for the time being, markets were more active. But the Osiris is overdue. King's partner, Benjamin Porter of Topsham, reminds him, the year being 1799, and French cruisers very active in Caribbean waters, that the Osiris was to sail from Jamaica in convoy with the British fleet, and as that fleet generally sails very slow, we can reasonably suppose the due time of his arrival is not elapsed."

Sure enough a little later Osiris came limping in to Bath, much batered, having met a "squawl," Porter writes, "which carried away the head of the mainmast and all topmasts . . . I must also sorrowfully tell you that her cargo is principally rum."

This word "sorrowfully" is not by any means to say that Mr. Porter is a prohibitionist. Far from it. The firm of Porter & King regularly dealt in rum; and only a day or two before, Porter had heard this from their Liverpool agent: "The rum is all in the King's store, but above the half of it turns out very weak and will be a great loss to you, as it pays the same duty as if standard."

And now here is another cargo of this same rum, probably very weak, 10 per cent off standard, and the firm is due to take another licking on it, whether in the Boston or the Liverpool market. Hence the sorrowful communication to the General.

This trade in rum, or killdevil, has its ironic incidents, Captain Sprague, of King's ship Eagle, lying at St. Kitts, hears that Capt. Andrew Dunning, of King's brig Nancy is unwell, goes to see him at a neighboring wharf, suggests in a letter to Bath that from Dunning's appearance it is dismally possible that in fact he may not be too well.

"I hear he drinks" Porter in Topsham writes to King in Bath. The dread suggestion is that Captain Dunning has broken into his own cargo and is nipping at it. Rum is no drink for shipmasters. The demon rum puts the ship at hazard, and now on top of everything there's no profit in it. Fine ammunition this would be for Neal Dow of later times; but the two partners though only in sober terms of profit and loss.

And, worse and more of it, here is this from Captain Bosworth of the brig Volunteer: "Since this was wrote, two of my people has been put in jail as evidences in a criminal case (rum again). If I cannot get them again, shall be obliged to give $30 per month at least for other sailors."

Apparently they were sailing out of Bath for less than that, although landlubbers could not be got for less. Says Porter to King: "The man I mentioned I think will be a profitable hand to your house. I told him the most you'd give him was One Dollar the Day, and he says he'll come."

CHAPTER XIX

The Day Of Good Fortune

Despite small disasters due to rum, these were flourishing years for Maine traders. There was no lack of cargoes. Capt. Robert Bosworth of the brig Volunteer writes to William King in 1801, from Baltimore: "I have filled the Cabbin so full that I can hardly creep in on my hands and knees. I declare she is the deepest ship I ever saw go to sea. Two of my people ran away yesterday, and said they would not go, the ship was so deep, I am in hopes to ketch them again."

Nothing like the Plimsell mark for loading had made its appearance in our merchant marine in those days, and once a man had signed the articles, he must take his chances with an overloaded ship.

William King's ship, Reunion, built in 1800, made her three first trips to England and paid the cost of her each time. Halcyon days—but later Mrs. King writes to William, who has been so indiscreet as to leave Bath to its fate again and go to Boston, "Am sorry to hear the fate of the Reunion. I hope she was insured and the crew saved."

But profitable as the European trade was, King always had his weather-eye out for new markets. In 1802 he ordered Captain Nehemiah Harding of the brig Androscoggin to go to New Orleans and bargain for a load of cotton.

For once in his life, Capt. Nehemiah was a little flabbergasted. He was a seasoned mariner; his masts aforetime had bent like coach-whips before the fury of a North Atlantic ring-tailed snorter; he was not unacquainted with Havana and the Caribbean; but he had never heard of New Orleans.

He ventured to ask just where he would prick that city on the chart; and his boss, the Sultan, answered indifferently: "Go find it, Nehemiah. It's somewhere in the Gulf of Mexico."

And Nehemiah, nothing loath, roused up an old Spanish chart out of the chart locker; and this chart showed sketchily that New Orleans was somewhere near the mouth of the Father of Waters. This hint was all that Nehemiah needed, and so began the cotton trade which was to make the backbone of Maine manufacturing through the ensuing decades.

Apparently, too, Capt. Nehemiah indulged himself a little in the slave-trade, since we find a letter to him from a Portsmouth merchant: "I now write you respecting a Negro Boy of mine named Chance, which was put on board of your vessel at Tortola. He was to be sent to me at Portmouth. If you have the Boy in your possession, I will thank you to send him on to me immediately."

The phrase, "which was put on board" is not to be taken as a slip of grammar. The boy Chance was merely a property, a "possession," as much so in those days to a citizen of Portsmouth as he would have been to a citizen of Richmond, Va. Many of the great moral problems of a later day appeared first as the merest commonplaces in a trader's life.

For the most part, the bulk of the return cargo from England was salt. Writes the Liverpool agents: "Congratulate you on safe arrival of your Brig Ferdinand. Should anything tempting present itself for this brig, going south, we shall embrace it. If not, we shall load her with salt and dispatch her home with all possible speed."

And to prove he has his finger on the pulse of things, he adds: "Russia and Sweden and Denmark are in a confederacy of neutrality (such neutrality as Napoleon would leave them) and resist the present belligerent Powers (England and France) searching their Merchant ships. We have therefore here an embargo on the ships of those countries, prices of lumber will be high."

A tempting prospect, doubtless; but the omens of war were in it. William King might insure against Search and Surprisals, but American wrath at "British gall" would finally boil up clear beyond the limits of Insurance Policies.

Chapter XX

Wiscasset's Great Days

Bath, we have seen, had its quota of shipyards and blue-water merchants. Samuel Davis had a house much larger than the Sultan's; John Peterson, too, lived like a king, and had a shipyard at the King's Dock. But William King's house at the turn of the century was only a story-and-a-half affair, somewhere near the present post office; and Bath, for all its boom times, was still jestingly called Twenty Cow Parish by the great Wiscasset merchants.

No town in Maine east of Portland was the equal of Wiscasset. Augusta was only a little outpost on the Kennebec; and Brunswick was too far inland to share fully the marvellous prosperity of the maritime age. Since 1791, Wiscasset had had its custom house and been a port of entry. It could boast, too, of being the easternmost post office in the United States, and letters were sent here for delivery to the wilderness beyond.

Mail came from Portland once a week by a post rider on horseback. Ebenezer Whittier, Wiscasset postmaster, would follow along to Warren, on snowshoes in the Winter, a blazed trail marked by land buoys, small, beheaded pine trees which stuck out of snowdrifts as guides to letter carriers. Nobody but a letter carrier would be so rash as to be abroad in such a dismal wilderness. The man who took the mail from Wiscasset to Castine at first carried it in a yellow silk handkerchief; later, it grew in bulk, and he was forced to carry it in saddlebags.

By the end of the 18th century, Wiscasset was a hive of industry. Her productive business was building vessels and manufacturing lumber for export to European and West Indian markets. Lumber, she fashioned into planks, barrel staves, box shooks, barrelheads and shingles. Mast pines, she floated down from the upper reaches of the Sheepscot, and turned Edgecomb cedar into ships' jollyboats.

Ships were built as far inland as Head-of- the-Tide, at the old sawpit at Puddledock, at the eddy at Edgecomb, at Wiscasset Point. General Abiel Wood was the great man of the place, although during the Revolution, there were angry cries against him that he was a Tory and a King's man. His grammar, like William King's, was none of the purest, and his penmanship far from copperplate; but he knew his way around in a ship's hold as well as any man, and could tell with unerring instinct when rum was likely to make a bad voyage, as his letters to neighbor William King reveal.

Not far behind Wood came Moses Carlton. His ships would come home with the cargo money huddled up in nail kegs; and his men would push these kegs uphill in wheelbarrows to his mansion on High Street, and empty them into chests in the cellar. To say in those flush times that a man "had made a barrel of money" was not to use a metaphor, but to state a simple fact.

And as the money came from all the world, so it was of all kinds, pistareens and ducatoons, golden angels, Spanish doubloons, French pistoles, and Portuguese moidores all went clinking uphill into the Carlton coffers. No doubt there was blood on this foreign gold, if only it could tell its story, but Moses Carlton gave his seven daughters breastpins hammered from doubleens, and Silversmith Daniel Dole turned silver money into spoons, table silver and tea services.

Wiscasset skills were various. She had a rope walk, a foundry, brickyards, a candle factory, the tan pits of Nymphas Stacy. A ships' block shop stood on the flats of Joppa—where the station is now. Ben Mead in 1804 was making intricate eight-day clocks that showed the day of the month, the age of the moon and the time of day.

Fabulous days indeed. There is a legend that Moses Carlton once threw a gold ring into the Sheepscot, saying, "There is as much chance of my dying a poor man as there is of my ever again seeing that ring." . . . But you have already guessed the sequel. That gold ring was inside the next fish served on the Carlton dinnertable, and Moses died a poor man. When Jefferson laid his fatal embargo, 30 of the Carlton ships rotted at Wiscasset wharves; and Lady Luck had gone to flash her golden smiles in other quarters.

CHAPTER XXI

Commodore Edward Preble

In the years following the Revolution, the American merchant fleet flourished; and for a decade or more, Edward Preble of Portland, was a merchant mariner. Then he shifted into the navy.

Like his father, Jedidiah, he had the right stuff in him for a fighting man, and Jedidiah early found this out. A Turkish ship dropped anchor in Casco Bay, and the brigadier gave the Turks a bad character. He told his young sons that these Turks had a habit of waylaying little boys and eating them alive. Then he paid a Turkish sailor two shillings to thrust his black-mustachioed visage in at the door of the Preble mansion, when the two boys were studying lessons by the fire.

Edward's brother fled under the bed. But Edward himself seized up a burning brand with a pair of tongs, and threw it in the Turk's face. A prophetic gesture, as it turned out.

He grew up a lonely man with a hatchet face; but he had a seaman's brain and a lion's courage. In 1803 the navy put him at the head of the expedition against the Barbary pirates.

At the start, he had bad luck. One of his frigates, the Philadelphia, was captured by the Turks in the Bay of Tripoli. She went aground on a reef there, and a swarm of Turkish gunboats captured her. Commodore Preble sent in the fiery Stephen Decatur to get the frigate back or burn her. This of course is one of the most famous exploits in all American naval history. The Philadelphia was manned by 200 Turks, and lay in the shadow of the Bashaw's Castle, with its 115 cannon. Decatur and his 84 men fought their way across the ship's heavy bulwarks, killed most of the Turks with pike and cutlass, then fired and blew up the ship itself.

In the thick of this battle was Midshipman Thomas MacDonough, just learning those tricks of sea-fighting which he would put to good use a decade later, when with Maine recruits he would win imperishable glory at the battle of Plattsburg Bay on Lake Champlain. It was Preble who had the molding of this great seaman.

Lord Nelson, blockading the French at Toulon, heard of Decatur's exploit and pronounced it the boldest and most daring of the age.

went into his cabin; but afterwards, Preble and Decatur were seen sitting side by side on a narrow bench, and both men were in tears. Old Hatchet-Face was terrible in wrath, iron in discipline; but his men loved him, and would throw away their lives for him, if need be.

Before Preble was done with it, the Bashaw's Castle was as full of holes as a pepper-box from the Constitution's roundshot. With Tripoli all but in his grasp, he was superseded by Com. Samuel Barron — who later killed Decatur in a duel— but the Pope in Rome said: "Preble in 40 days has done more for the cause of Christianity than the most powerful nations in ages."

When the War of 1812 came on, Preble had been dead five years; but Preble's boys, Isaac Hull, Decatur, MacDonough, had risen to command, and Maine's Edward Preble was known the world around as the Father of the American Navy.

Preble himself said only that the boys had done what he expected of them. As for the Turks, he had the whip-hand of them now, and meant to bear down hard, since two years of American blockading had produced nothing but the loss of a fine frigate.

He weighed anchor, and sailing for Tripoli, battered hard at the Bashaw's Castle, prickly as a hedgehog with cannon.

"We'll give them such a dose of hand-play as they have never had before," he said, and sent Decatur in with his gunboats.

There was hot work, and Decatur all but lost his life in the clash of cutlasses and scimitars. He returned to the flagship, his uniform torn and bloody, and said to Preble: "I have brought you three of the enemy's gunboats, sir."

Preble had looked for a more conclusive victory; and now he showed that "touch of the brigadier" that was in the blood of all Prebles. He seized Decatur by his collar, and shook him till his teeth rattled.

"Three," says Preble. "Aye sir, and why did you not bring me more?"

He swung on his heel and

CHAPTER XXII

Life On The Kennebec

The coast was prospering from sea-voyages at the turn of the century; and inland a man might do pretty well as a dealer in real estate, if he got the right start.

By far the most interesting account of the Kennebec at this period is that of Robert Hallowell Gardiner, who inherited a large tract of land there, including what is now the city of Gardiner. He had it from his grandfather, Dr. Sylvester Gardiner, Boston druggist and physician, who was one of the Proprietors of the Kennebec Purchase.

Robert Hallowell took possession of his estate in 1803, adding to his own name that of his maternal grandfather, Gardiner, in order to comply with the terms of the will. He had various troubles. There was a forged deed out against him, and public sentiment favored the claimant under that deed, especially since young Hallowell was the son of a Tory who had fled to England during the Revolution.

The deed was proved to be a forgery, and thrown out of court; the great trouble then was to settle with the squatter. Old Dr. Gardiner had tried to settle a town on the property. He had built some saw-mills, a potash works, and a wharf; but though Augusta and Hallowell were flourishing villages, Gardiner had been neglected. Squatters had swarmed in; some were old soldiers; none were in the mood to recognize this Tory claim.

The new proprietor fixed the price they should pay at a minimum of $5.00 an acre; and for the most part the settlers soon came to recognize his ownership. There was one act of violence only. A surveyor was killed by a party of 10 squatters, but they were all acquitted, it being argued successfully that it was not right that ten men should be hanged for the murder one.

At first the young and aristocratic proprietor would go up to Boston in the Winter, to live with his father, and lead the life of a clubman with a leaning towards "beefsteak and oysters, with wine and cigars."

Later, he spent more time in Gardiner, built a "respectable public house" there, and likewise a fulling-mill which brought business to the place. He married a Boston girl, Emma Tudor, who came into his wilderness with a good grace, though she no doubt many times regretted the more sophisticated pleasures of her native town. Here at Gardiner, the river was their only road. In Winter, when they drove their sleigh over the ice to visit relatives at Swan Island, a horse-rug was the only protection for their feet; "but," he adds, "we did not suffer from the cold. I only found some inconviences from my eyelashes freezing together."

On the whole, the life was worth some sacrifices. Farm lands were selling rapidly from 1800 on; our young realtor kept a set of books by double entry, which showed his income to be over $20,000 a year, which could not have been far behind that of the merchant princes of Bath and Wiscasset. But his heart was more in the making of a town than in mere profits. He was always putting capital into new businesses—an oakum mill (did the Sultan of Bath suggest that?), a forge, a nail factory, spike factory, pail factory and what not. The losses on some of these were heavy, and the proprietor lost some of that wealth which the virgin wilderness had yielded in his youth.

But on the whole, it was a good life, and not without its pleasures. "Hospitality had no limits. Those for whom there were no beds slept on the floor or on the haymow. Furnaces were unknown, but wood was abundant, and large fires kept the house warm." Once, in Summer, visiting in Winslow with a large party—they had come up in flat-bottomed boats dragged through the rapids by very wet gentlemen with ropes over their shoulders — they found their host had arranged for the gentlemen to sleep on the haymow, and the ladies on cloaks on the floor. "We had not lain long enough on the hay to get fairly asleep," he says, "before a message came from the ladies that they could not sleep, and therefore had determined to keep up the frolick by dancing (on the barn floor) till morning."

It was a later age that was to call itself strenuous.

The first Separation Bill had failed; but William King of Bath was as much a Separationist as ever. He believed with one of his correspondents that "Maine as a northern star in our political hemisphere will in times of future peril prove an unerring guide to the peace and safety of her sister States."

He was the "Sultan of Bath" and he was rapidly becoming the Sultan of the District of Maine. He had begun as a youth in the saw-pits of Saco; as a young man he had arrived in Topsham with two oxen, his whole worldly capital; and without formal education he had come to be one of the greatest of American ship-owners, and a merchant prince.

His interests were as wide as the state, and included politics, business and education. When the son of the great General Henry Knox could not find money for his education—the general, having died practically bankrupt in his mansion at Thomaston—William King supplied it.

The young Knox does not seem to have been a good risk. Writing to King in 1819, he says, "I had fair prospect of making money as surgeon of the Privateer, Inc., but the cruise being unsuccessful, and the Privateer driven on shore by a British frigate, I lost all my baggage."

At Charleston, he tried to practice medicine, but lacking a diploma, could not legally collect a fee. He was finally jailed for debt.

He goes on to King: "If, sir, you could see the condition of the person whose education you generously came forward to promote, I think that you would shed a tear and send him a trifling sum for his relief. If I can by any fair means keep out of jail, I shall be satisfied. You are rich and powerful—may not your feelings extend so far as to aid the unfortunate son of a renowned patriot, one of those who stood foremost in 'the times that tried men's souls.'"

A case like this might have inclined King to take a gloomy view of education; but does not seem to have done so. He was not easily discouraged. From Boston at this same date he received a complaint that "the Molasses (offered for sale by King) is so thin and tart that not even the Distillers are disposed to make us a fair offer." The Sultan of Bath was not the man to lose heart over a little check like this.

"It is measures, not men, that I support," he wrote; and the failure of individual men by no means meant the failure of measures.

Massachusetts had granted a charter for a college, to be known as the Maine Literary and Theological Institution (the future Colby), and granted with it an undetermined township six miles square "from the unappropriated lands belonging to this Commonwealth." A committee explored a township 15 miles above Bangor, and found it wouldn't do. The first president, Dr. Jeremiah Chaplin, later said, "The Legislature seemed to think that if the voice of the Baptist must be heard at all in Maine, it should be heard crying in the wilderness."

The trustees finally pitched on Waterville, whose inhabitants subscribed over $2,000; but subscriptions came hard. Chaplin wrote to King: "Members of our Legislature who belong to Massachusetts feel that if the District of Maine becomes a State, all they give to the Institution . . . will be thrown away . . . Our resources are small, we are in debt for the lot purchased in this town. Our subscribers are disappointed. Many of them are poor, and had expected to pay their subscriptions in labor or materials for building. They are of course very unwilling to advance cash . . . Pray, Sir, continue to employ your Talents in aid of this Infant Seminary."

William King, scenting a crisis, replies that obviously the time has come for the friends of the Institution to "put their hands in their pockets—which I am perfectly willing to do." And shortly thereafter has the pleasure of hearing from his friend Chaplin that "we have mustered a company for the purpose of clearing a part of the College lot." . . . The axes that clucked in the stark wilderness of Colby campus owed something indeed to the talents of William King, who as a young man, with hardly more than the flight of a seagull to give him direction, had come prodding his two oxen into Topsham.

Chapter XXIV

The Embargo

Suddenly Maine's fabulous shipping prosperity was nipped by the fact that Europe—that "place of eternal warfare"—had got at loggerheads again. The Peace of Amiens was broken in 1802; and thereafter Britain ruled the seas, and Napoleon was master of the Continent.

The "civilized world" was at war again; and the young United States was finding out that a neutral is one who, because he will not take sides, has everybody for his enemy. Napoleon declared the British Isles in a state of blockade; and the British orders and decrees finally settled down to this, that if a neutral wanted to trade with France, her ships must first enter a British port, pay a certain duty, and take out a British license to trade.

That, said America, was British gall with a vengeance; and Napoleon's Berlin decree was a piece of French insolence. Napoleon had vowed there should not be a netural on the face of the earth. It must come to fighting; and if we fought on the side of the French, it was rumored that Napoleon would give us Canada and Nova Scotia, once that mighty conqueror had got the whole world under his iron heel.

A luring prospect; but already Napoleon's word was known to be worth little or nothing. He might end by making on "gape and swallow" of the lot of us. Jefferson thought that we could still stay neutral. It was only necessary to cut Europe off from American supplies for all its sailors and soldiers; that would soon bring the warring nations to their knees. Economics was to fight our battles for us, said the philosophical Mr. Jefferson.

And obviously the way to cut Europe off from American supplies was to stop American ships from taking these supplies to Europe. Lay an embargo on all ships belonging to citizens of the United States. Keep them in port, and then no quarrel could spring through their detention on the high seas by either France or England.

So the fatal bill was signed which was to make the death of Wiscasset as a great commercial port, and bring Bath and Portland very low indeed. Men read "embargo" backwards, and got the words "o-grab me"; and grab the ship-owners it surely did. Tied up at Bath were 16 ships and 27 brigs. Among these were William King's five ships and four brigs; and he calculated his loss at over $5,000 a month while the embargo lasted.

off the English coast, and when she arrived in London she was met at the dock by English officers who arrested the crew for mutiny. They were only let off on condition of giving up the notes. The ship's cargo was sold at a tremendous profit in the English port, laying the foundation of the fortune of the supercargo (William Richardson) who in after years was one of Bath's prominent men."

Four years later came the War of 1812, and the American Enterprise in 1813 fought the British Boxer off Seguin to keep British goods from being smuggled into Maine from Nova Scotia.

Chapter XXV

Boxer And Enterprise

The Enterprise had the greatest string of victories of all our ships. She beat her French rivals in the West Indies; later against the Barbary pirates, as a 12 gun schooner she was skippered first by Isaac Hull and then by Stephen Decatur. She captured a corsair which, renamed the Intrepid, was sent into the harbor of Tripoli as a powder-ship, blew up before she was intended to, and killed among others Henry Wadsworth, that ill-fated son of Peleg for whom Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was named.

This was her only link with Portland until the day in 1813 when she appeared there under the command of Lt. William Burrows. She had four more guns now, had 16 guns to 12 for the English brig Boxer, and 102 men for the Englishman's 66. The Boxer's job was to protect British ships that were smuggling goods between Maine and Nova Scotia; the job of the Enterprise was to prevent this smuggling.

She picked up Capt. Samuel Drinkwater of North Yarmouth as pilot, and put to sea. Drinkwater had lately lost his ship to a British privateer, and was all on fire for revenge.

The boxer came out through the narrow passage between Pemaquid and John's Island—the island where another boxer, Gene Tunney, now summers. The enterprise was on the point of coming up on her from leeward; but Captain Drinkwater shook his head. James Lawrence of the Chesapeake, a mere eight weeks before, had chivalrously thrown away the advantage of the weather gage against the Shannon, and lost his life in an exchange of equal broadsides, when he might have come down wind and raked the foe fore and aft.

Chivalry was no part of war, in Drinkwater's grim opinion. James Lawrence had made a mighty fine slogan: "Don't give up the ship," but he had lost his life, and his ship's life and the lives of a good many American seamen by his Quixotic act of foregoing the weather gage.

As quoted by a later Maine seaman, Capt. Sherwood Picking, in his Sea-Fight Off Monhegan, Captain Drinkwater said to Lieutenant Burrows: "I reckin you want the weather gage if you can get it, and if you'll hold off a bit, you'll find yourself to windward of that vessel. This wind is going to die out and come in from the southward as sure as God made little apples."

So in fact it proved; and when the fight began, the Enterprise, after a few exchanges, drew ahead, and within 20 minutes, crossed the Boxer's bows, and raked her fore and aft. The battle was won; the English Captain, Blythe, was dead, cut almost in two by a cannonball; but the Enterprise's skipper too was mortally wounded. The Enterprise brought in her prize to Portland Harbor; and the dead Captains, wrapped in their own flags, were buried with military honors in the Eastern Cemetery.

The poet Longfellow was six years old when the funeral procession went past his wondering eyes; and he grew up to write the famous lines which more than anything else perhaps have kept this sea-combat alive in history.

"I remember the sea-fight far away
How it thundered o'er the tide.
And the dead captains as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay
Where they in battle died,
And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill;
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Court-martials on both sides were not unusual after these old sea-fights. As Voltaire jibed, after the British executed their own Admiral Byng for having made a bad battle of it: "The English kill one Admiral in order to encourage the others." In the case of the Boxer, all her surviving officers and men were court-martialled, but except for three men who ran away from the guns, all were acquitted, the verdict being that it was the Enterprise's very first broadside that had made the kill, and that in general the American marksmanship was sharper—the reasons for which the English would do well to look into, in the Court's candid opinion.

On the American side, the Enterprise's sailing-master, William Harper, was court-martialled for cowardice, trying to screen himself fom shot by getting behind the fore-mast, and crying out that they had better haul the colors down; but the Court at Portsmouth, headed by the redoubtable Captain Isaac Hull, acquitted him, and seemed to feel that the accusation came out of a sort of general ship's grudge against him.

Chapter XXVI

Conquest Of The Penobscot

Nothing surprised the people of Maine more, in the War of 1812, than the British harrying of civilian populations. War, our ancestors supposed, should properly consist in ship duals, and in battles between armies on battle-grounds at a reasonable distance from centers of population. People not in uniform ought not to be made to suffer for the deeds of soldiers.

And for a time the British themselves had some such notion. If they took the islands in Passamaquoddy Bay, that, they said, was because these islands belonged to Great Britain by the treaty of 1783. "His Majesty's Government," said the British commander in New Brunswick, "has no intention of waging war on the people of the main-land so long as they remain quiet."

But in 1814 the British reversed this policy. In July of that year, Sir Thomas Hardy appeared off Eastport with his fleet. "Kiss me, Hardy," the great Nelson had said as he lay dying; but to the surprised citizens of Eastport Hardy's kiss was like the kiss of death itself.

His officer, under a flag of truce, handed the Major at Fort Sullivan a written summons to surrender; and watch in hand, said sternly that he would wait just five minutes for an answer. The Major refused, then thought better of it, and hauled down the flag. British troops filled the town; the inhabitants must swear allegiance to the Crown, or leave.

A few weeks later the Royal Riflemen landed at Castine. Lt. George Brown fired off his two four pounders, blew up his magazine, and took to the woods. The Riflemen, augmented by Marines, marched up the river.

At Hampden lay the American corvette Adams, Capt. Charles Morris. He had run the Chesapeake blockade in January, captured 10 British merchantment, and then cruising in unfamiliar Maine waters, struck on a reef off the Isle au Haut. He had been barely able to get her up the river to Hampden, and was now repairing her.

Morris called on General John Blake at Bangor to defend his ship, and with the help of oxen, dragged his heavy ship guns to a vantage point a hundred feet above the river, at the same time fixing a battery on Long Wharf. Unless the British flanked him on the land side, he had no doubt that he could keep their fleet from coming up the river.

It was the job of the local militia to see that he was not out-flanked. Many of these were unarmed; and Morris armed them with ship's muskets. It was all in vain. Next morning the British came marching up the road in a thick fog, just glimpsed in dread outline as they crossed the Pitcher Brook bridge, which nobody had had the forethought to destroy.

The Americans fired. The British kept on at their pace of doom, and suddenly charged. The gleam of their bayonets shown through the fog and smoke, and the militia, panic-stricken, fled from the field. Morris was forced to spike his guns and set fire to his ship. The day was lost.

And at a bitter cost to Bangor, as it turned out. The town was forced to surrender. The British burned its ships, and forced the townspeople to furnish 40 horses and provisions for the troops. All their arms and powder they had been forced to yield up at the toll-house at Kenduskeag Bridge. The British would have burned even the ships still building in the ship-yards; but the select-men, fearing that this would set the whole town in a blaze, gave a $30,000 bond to finish

and deliver these unlaunched vessels at Castine by November 1st.

Belfast and Machias next fell; and the British proclaimed that all of Maine, from Passamaquoddy Bay to the Penobscot, was now British territory. It was a short-lived conquest however, since on Christmas Eve of that year the treaty of Ghent was signed, and by its terms Maine took back her own.

Chapter XXVII

Threat To The Coast

The sack of Bangor threw all Maine, and indeed, all New England, into a panic. The people of Salem sent 500 wagonloads of household goods inland, and left their houses empty. The banks of Portland buried their specie. A good many family silver services were dropped down to the bottom of the owners' wells. At Wiscasset a son of Squire Hodge packed his silver-chest with valuables and gave it to a Negro servant with instructions to bury it "west of the house." The servant buried it so far west of the house that, when the flurry was over, he "disremembered" where he buried it.

General King, learning that British warships were sailing Bath, and hastily fortified Cox's Head. But the British did not try to run past the six-gun battery at the mouth of the Kennebec. The 74-gun frigate La-Hogue patrolled the waters between Boothbay and Seguin for a time, and its barges entered the Sheepscot, King's militia men took pot shots at them from the river-bank, and the barges answered with the wicked little swivel-cannon planted in their bows, but no great damage was done by either side.

William King was adding to his many accomplishments that of military man. In those days you got to be a general overnight, simply because you were one of the big men in town. You got a command because you had the habit of command. If men had a way of doing what you said, that was enough to put you at their head.

It was informal enough, in all conscience; but it usually got results. When once the rumor reached Bath that a British frigate was at the mouth of the Kennebec, and that her barges were rowing up the river, General King stuck his head out of a window of his banking offices, and yelled in that voice of his that knew how to rip things up and tear them crosswise: "The enemy is coming. Every man arm and to his alarm post instantly."

It did the business for him. In a twinkling, it pulled his whole brigade together out of the shops and yards and houses. The rumor was false, but the General would certainly have given the British a hot reception, had they come. No doubt the great Duke of Wellington would have said that war could not be fought in such a fashion, but then the Duke had not fought his battles in America. And now MacDonough at Plattsburgh Bay had made certain that he never would.

The British in fact seemed to be satisfied with their conquest of Maine between Passamaquoddy and the Penobscot. To the westward they merely grazed the coast, hectored and bullied, and raided the headlands for beef and mutton.

As for Castine, our Government made no attempt to take it back by force. No doubt the bitter memory still lingered of the fate of the expedition against that headland during the Revolution — the horrible Bagaduce fiasco.

On the contrary, trading with the enemy went on at a furious pace between Castine and points west of the Penobscot. Hampden had a customs house, but as soon as the river was iced over, smuggling went on apace. It seems to have been pretty generally condoned.

Hampden apparently had forgotten or forgiven that mauling she had taken at the hands of the British. At daybreak in the middle of the frozen river, an agent of the Collector of Customs seized a sleigh loaded with British goods from Castine. The smuggler, though caught red-handed, cried out that this was highway robbery, and put his case before the magistrates. They agreed it was nothing short of highway robbery in fact, and sent the collector's agent to be jailed at Augusta, where he languished all Winter for the heinous crime of trying to stop an honest Yankee trader from trafficking in enemy goods.

The theory was that trade was trade, and war a mere incidental nuisance which must not be allowed to interfere with trade.

And as for the ships on the ways, which Bangor had agreed to finish and deliver at Castine, they never were delivered after all; and Bangor was relieved of the obligation of her $30,000 bond by the signing of the Treaty of Ghent, which ended the war.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Thomas MacDonough

The fight at Hampden was a bad one for Maine, but within two days she had retrieved herself by taking part in the fight at Plattsburg Bay, Lake Champlain — unquestionably the greatest naval battle of the war.

This was a tour de force of the brilliant Thomas MacDonough. Ten years before, he had been one of Comodore Edward Preble's midshipmen at Tripoli. Now in 1813, commandant of the naval station at Portland, he was suddenly ordered to take command of the American fleet on Lake Champlain.

The fact that the fleet did not exist was no barrier to MacDonough's zeal. As he looks out of his portrait by Gilbert Stuart, we see that glow of the 'fighting Irish" in his eyes; the long nose without which Napoleon had said no man could be a conqueror; the long neck stockaded behind an immense gold-braided collar which rises nearly to his ears; the shock of rough black hair which looks as if a sea-wind were blowing through it.

Walking past the venerable hip-roofed Preble mansion, he may well have wished that his old chief were still alive to give him counsel; but he had received the Preble indoctrination. He knew the value of preparation and he was equal to the task.

It was of course enormous. He had to move big guns, naval stores, seasoned ship-timbers, ship-builders and seamen across lots to the Vermont lake; and Maine men of all men were precisely qualified to do this for him. On the shores of Lake Champlain they built him three fighting ships and ten galleys and, anchored in Plattsburg Bay, he awaited the onslaught of the British, who were too powerful for him in open water. One of his sloops he had named Preble, a fighting symbol in itself.

At first the day went badly on board MacDonough's flagship, the 26-gun Saratoga. She was all but blown out of the water by the first broadside of the British Confiance, 37-guns, and 40 of her men were killed or wounded. MacDonough himself was sighting a gun when a fragment of the spanker boom struck him senseless to the deck.

But the sheer fight in him brought him back to life. He struggled up and went back to the gun. A second shot tore off the gun-captain's head and fung it in his face, threw him clear across the deck. The British Linnet had now joined the Confiance, and was raking the Saratoga's bow. Shortly MacDonough found that he had not one good gun left on his engaged side. The last one snapped its navel-bolt at the discharge, jumped frog-like off its carriage, and plunged down the main-hatch.

But like John Paul Jones before him, MacDonough had only begun to fight. He had foreseen this emergency and prepared for it. He now "wound his ship." That is, he cut his bow-cable, took a 'spring,' a rope from his stern-anchor to the bow, and another spring from the bow anchor to the stern and pulling on these ropes, turned the ship end for end.

He now brought his unused and uninjured broadside to bear on the Confiance. The Britisher tried to duplicate his maneuver, but failed because her stern-anchor had been shot away. Raked fore and aft, she was shortly in a sinking condition. only kept afloat by running in the guns on the port side, thus giving her a "heel" which brought the shot-holes out of water. Her wounded below had to be shifted from time to time to keep them from drowning; and suddenly her crew declared that they would no longer stand to their quarters.

The battle was over, after an action of two hours and 20 minutes, and historians agree that MacDonough was our greatest naval captain down to the Civil War. His victory at Plattsburg Bay was no less decisive than it was brilliant. England had been on the point of sending her greatest soldier, Lord Wellington, to take charge of the long campaign in America. But the Iron Duke, conqueror of Napoleon, had said that neither he nor any man could do any good there without naval superiority on the Lakes. And when the news of Plattsburg Bay reached him, he advised the patching up of peace on such terms as could be had.

With the great MacDonough as their leader, Maine seamen and Maine shipmen had made the kill, and might well boast that they were securely in the Maine tradition.

Chapter XXIX

Time Of Peace

As late as the Summer of 1814, it had begun to seem as if the war with England might drag on to eternity; but the spirit of the people was still high.

In his Fourth of July oration of that year, Enoch Lincoln, a future governor of Maine, said at Fryeburg: "To expect voluntary justice from Great Britain is to look for mildness in the lion and forbearance in the wolf. As a nation, her policy has been conquest—her friendship has been as dangerous as her enmity. Her trade has been war and blood her occupation. Rather than submit to England, far better would it be to build of our properties a funeral pile, broad as the bases of our mountains, lofty as their towering tops, and firing the monstrous heap, light the world with our splendid exit."

But then with MacDonough's victory at Plattsburg Bay, things took a better turn, and our navy was toasted as "An infant Hercules, whose struggles against tyranny have drawn smiles from Neptune, humbled Britain and astonished the world."

And by the end of the year, peace was made, though nothing was said in the Peace Treaty about the things that had caused the war, such as British impressment of American seamen. The treaty was made because both sides had got tired of fighting, and had begun to think that victories and defeats alike were inconclusive.

Maine indeed had suffered many hardships through the embargo on her shipping. Shortly before the peace, the Rev. Dr. Payson of Portland wrote: "The poorhouse is already full, and hundreds yet to be provided for, who have depended on their labor for their daily bread, and who have neither the means of supporting themselves here, nor of removing into the country. If these times continue, nine-tenths of the people here will be scattered to the four winds."

But for the most part recovery was quick. The chips were yellow in the shipyards again; Maine ships spread their sails, having removed from their topmasts those tarbarrels which were dubbed Madison's Nightcaps; the mill-wheels turned; new towns were incorporated and old towns were made new by the reviving touch of peace.

Soon it was "business as usual," right down to the smallest shopkeeper, and Henry Warren in the Eastern Argus notified his public that he had "purchased the patent right of making and vending sodawater in this town. It will be found to possess many of the exhilarating without any of the intoxicating qualities of ardent spirits. It has a pleasant and acidulous taste, lessens the morbid heat of the body, and remedies an irritable stomach."

He adds that he has fitted up a small soda-drinking apartment for the accomodation of the ladies.

But soda-water had not yet become the perfect substitute for rum—that Kill-Devil. Abiel Wood at Wiscasset forwarded to his friend William King at Bath a petition "against the indiscriminate selling of pints." He was opposed to drunken vagabonds, yet thought that licenses should be granted to "orderly shop-keepers who will not disturb the plan of society."

General Wood was not willing to let go of rum entirely, partly because he dealt in cargoes of it, and partly because "teamsters from whom we buy lumber are mellower for just a dram or tittle for the stomach's sake."

Everything in those days seemed to be referred to William King; and the Sultan of Bath was on his way to be the Sultan [illegible] powers are above mediocrity. He would like to be a cadet in the Military Academy. I pray, sir, use your influence with the President of the United States" ..."Ask the Secretary of the Navy if my son, Midshipman Russell is on the list of candidates for promotion"..."When in Washington, do what you can in relation to your old friend Deacon Parker's pension."... "Sir, I am in debt to you and expect to pay you in boards, if this is satisfactory."..."Pray, sir, write a letter to the Secretary of the Treasury to have my son made Collector of the Customs at Surry. His eyes are ruined by studying law; it will be well for him to have this Sheet Anchor. He is as true as steel to the Republican cause."

By these tokens we see that

[illegible] spoke to the workers about what the church has done for [illegible]

PART IV
MAINE COMES OF AGE
CHAPTER I
THE SEPARATION

It was for the fourth time that the question of Separation was considered at the Brunswick Convention in 1816; and for the fourth time it was rejected. William King was president of this convention, and was as strong for separation as any man in the state, but when the votes were counted, there were 11,969 yeas and 10,347 nays. By statute, there must be five yeas for every four nays; and so Maine continued to be part of Massachusetts.

But William King continued to hammer away for separation. He organized Separation Clubs; he argued, threatened, cajoled; he sent out circulars. His correspondence in this period is about half ships and half separation. Some ardent Separationist called on him to "name the new State of Maine Washington, and elevate a monument of gratitude to the memory of our Political Father."

Wrote James Steele of Brownfield: "I have wondered that Separation has slept so long since the Brunswick Convention" but if it slept at all, that was no fault of William King's.

His circular on separation read: "Every candid man confesses that the present time—a time when no great National rights are being discussed, a time when party feelings, if not dead, are slumbering—this is the time to separate, because it is a time when people can agree."

Ezekiel Thompson of Lisbon sums up the reasons: "Now is the time to rise to be our own Masters and be respected with our sister states. As long as Massachusetts rules, the proprietors and the people on their lands never will settle their disputes. Moreover, separation means abating the Ohio fever."

This was a time of tremendous migration to the West, and especially to Ohio. Ohio was the land of promise, and there was a mad stampede for Marietta and points west. Some seaboard towns were all but depopulated. The report was that you had only to "tickle the earth with a plow in Ohio and it laughed in corn."

Ohio fever was ridiculed by the eastern newspapers, which printed cuts showing a man going for Ohio in a good wagon drawn by a sleek horse and the man's healthy laughing family at his back. But the next cut had "I have been to the Ohio" painted on the wagon; its wheels were dished, the horse a skeleton, the miserable family dressed in rags.

Nothing could stop the drift West however; and a train of 16 wagons with 120 men, women and children, left Durham, Maine, in a single day. Maine lost between 15,000 and 20,000 of its people, and the Separationists argued that she would be bled whilte altogether unless she could take her destiny in her own hands, and get clear of the arbitrary exactions of Massachusetts.

So much persistence was bound to be rewarded. The voters met and gave in their yeas and nays on this moot question; and this time the yeas were better than two to one. A constitution was drafted in convention. The National Congress tangled the issue for a time by putting the admission of Maine and Missouri into the same bill and filling the air with the dust of the slavery debate. But in the end Maine was admitted by herself and declared to be, from March 15, 1820, "one of the United States of America, admitted in all respect whatever, on an equal footing with the original states."

William King was elected governor, and got something like 21,000 of the 22,000 votes cast. He sent a copy of the new constitution to Thomas Jefferson at Monticello. Jefferson's answer is preserved, pasted in an old atlas which Senator Wallace H. White, jr., found by chance in his grandfather Frye's law-office in Lewiston.

"Thomas Jefferson returns thanks to General King for his kindly communication of the constitution of Maine, which he finds marked with wisdom at every point, except that of representation. Equal representation is so fundamental a principle in a true republic that no prejudices can justify its violation because the prejudices themselves cannot be justified.

"The claim of the corporate towns in this case, like those of the barons of England, have forcer the body of the State to accept a government by capitulation, where the equal rights of the people at large are forced to yield to the privileges of the few. However you will amend it by and by. In the meantime I welcome the new state into our Union. I salut General King with the mo kindly recollections and assu ances of esteem and respect."

Chapter II
The Eighteen-Twenties

Our shipping was suffering again. Cotton freights for Europe were down from three cents to one cent per pound. Maine was suffering from the high tariff on molasses, which put a crimp in her Caribbean trade.

High tariffs were a part of the American system; and the American system was the invention of Henry Clay. Men called him "the mill-boy of the slashes," just as later they would call Wendell Willkie "the barefoot boy of Wall Street;" but Henry Clay, as Secretary of State, had got to be a lot more dangerous than a mill-boy, as the State of Maine saw it. The American system consisted in taking money out of the pockets of some, and putting it into the pockets of others. The principle at the bottom of it was "to buy nothing of foreigners that could be made at any price at home."

And the effect of that, of course, would be very shortly to dust Maine's white wings off the seas.

Maine had her back up against Henry Clay; and she had her back up against Massachusetts politicians, such as John Quincy Adams and Daniel Webster.

For, despite eight years of separation, Massachusetts still persisted in thinking of Maine as just one of her outlying provinces.

Cries the heated editor of Portland's Eastern Argus: "Her politicians interfere in our local concerns, and assume over us the airs of dictation. Mr. Adams (then President) is a Massachusetts man; and if a federal office is vacant, any man who wants the appointment must get a certificate from Boston before he goes to Adams."

The atrocious fact seemed to be that the single recommendaton of Daniel Webster outweighed the voice of the whole Maine Legislature.

"Even a postmaster cannot be appointed till Mr. Webster's pleasure is known."

And who, after all, was Webster? What was Massachusetts?

The Eastern Argus' quill-pen raged and spluttered: "There may be more men there than here who are familiar with Greek and Latin. It may be more common for their boarding-house misses to chatter bad French and worse Italian. But that the people of Massachusetts are generally a more active, intelligent and enterprising people than those of the time we deny, and fearlessly ordeal to any man of ordinary powers for the correctness of our opinion."

For any woman, either, now be. Maine women were being dragged out of their seclusion. Their time was not far off when Neal of Portland would add that women were people, and finally epochal pronouncement. Today is already conceded that Eighteen had brains, and could enjoy the benefits of education. 3 The Cony Female Academy was a living proof of it; and an educated woman had lately been described as "she who can sustain an elevated course of conversation, whose mind soars above the common things of time and sense, and who is distinguished for well-digested opinions." Such a one, beyond question would be "a blessing to all within her circle."

Such lofty beings the Female Academy strove to mold; and at the same time there were Joseph Addisons in the public press who criticized the habit of tight-lacing. A woman fainted in Union Hall — the Portland Theater, and a very hot, stuffy place it was too — but the heat would not have overcome her had it not been helped out by the whale-bone clamp of those arbiters of the hour-glass—corsets.

"If ribs" the editor explains patiently to these female culprits, "if ribs cannot expand, palpitation of the heart will surely follow. Anything tight below the ribs, or the part called the waist, is still more injurious, as in that part no bony protection exists for the delicate organs within."

There were those who questioned the editor's taste, in his bold reference to the "part called the waist;" but the sincerity of his utterance made a strong appeal — to men readers.

As for the women, they tied their corset-strings to a door their corset-strings to a door-handle as before, and walked away from it. They went on happily tight-lacing.

Chapter III

Bowdoin's Early Days

Meanwhile Maine's adventures in higher education were making progress. Colby was still very young, but Bowdoin had been teaching for more than a quarter of a century.

The act creating the college was signed on June 24, 1794; and so it may be said that both Country and college got a new roof at about the same time,—the college its charter and the Country its constitution.

The Trustees and the Overseers had the usual struggle to raise necessary funds, and to bargain for a site. Then in 1801 came the induction of President McKeen and his single professor; and the admission of eight candidates to make the first Bowdoin class.

The first dormitory was a Spartan affair; the first chapel had a Puritan rigor in its architecture; and the call to morning prayers was the rap of President McKeen's cane on the dormitory stairs. The early Bowdoin student must "scorn delights and live laborious days" in the shadow of the Bowdion pines. High thinking and low living were certainly the rule in an age when board was $1.50 a week, and tuition in proportion.

Instruction was solidly classical. Latin, Greek, mathematics, geography (the globe), logic and oratory. Oratory there must surely be, since Bowdoin would have her shareof orators in the unfolding century. This old curriculum did not do so badly. For who could forsee what instruction would be best for these variously gifted young men of Bowdoin, so many of whom were to be in the very forefront of the Nation's development.

What would be the proper teaching for Seba Smith of the class of 1818, who founded the Portland Courier, married a young Portland poetess, and entertained the Country with his letters of 'Major Jack Downing',—a gentleman who mysteriously had the ear of Presidents? Ought Seba Smith to learn Greek and Latin and logic? Well, he did, and they seem to have nourished him through a distinguished though non-classical career.

What of Longfellow and Hawthorne, of the class of 1825? Would that intellectual diet of early Bowdoin do for poets and novelists as well as journalists? Apparently it did. You cannot teach any man to be a poet. You cannot instruct him in the art of writing novels like The Scarlet Letter; but you can provide the background. You can at least strike fire with the flint of study and the tinder of young souls.

Perhaps that old diet of derivatives and dates and very minor deviltries—such as hoisting a countryman's two-horse team to the roof of North College, with the wheels astride the ridge-pole—did better for the job then in hand, and even later, in the days when the celebrated Parker Cleaveland was teaching young Bowdoin everything "From the Pole Star Down to the mode of smoking a cigar."

Who knows? Perhaps our successes come in part from our rebellions; and Hawthorne, who did pretty well in Latin, but not at all well in oratory, decided quite on his own that there were still undiscovered glories in his mother-tongue.

Perhaps it is just in that word 'discovery' that the charm, the genius and legacy of Bowdoin lie. There is Admiral Peary to be sure; but long before Peary, Longfellow and Hawthorne made common discovery of the field which their literary masterpicces would occupy. They saw that they must write about America ... And Bowdoin discovered and trained a President of the United States—yet could not have foreseen that the charming and compelling Frank Pierce would be known to posterity chiefly as the friend of Hawthorne, that shy secluded fellow who had the firm conviction that he would never amount to anything in the world. Yet it would be Hawthorne's novels that would be read when Pierce's political campaigns—dazzlingly successful in their day—were all but forgotten.

Chapter IV

Lafayette In Maine

After 50 years of absence, the Marquis of Lafayette, on his visit to the United States in 1825, was perhaps as great a sensation as when he had come, a youth of 20, to offer his services to General Washington.

Those services gave a vital impulse to the struggling republic, not only as a token of the sympathies of France, but because Lafayette. young as he was, rapidly developed a talent for war, and as a Major General, played a great part at the victory of Brandywine.

His later life in torn and divided France had only proved the Latin maxim that "the first days are the best days"; and now in 1825, going a progress through the United States as the last surviving Revolutionary General, he might well have felt that Bunker Hill Monument was in part a monument to his splendid youth.

On June 22, he was present at the laying of the cornerstone of that Monument; and so great was the throng that single trees along the line of the procession were let by their owners for the sum of $50. Daniel Webster, who made the address, referred proudly to the "Nation's Guest," and as Lafayette rose in his place, the roar of the crowd expressed its heartfelt gratitude and affection.

Lafayette set out the next day by coach for Maine, spent the night at South Berwick, was entertained at Wells. Kennebunk greeted him with a salvo from its cannon; and Dr. Samuel Emerson said: "Though our climate is the coldest in the United States, our hearts are warm . . . This little village has literally been redeemed from the forest since you fought by the side of Father Washington. God grant that your life may be prolonged to the very verge of sublunary enjoyment."

And to the toast: "To the Boy who out-generalled the Veterans," Lafayette replied: "To the town of Kennebunk, where the first tree was felled on the day when the first gun of American liberty was fired at Lexington."

No doubt one of the town elders had whispered in his ear.

As for Portland, "everything that had legs or wheels was there to meet him." On the brow of Congress Street hill were massed the Portland Light Infantry, the Portland Rifle Company, the Portland Mechanic Blues, and the Brunswick Light Infantry, which had come on foot from Brunswick. The day was hot and dry, and to lay the dust, the street had been wet down that morning by

the Fire Companies with their hand-engines.

At 9 o'clock in the morning, a cloud of dust was seen in the neighborhood of Stroudwater, and then, through this, the twinkle of brass guns, the 12-pounders that had been taken by Lafayette so many years before at Brandywine.

And next came Lafayette himself in an open barouche drawn by four milk-white horses. At that time, in all Portland, there were only three coaches, and the reception committee had borrowed these for the occasion. The city had no police, and the committee and the Marquis too were all but drowned in the flood of lesser citizens. Our best description of the occasion comes from the later recollections of William Goold, who as a boy of 16 perched on the wheel of a coach and held on by the roof.

Stephen Longfellow, father of the poet, made the welcoming address; and although he was a skilled lawyer, he was so impressed by the noble appearance of the Marquis that he faltered and had to refer to the notes in his hat.

The line of march was then taken up under General Samuel Fessenden. Here and there, arches of evergreen spanned the streets, with "Welcome Lafayette" on one side and "Brandywine" on the other. At the head of Free Street, a live eagle was perched on the arch. The bird looked sharply at Lafayette and flapped his wings at him as he passed under . . . The school girls were dressed in white, and threw red roses into the barouche under the Marquis' smiling eyes. "To the Ladies" . . . That was a prime toast of the old Frenchman's, and he could make his conquests still.

So he went his progress, on to the old wooden State House, where he met the Governor, Albion K. Parris, got an honorary degree from the President of Bowdoin, and at the public dinner in Union Hall, gave this toast: "To the State of Maine, who, yet an infant and not weaned from the mother, gallantly helped in crushing despotism."

He was lodged that night in Daniel Cobb's boarding-house on Free Street, and went away early Sunday morning, leaving the old soldiers to fight the battles of the Revolution over again, and to maintain stoutly that next to Washington himself, Lafayette was our great deliverer.

Chapter V

Early Manufactures

Rye and Indian corn bread was a staple diet in Maine in the early 19th Century. The housewife made it in a big trough, and baked it in an iron kettle in a brick oven. She made half a dozen to a dozen loaves at once. Doughnuts she sweetened with maple sugar; and baken beans and brown-bread she served her family on Sunday morning and Sunday noon; Saturday night baked beans were still to come.

As for the lard oil lamps by which Governor Fairfield studied, in the 1830's, they were fairly common; but a guest in a tavern was more likely to have a flaring pitch-pine knot handed him, to light him to his room. Once there, he stood it in the fireplace. The ceiling on the ground floor was just high enough to clear a tall man's hat, and in the bedroom he would naturally take his hat off.

Meetinghouses were still well-filled; and in Summer boys went barefoot into church. The girls walked barefoot to within a biscuit's toss of church, when they stepped modestly aside into the bushes and put on their shoes and stockings. Sermons were long, and the congregation often lapsed or drowsed. The parson, affronted by so many lost looks and capsizing eyeballs, would pound the pulpit with his fist, cry "Wake up, my hearers", and motion to the deacon who would thereupon wake up himself and rap his rattan smartly against the side of his pew.

The demon rum began to be more and more the subject of sermons, especially in the manufacturing towns. The Maine version of that Congressional drink called 'twitchell' was a decoction called 'flip'—a mixture of spruce beer, rum, sugar and water, the beer being first heated with a red-hot poker. It was a favorite in Brunswick both with town and gown; and may have provoked some of thoses collision between Bowdoin students and the town boys—called 'Yaggers'—which the authorities had reason to deplore. The feud reached such a pitch that at times a student, if he fared forth alone, would have to go armed.

At night, the "watch" would ordinarily be able to subdue these quarrels. The Brunswick watch consisted of four citizens who made five rounds of the village during the night, the last one at 4 a. m. They were volunteers, and hot coffee, bread, cheese and cold meats were provided for them at midnight. They carried watch-poles three feet long, with a hook at one end, said hook being used to catch into the clothing of a fleeing culprit.

Anything unusual went into the "Watch-Book" at the rendezvous; and in the Watch-Book for 1827 we find these entries: "January 30. On the fifth Watch saw a young man returning home from particular business . . . He gave us good satisfaction; we let him go by paying one bottle of wine. Feb. 15. First round, half-past twelve o'clock, a fine lady was observed to be sitting in the lap of a fine gentleman, and as our respected squire would say, 'all as fine as silk.'"

The Watch Association had more than 130 members, and some of these watchmen were professors in the college.

The Watch were helped out by striking of the bell in front of Bisbee's Clock-shop. A wooden black boy there bestrode a wooden horse. He had a whip in his hand; and when it was time to strike the hour, he struck the rump of the horse with his whip, and the horse kicked the bell with his heels.

Which was just another proof that Brunswick was entering the machine age, along with many another Maine town. As early as 1810, the District of Maine had turned out half a million dollars' worth of boots and shoes; better than 2,000,000 yards of woolen and cotton cloth, 60,000 hats, $250,000 worth of cordage. By 1820, Brunswick alone had 1,248 cotton spindles in operation, and 240 woolen spindles.

"Who in the old days could have believed," writes James Curtis in his 1830 Diary, "that they would see the time when a yard of mill shirting could be bought for the price we paid for weaving a yard; or who could have believed that they would live to see mills erected in our wilderness that would grind out more than 10,000 yards of cloth a week . . . or that nails could be bought for but one cent more than bar-iron."

Such had been the labor of carding, spinning and weaving in the old days, that a man must work half a month in the best of the season to get the money for a pair of shirts. Verily, Brunswick spindles had worked a miracle.

An Early Humorist

The first daily newspaper north of Boston, the Portland Courier, was founded in 1829 by Seba Smith, creator of the famous "Major Jack Downing" political letters, which appeared in the Courier.

Born in Buckfield, Smith made a valedictory oration at Bowdoin in 1818 called The Equality With Which Nature has Distributed The Means Of Happiness; and he proved his thesis by going to Portland and marrying Elizabeth Prince, who was destined to become noted as poet and lecturer.

Seba Smith was a forerunner of such famous Maine humorists as Artemus Ward and Bill Nye; and Major Jack Downing was his chief character. The Major, it seems, came to Portland with no more capital than a load of axe-handles, a cheese, and a bundle of stockings.

"Yes, sir," says Downing of Downingville, "in the Fall of the year 1829 I took it into my head I'd go to Portland. So one day I up and told father, and says I, 'I'm going to Portland, whether or no, and I'll see what this world's made of yet.' Father started a little at first, and said he was afraid I should get lost; but when he saw I was bent upon it he gave up, and he stepped to his chest and opened the till and took out a dollar, and says he: 'Jack, this is all I can do for you; but go and lead an honest life, and I believe I shall hear good of you yet.'"

The Major got on famously, and before long was hobnobbing with President Andrew Jackson at Washington, and telling Old Hickory what to do to save the Nation; but at the same time he kept in touch with Maine. His cousin Ephraim writes him how things are getting along in Augusta. Says Ephraim "These Legislater folks cronch apples down by the wholesale between speeches, and sometimes in the middle of speeches too. That afternoon Mr. Clark spoke all day, I guess I sold nigh upon half a bushel for cash, and trusted out most three pecks besides."

And Ephraim tells the Major that the Legislater is talking of moving the seat of government back to Portland again. That was in 1833. "They say it will be better all round. They won't have so fur to go through the snow-drifts to their boarding-houses, and won't have to pay much more than half as much for their board. And here in Augusta they have to pay fourpence apiece every time they are shaved; but in Portland they can get shaved by the half dozen for three cents apiece. I hope they will go," Ephraim concludes, "for I can get more for my apples in Portland than I can here."

Major Jack in Washington learned things that have a familiar sound today. "Everybody seems to be running mad," he writes home, "and jest ready to eat each other up. Here's Russia snapping her teeth like a great bear, and is jest agoing to eat up the Poles. There's the Dutch trying to eat up Holland, and the Belgians are trying to eat up the Dutch, and there's 'five great powers' trying to pour a healing dose down the throat of the King of the Netherlands...and in fact all the Kings of Europe are trying to eat up the people, and the people are trying to eat up the Kings. These are dreadful times, Uncle; I don't know what will become of the world if I don't get an office pretty soon," the Major winds up, from the middle of that madhouse that was Washington.

Andrew Jackson, "the Gineral," promised to come down to Downingville, Me., to see the Major's relatives; and Downingville was all a-twitter at the prospect. "Ant Keziah" writes Cousin Nabby, "had every part of the house washed from garret to cellar, and the floors all sanded, and a bunch of green bushes put into all the fireplaces. And she baked three ovens-full of dried punkin pies, besides a few dried huckleberry pies, and cake, and a great pot of pork and beans.

"But the worst trouble was to fix up the bed so as to look nice; so Aunt Keziah put on two feather-beds on top of the straw-bed, and a bran-new calico quilt that she made the first Summer after she was married and never put it on a bed before. And to make it look as nice as the New York beds, she took her red silk gown and ripped it up and made a blanket to spread over the top. And then she hung up some sheets all round the room, and the gals brought in a whole handful of roses and pinks and pinned 'em up round as thick as flies in August."

And then "the Gineral" didn't come, and Cousin Nabby said nobody in Downingville would vote for him now except Uncle Joshua, and "he wouldn't

CHAPTER VII

Where Put The Capitol?

The question of where to put the permanent Seat of Government was threshed out for nearly a decade. During that time, the Legislature met in Portland; and Portland had hopes of getting the permanent Statehouse. But for a lot of Maine people in those days Portland looked a long way off.

In 1821, Hallowell was suggested as nearer the center of population than any other town in the State. Travel expenses counted; and it appeared from the payroll of the House that the combined travel of the members to Portland and return was 11,135 miles; to Hallowell it would be only 7,985.

But the Resolve failed to pass either house, and Hallowell was in the discard. Next a committee was appointed to look for a site. They looked at Hallowell, Brunswick, Augusta, Waterville, Belfast, and Wiscasset.

Wiscasset made a real try for it, and pointed out how easy it was to get there by water; but the people who argued for an interior site won the day, and Augusta was chosen, provided that town would donate the land for the Capitol building and grounds.

Augusta gave deeds to its Weston Hill location; and Thomaston and Wiscasset, still fighting hard, sent in some deeds too. There was a good deal of pull-and-haul between Portland and Augusta. Portland said that, since the boundary of the State had not been settled yet, how could anyone possibly say that the center of, it was Augusta?

Debate went on from year to year, and in 1827 Mr. Ames of Bath said they would never get anywhere if they leaned on that center of population argument, because the center of population was always changing. Somebody moved to insert Bangor in place of Augusta, but the opposition rallied and said that "in both wars the enemy had scoured the Penobscot"; and it was finally decided that on and after Jan. 1, 1832, the permanent seat of government should be at Augusta.

Former Gov. William King was Commissioner of Public Buildings, and prepared the site in 1828. He had the plans for the Capitol drawn by the celebrated Bulfinch, architect of the Boston Statehouse. The estimated cost was $80,000; but estimates are guesstimates, and as the building went on, it was seen that the cost would run at least a third more.

Legislators thought this was out of all reason, and Portland made a last bid, saying she would take the stone and other materials assembled at Augusta, cart them over to Portland, and build the Capitol for the sum of $45,000.

Despite this handsome offer, Augusta got it in the end, Daniel Cony and 60 of the wealthiest citizens signing a bond to pay all costs over the amount appropriated. In the end it cost these citizens a little over $11,000, and the total cost of the Capitol and grounds was $138,991.34. Governor Smith said the expense had been great, but "perhaps will not be regretted when we consider that it is intended not only for the accommodation of the present age, but will be transmitted to future generations as a monument of the liberality and patriotism of their predecessors."

So the cornerstone was laid on July 4, 1829 with imposing Masonic ceremonies, a procession of the Governor and Council and the Grand Lodge of Maine being escorted to the site by the Augusta Light Infantry.

Gov. Enoch Lincoln made the address, and President Andrew Jackson sent his personal friend Maj. Augustus Davezac to bear the good wishes of the Federal Government.

Said the Major: "This day, sir, you have laid the cornerstone of the Capitol of Maine; and though no eagle soared on the sight, in happy augury of rising empire; though no lightning glared through the dark cloud; though no thunder proclaimed the approving will of Heaven; yet the meditating mind might read . . . the glad assurance that the frontiers of Maine will never recede before the footsteps of an invader."

And Maine never did yield to the footsteps of an invader; but she did yield something to the silver tongues of British diplomats, as the settlement of her Northeast boundary would show.

CHAPTER VIII

Colby's Lovejoy

The Maine Literary and Theological Institution (Colby) had a vigorous head in Dr. Jeremiah Chaplin, but at the start it was all but swamped by money troubles. By August, 1819 it owed its one professor $110 of his $600 salary, and its total debts had got close to $1,000.

The Masachusetts Legislature years before had given Bowdoin $8,000 and eight townships; but now the time for separation was near at hand, and Massachusetts decided to let Maine shift for herself.

And Maine picked up the challenge. Her first Legislature in June 1820 appropriated $1,000 annually for seven years to the new college, but at least $250 of this must go towards the tuition of deserving students. There were not many of them, to be sure. Only three were entered for 1820. And college expenses were not exorbitant. Tuition and room rent came to $22.00 for the college year; board for those 38 weeks was $50.00; wood, $2.20; and oil—that midnight oil—$2.00.

Even so, the students found it very hard to meet their bills. One of them, haled before the faculty for wearing his best clothes every day, entered this plea: "I am charged with impudence . . . My defense is, I have no others."

But student quality was high, and in one case extraordinarily high. Ex-President Hoover has lately said that Colby College stands as one of the great monuments to free speech in the United States, because of the fire that it struck into the soul of Elijah Parrish Lovejoy.

Graduated in 1826, young Lovejoy went to St. Louis, where he taught school and edited a newspaper. The black storm-cloud of slavery discussion was on the horizon; and Lovejoy, while not an out-and-out Abolitionist, nevertheless, in the ablest editorials of that day, defended Abolitionists against false accusers.

But St. Louis, the river-port for the South, rose in wrath and told him to write on other subjects.

Lovejoy replied that freedom of the press was as good a subject as any, and that he would defend it with his life.

A Negro had been lynched, and a St. Louis judge charged a jury that a killing perpetrated by a mob was beyond the reach of human law. The name of the judge, fittingly enough, was Lawless.

Lovejoy attacked this charge savagely; and the St. Louis mob tore down his office. He had made plans to shift across the river to Alton, Ill., because that was free soil; but now when his new press was delivered there by steamboat, a mob smashed it to bits before it could leave the riverbank.

The citizens of Alton were against abolition, but in a fit of broadmindedness, they bought Lovejoy a new press. Then, in a fit of narrowmindedness, they told him it would be well to keep silent on abolition.

Lovejoy refused; so the mob rose again, and destroyed type, press and furniture. The young man from Waterville College was not beaten yet. He bought a new press and stored it in a warehouse. A dozen masked men forced their way into the warehouse, rolled the press across the street, broke it up with sledge-hammers, and threw the fragments into the Mississippi River.

Lovejoy now ordered a fourth press, and got it to the warehouse. The mob milled round the place, and fired on it. The defenders of the press answered shot for shot. A man was killed. The mob was staggered for a moment; then came on with ladders and tried to fire the roof. Lovejoy and his friends made a sally, and Lovejoy fell dead with five bullets through his body. He died a martyr to his cause, and his last press, like his first, was destroyed by sledge-hammers.

The South said that he had got what he deserved, that he died as the fool dieth:" but the North had other notions. In Boston, the fiery young orator Wendell Phillips cried out in Faneuil Hall: "The disputed right which provoked the Revolution—taxation without representation—is far beneath that for which Lovejoy died." At this point, even in Boston there was an outcry from the audience; but years later Abraham Lincoln himself would say: "The death of Lovejoy was the most important event that ever has taken place in the western world."

Such was the early influence of Colby on the forces of the times.

Chap. IX

A Maine Duellist

Representative Jonathan Cilley of Thomaston died in 1838 in a duel with Representative William J. Graves of Kentucky. Cilley was a Democrat, and Graves a Whig, but the two men had been warm personal friends.

A New York newspaper had reported that at least one member of Congress was corrupt, had said "Make it my interest and I will pull the strings for you." There was a motion made to investigate this paper; and in House debate, Jonathan Cilley said he trusted the House would not investigate "a mere loose newspaper accusation." He did not think the editor's charges were entitled to much credit in an American Congress.

The editor, Col. J. W. Webb, took offense, and sent a note to Cilley by William Graves, which was the preliminary to a challenge. Cilley refused to accept this note from Graves' hand. Graves then asked for "that satisfaction which is recognized among gentlemen."

Cilley accepted. He said Webb had challenged him "because he thinks I am from New England and can be bluffed. Although I know that sentiment in New England is against duelling, I am sure my people will be better pleased if I stand the test than disgrace myself by humiliating concessions."

Cilley had the choice of weapons; and chose rifles. The terms were these: the parties to be placed at 80 yards distance from each other; rifles to be cocked and triggers set; word to be "Gentlemen, are you ready?" and then—"Fire—one, two, three, four," neither party to fire before the word fire nor after the word four.

Henry A. Wise of Virginia, Graves' second, replied that the terms though unusual and objectionable, were accepted, the meeting to be at Annacostia Bridge in Maryland.

The parties to the duel went out of Washington in a couple of hacks, and got on the ground by mid-afternoon of Feb. 24. The seconds loaded the rifles, and paced off 80 yards. Cilley was near-sighted, and was shooting into a gale of wind. Since his opponent won position, Cilley also stood on rising ground, a plain mark, whereas Graves was shadowed by the woods at his back.

Graves in precisely the same position as before the challenge was sent."

The challenge was therefore renewed and "without animosity" the two men exchanged another shot. They both missed again.

Cilley's second said: "I think the matter should end here."

Wise still held out for some kind of apology from Cilley; but this offer Cilley brushed aside. To his second he said: "They thirst for my blood." Wise then said: "If the thing is not terminated this shot, I will propose to shorten the distance."

But at the third shot, Cilley fell.

Graves, his rifle still smoking, walked forward and in a shaky voice asked: "How is he?"

George Jones replied: "My friend is dead."

A wave of horror went through the Nation, and Nathaniel Hawthorne, who had been with Cilley at Bowdoin, wrote:

"A challenge was never given on a more shadowy pretext ;a duel was never pressed to a fatal close in the face of such open kindness as was expressed by Mr. Cilley; and the conclusion is inevitable that Graves and Wise have gone further than their own dreadful code will warrant them, and overstepped the imaginary distinction which, on their own principles, separates manslaughter from murder."

A vote of censure was passed upon them in the House. But the point of honor had been satisfied.

Portland, Ireland, and Boise, Idaho, both receive a special handicap. Observes the National Geographic Society. Convenient hot springs and wells provide natural hot water for heating and other individual home and civic use.

CHAPTER X

The Bloodless War

The Aroostook War of 1839 was bloodless, to be sure, and it was very much ridiculed at the time; but it was just that kind of cold war that might easily have turned hot overnight, had not cooler heads prevailed.

On Feb. 25, 1839, the Rev. Caleb Bradley of Deering noted in his diary: "What news? Anything from Augusta? Men drafted to fight—what for? A few pine logs? The British say they belong to them; we say they belong to us. The British lion may snarl and growl and snap his teeth, but a few leaden pills directed by our Yankee warriors will stop his snarling, so some of our wise Tories say. Oh, foolish men to a high degree."

The quarrel over that Northeast Boundary had been going on for a long time. It grew out of the Treaty of 1738 with England, which closed the Revolution. The treaty-makers had never been in Maine, and apparently had no good map of Maine before them. They made one boundary terminal the sources of the St. Croix River, but there were two or three rivers that went by the name of St. Croix. They made another boundary out of the "Highlands which divide those rivers that empty themselves into the River St. Lawrence from those which fall into the Atlantic Ocean." But as it turned out, the parties to the treaty could never agree as to where those Highlands were.

The British claimed all of what is now Aroostook County, north of Mars Hill, and the north part of Piscataquis County. The Americans denied this claim, and claimed for themselves the whole St. John River valley and a great stretch of wilderness beyond.

The two parties left it to the King of the Netherlands to arbitrate. He put the line half way between the two boundaries, but this satisfied neither contestant, and the arbitration failed.

Meanwhile there was interpenetration from both sides; and the situation grew acutely dangerous. The British were cutting timber in Aroostook River forests. The Americans had pushed their settlement to the far side of the St. John, and made the town of Madawaska, which sent a representative to the Maine Legislature.

There were arrests on both sides, and mutual recriminations. Finally the Maine Legislature in secret session authorized a force of 200 volunteers to drive off the Aroostook trespassers. They were under Captain Stover Rines, but Rines was captured and jailed in New Brunswick.

Now the fat was really in the fire. Governor Harvey of New Brunswick declared that he was invaded, and ordered out 1,000 militia. The Maine Legislature ordered out 10,000 militia, and appropriated $800,000 for the defense of Maine. In their thick red shirts and pea-green jackets, the men marched through winter drifts for the "Seat of War," —the disputed Madawaska.

The Bangor Whig's correspondent on the ground wrote: "Let us give every hireling and subject of a monarchy that same grant to territory which King Harold of yore was willing to give the Norwegian king — seven feet by two."

And now the National Congress passed a bill to raise 50,000 troops for the defense of Maine, if New Brunswick still persisted in her error. The great General Winfield Scott, "old Fuss-and Feathers" himself, came to Augusta, specially charged to maintain the peace and safety of the frontiers. Since he had already 30,000 troops at his beck and call, he was well qualified to be a peacemaker.

In short order, Governor Harvey agreed to pull his troops out of the disputed territory, and Governor Fairfield of Maine agreed that, for the present, he would forbear to press Maine claims in the Madawaska region. They would leave the solution to the diplomats.

On March 28, 1839, the Rev. Caleb Deering writes in his diary: "Troops return. A band of music attended, and everyone seemed to be alive and rejoicing to have the soldiers return. This ends the foolish quarrel for the present. We began it and we are very glad to end it, having come off second best."

His fellow-citizens for the most part wouldn't agree that they had started it, but they did agree that they had come off second best. They had refused that sop of 1,000,000 acres in Michigan which President Andrew Jackson had offered

Chapter XI

Blue Water Seaman

The 1840's were packed full of the exploits of Maine skippers who put to sea in Maine-built brigs and barks, and usually had a compass upside down over their bunks so that they could tell just by opening an eye, whether the ship was on her course. Sometimes their old-fashioned nightshirts were leaded round the bottom, so they could jump on deck out of a sound sleep without having the wind wrap the night shirt 'round their necks.

They were drivers, "orackers on"; and they were businessmen as well as seamen, and knew how to drive the best bargains in Valparaiso and Matanzas and Canton and the Fiji Islands. They knew what sea-otter skins from the Northwest Coast would fetch at Whampoa, China, where the mandarins would meet them at the river-bank at the bottom of a flight of polished granite steps. And they knew exactly where to find those birds' nests (in the limestone cliffs of the Paracelsus Islands) that made birds' nest soup, so dear to the palate of the Chinese.

These mariners of Maine knew what was brewing in Asia long before Washington could possibly know. They knew what was in the wind in almost any corner of the world. They sailed small ships, but they compassed great ends. No more romantic breed of man ever lived, yet in their aims and lives they were simple and intensely practical.

Those old traders could scent a market as far as the next man, and they endured "any God's legion of grief" as they used to say, to get their goods to that market. Lumber from Portland to Matanzas, and molasses back, for example. Such were the cargoes of the brig Exchange, 210 tons, in which the future Captain William Leavitt of Portland went to sea for the first time. Her sails were hardly big enough to make a hummingbird a pair of leggings, but the little Exchange carried a lot of good in her day, and came to port through gales that foundered bigger ships.

Young Leavitt shifted into the brig Monument, and took coffee to Bremen, Germany, coming back in ballast. Next voyage he was in the bark Rochelle bound to Havana with a load of Maine hay.

Then, as second mate of his first ship, the Exchange, he went to Mobile Bay for cotton. Those whirling Maine spindles were snatching at whole plantationloads of southern cotton. But stopping in at Havana, Leavitt was taken down with the dread—as it was called. He was all but given up for lost, because it came to the last and ugliest symptom, black vomit, but Maine ruggedness pulled him through.

He rejoined his ship in the Spring of 1843, when she loaded sugar for Venice, that famed city of the Doges whose Marco Polo had gone to open a trade with the Great Khan of China centuries before mariner Leavitt was ready for his travels.

What tales the young seaman had now for his Portland neighbors: tales of Russian steppes, and Cuban harbors and Italian waterways; a long count of lazy sunny days in mid-ocean, and black nights when the color of everything was dirt, with the ship under bare poles, and the very chickens in the chicken coop despairing of their lives, and nothing but a soul-and-body lashing to keep a man together.

And then in 1846, Captain Leavitt had his own brig, the Margaret took her to St. Petersburg and back, and exchanged into the bark Ann F. Jeness just built at Stroudwater. The Jeness loaded sugar at Havana for Cowes England, and went from there to Antwerp, where she took cargo and passengers for New York.

Passengers in those days of 300- and 400-ton ships were rather under-foot. But they must have paid well, because there is frequent mention of them in the logs of the day. The Captain would have to be a past master in the art of com-

Chapter XII

Early Maine Railroads

Ships had not yet begun to feel the threat of rails. In 1846 Maine built one-fourth of all the new tonnage on the Atlantic seaboard, and Maine owned one-seventh of all United States tonnage. The total ship-tonnage in Maine in 1820 had been only 140,000 tons; but by 1845 it was over 400,000. In 1846 Maine built 47 ships, Massachusetts 26, New York 11..

Maine sea captains only laughed when they were told that a snuffling little Iron Horse would end by driving white wings from the seas. To be sure, George Stevenson's "Rocket" in England had pulled a few cars behind it at 15 miles per hour, as early as 1829; and in 1830 the Baltimore & Ohio hoisted sail on 13 miles of track, and used horses in a head-wind. What sort of competition was that for ships that followed the sea-track to China?

But the pioneering railroaders refused to be laughed down. In 1836 the railroad between Bangor and Old Town was opened, and by late 1842 the Portland, Saco and Portsmouth Railroad was ready for business. In the next year the Boston & Maine got into South Berwick, but it was nearly 30 years before it got any further into Maine.

Then in 1844 John Alfred Poor, a Bangor lawyer, came into Portland with a really staggering idea. He urged the citizens, and the whole state, to back the building of a railroad from Montreal to Portland. This would tap the commerce of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence River, and Canada would naturally be favorable to this enterprise, because, although she had her Welland Canal around Niagara Falls, the St. Lawrence was frozen up in Winter.

All the wheat and produce of the West would funnel into Portland, and Portland had the ships to take it overseas. "Maine is the natural sea-coast of the Canadas." Poor argued, and so ably that both Maine and Canada began to see the light.

So, for that matter, did the solid men of Boston, who picked up Poor's idea, and picking up at the same time those phantom tracks of his, laid them down from Montreal to Boston through Concord, N. H.

Was it to be the old Boston dictation again? Were Boston men going to be allowed to outsmart their country cousins down in Maine? John Alfred Poor said "No," and he was a genius in his own right.

A great boiling argument and bitter recrimination followed. Canada was told that Portland Harbor had obvious advantages over Boston Harbor. It had better approaches, for one thing. A ship over-taken by storm off Portland had a long, safe 90 mile drift to Cape Cod, and longer if she could carry storm-sails. Boston had no such drift.

Again, said Poor and his henchmen, no worse port than Boston in an easterly gale could be found the world around, and in thick weather, the least mistake was fatal. At Portland, on the other hand, there were good anchorages within two miles of the city, no pilots were needed, the harbor could be kept clear of ice for $50.00 a year.

"Softly, gentlemen," quoth the Boston Post at this point. "Do you bumpkins down in Maine really take it on yourselves to disparage Boston Harbor as contrasted with Portland?"

"No," replied the committee of the Marine Society of Portland, appointed to look into these things. "Mere stating of facts is not disparagement. If Boston Harbor does sometimes freeze 12 miles out, and it takes several days to break through the ice at a cost of several thousand dollars,—whereas Portland Harbor never freezes so much as 2 miles out—is there any possible impropriety in saying so?"

The Boston Post replied contemptuously by saying that Maine couldn't raise the money for a railroad if she tried.

To which the editor of the Portland Eastern Argus made answer with becoming dignity: "The fling at our poverty is not in very good taste, and partakes a little too much of that swagger of over-weening, self-importance for which Boston is noted."

John Alfred Poor went on besieging the Maine Legislature for a charter for his great Atlantic & St. Lawrence Railroad; and if he succeeded, it was agreed by all hands that Maine, at long last, would have Massachusetts "with her feathers down."

Breaking Ground

In the end, John Alfred Poor took the prize away from Boston, but he did so only by an eyelash. In the Winter of 1845, he learned that Boston capitalists were in Montreal, maneuvering to strike the bargain for themselves. At once he started for Montreal himself by sleigh, lashed his horses through the snow drifts of the White Mountains, and hardly taking time out to sleep, reached the Canadian city in time to make his appeal for Portland to the Board of Trade.

The Board deferred its decision; William Pitt Preble arrived with the charter from the Maine Legislature: and it was Portland, not Boston, that made the deal.

Says Edward E. Chase in his Maine Railroads — "The ceremony of breaking ground for the Atlantic & St. Lawrence Railroad was one of the most important events in the history of Portland, and that its importance, was fully appreciated at the time is proved by the accounts of the tremendous celebration held in Portland on that day."

The day was the Fourth of July, 1846; and in the Bethel Building on Fore Street was exhibited an elephant shark, 16 feet long, with 12 rows of teeth on each jaw, which no doubt symbolized the beaten Boston party.

Portland was full of strangers, 10,000 of them, it was estimated, a surprisingly small number of whom were "brutified". The police, in short, picked up only a few drunks; but they were busy other ways. The mayor, Eliphalet Greely, had charged the city marshal to stop the young men from shooting off guns and firecrackers, against the strict city ordinance; and the several constables, the watchmen, and the captain of the watch, all had an eye out for these breaches of the peace.

The weather was fine, and the Parade was brilliant. The Knight Templars were conspicuous in their sable plumes and military swords; and the sun flashed on the gorgeous regalia of the Rechabites; the Odd Fellows and the Masons, and on the worn accoutrements of a few old soldiers of the Revolution.

The stockholders of the new railroad met in the rotunda of the Exchange before joining the procession, and told each other excitedly that William Pitt Preble, their president, had already notified the owners of land between Turner's Shipyard and the east bank of the Royal River to take their crops quickly, since the railroad had a right of way and meant to exercise it.

The procession itself formed in front of the Exchange, and headed by the Saccarappa Band, moved up Middle and Free Streets, swung 'round into Danforth, and so to the pavilion on the eastern brow of Munjoy Hill. Here the Committee on Arrangements had provided a collation.

Next came the ceremony of ground breaking, performed at the western end of the redoubt called Fort Lawrence. Judge Preble made a "swords-into-ploughshares" speech; the Canadian representative indulged in expressions of glowing confidence and hope; and Governor Anderson spoke briefly, but, says the Eastern Argus, "we regret that we cannot report his remarks more fully, as they were indistinctly heard at the only spot which our reporter could then obtain." Evidently the crowd had pushed him around a good deal to his disadvantage.

He was, however, close enough to hear the Hon. S. H. Chase, president of the Senate, say he trusted they would "live to see this beautiful bay crowded with fleets laden with products of inland seas and rivers of Canada and the West, destined to convey to the farthest ports of the earth the fame of this noble enterprise" and this hope before long was richly fulfilled.

Then suddenly a lot of distinguished people were seen with spades in their hands; but the bedeviled reporter still wasn't close enough to see whether Judge Preble or Governor Anderson actually turned the first ground. There were explosions of dynamite on Munjoy Hill, bells pealed all over the city, a Canadian wheeled out the first barrow-load; the Saccarappa Band played Hail Columbia and God Save The Queen; the crowd cheered itself hoarse; and the great Atlantic & St. Lawrence Railroad was born.

Chapter XIV

Early Railroading

Ground for the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad was broken in 1846, but it was the Summer of 1853 before the first train from Montreal came into Portland. The St. Lawrence and Atlantic Railroad (Canadian) met the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad (American) at the border, and the passengers from Montreal, after alighting at Portland and getting the cinders out of their eyes, all agreed that the engineer was a hero, the conductor a perfect gentleman, the road-bed satisfactory and the scenery through which the railroad passed delightful.

One Canadian gentleman told the press he had seen three vessels unloading flour at Montreal. "We may therefore," said the Eastern Argus, "expect to see some of that article in our market very shortly."

The victory was won. On August 5, 1853, the Atlantic & St. Lawrence Railroad was leased to the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada for 999 years, a line of winter steamers out of Portland for Liverpool was established and the Marginal Way (Commercial Street) was built along the water-front. The city was certain to flourish like the green bay tree.

Of course it was not to be thought that Portland had entirely escaped the sinister Boston influence. A correspondent of the Argus, signing himself Amicus, said that unscrupulous persons were accosting travelers on their way to Montreal to take the new Atlantic & St. Lawrence Railroad to Portland, and telling them that the road wasn't opened the whole way. They might start, but they would never get there.

"I ask, Mr. Editor" said Amicus, "by whom are these fellows placed there? By persons who are connected with an unsuccessful Railroad terminating in Boston, an opposition Road to ours? If so, it ought to be looked after."

It might be a special kind of that Boston chloroform recommended for putting bees to sleep while their honey was taken from them.

A Boston paper said: "They will persist in imputing to us jealousy and ill-will which exists only in their imaginations."

But the Argus recalled "the cold shoulder and colder sneers with which Boston refused all aid to us in our emergency. Our sister city has labored to enrich herself at the expense of Portland—has tried to reduce us to the position assigned sneeringly to us by a Boston newspaper—that of "a smart fishing village."

Meanwhile there were technical difficulties cropping up which made it a little hard to sell railroad tickets to people who valued their lives. There was a wreck on the New Haven Railroad. Cars had their floors torn out, and "seats wracked to pieces by the hind wheels coming up through."

Next, only a week after the Grand Trunk lease, there was the "melancholy incident" of a head-on collision on the Providence and Worcester Railroad. Fifteen people were killed and the engines "totally demolished." It was like the charge of two mad rhineceroses along the rails. And the upshot of it all was that "the Uxbridge engine was on top of the Worcester engine"—a proof of power, surely, if not discretion.

Details drifted into Portland slowly. "The cause of the accident is said to have been a difference of time, a variation of two minutes in the watches of the engineers." Next it appeared that the Worcester conductor was in custody. He had had an excursion party aboard who were afraid of missing the steamboat . . . he had four minutes to reach the Boston switch and thought he could do it... his watch was right the night before.

And finally it was said that this conductor was a new man, that he was paid only $30.00 a month, that he was desperately poor and had been compelled to borrow a watch from a milkman.

Editorial opinion was strong that conductors should provide themselves with sutiable timepieces. It seemed a reasonable point of view; and there were Portlanders who said that they would no more buy a ticket for Montreal than a ticket to the nether regions.

Nevertheless tickets were sold increasingly. The railroad had come to stay.

Chapter XV

Early Steamboating

Along with railroading went steamboating; and in fact one called forth the other.

Captain Seward Porter, a native of Freeport, was the first man to set a steamboat going in Maine waters. She was hardly more than a scow with an engine in her, and a pair of paddle-wheels threshing at her sides. He built her at Bath, called her the Kennebec, and cruised her in Casco Bay. When the tide ran strong against her, the passengers helped out by personally treading down the paddles. The Kennebec performed like an ailing beetle, but she was a famous novely.

This was in 1822, and the year following Captain Porter brought the steamboat Patent a four-day journey from New York, and put her on the Boston run.

"If a Chinese junk with bamboo sails and a native crew from Hong Kong direct," says William Goold, "had rounded Fort Preble, she would not have caused more commotion than the steamer Patent. After much backing and filling, and loud orders from the Captain on the wheel-house, with cane in hand and spectacles above his eyes, she was hauled in to the wharf." The Patent was a great improvement on that "horned hog" of a Kennebec. If the engineer wanted to blow off steam, he could disconnect both wheels from the engine, and let them idle; if he wanted to help the steering, he could disconnect one wheel and let the other turn.

The ladies' cabin was way in the stern, and the only way to get to it was through the gents' cabin; so the ladies must go to bed first and get up last. They were well boxed in; but if the waves got too high, it was always possible to scream for help.

Captain Porter later bought the Legislator, a steam twice the size of the Patent, with a double bulkhead round the boiler—just in case—and a handsome bar forward "in the eyes of her." The fare to Boston was $5.00, or just half the mail-stage fare.

Porter's next steamboat, the Connecticut, was bigger still, but she had a little bad luck. She was scheduled to sail one night at 7 p. m., but the great actor Edwin Forrest was just closing an engagement at the Chestnut Street Theater, and the captain held the boat for him until the play was over. Amos Cross of Portland, one of the passengers, got mad, and started an opposition line. The fare to Boston was now down to $3.00 and found."

Meanwhile steam navigation on the blue water was looking up. In June, 1840, Samuel Cunard's steam-packet Unicorn made the passage to Boston in 19 days from Liverpool — almost as fast as a square-rigged ship could do it. Portland's Longfellow delivered this toast: "Steamships are the pillar of fire by night and the cloud by day, which guide the wanderer over the sea."

Mr. Cunard's next ship, the Britannia, cut the running time down to 14 days and a few hours. Novelist Charles Dickens crossed in her, and described his stateroom as an "utterly impracticable, thoroughly hopeless and profoundly preposterous thing"; but then Mr. Dickens was a humorist and not a sailor. If he had ever gone to sea before the mast, he would have run out of adjectives entirely.

In February, 1844, the Britannia got iced in in Boston Harbor. The merchants were afraid the Portlanders would make a fool of this—as in fact they did—and so paid a firm of ice-cutters to make a 100 foot, 10 foot channel to the open sea, at the Britannia get on with her mail-contract.

Two years later, Portland was trying to show, for railroad purposes, that the news from England could be got to Montreal through Portland quicker than through Boston. The steamer Kennebec—a new one—went to Digby; and a messenger drove across to Halifax, waylaid a newsboy coming off the ship with newspapers from Liverpool, snatched one, and drove back to Digby and the Kennebec, which on the instant put its wheels in motion.

She came into Portland harbor and found four-inch ice. Her captain didn't mean to let Boston get the upper hand. He charged full-bore into the ice; his ship sounded as if she was splitting in two; she cut her way nearly to the wharf; the satchel with the news was thrown out on the ice and put aboard a sleigh for Montreal. The driver got there 14 hours ahead of the regular Boston express; proved his point; got a silver-mounted whip, and later a job as conductor on the railroad.

The opening of the Atlantic & St. Lawrence Railroad between Portland and Montreal in 1852 gave Canada a winter port; and the Montreal Ocean Steamship Company was formed, the beginning of the famous Allan Line. Her rails had given Portland a Liverpool connection; adn John Alfred Poor's great dream at last was solid fact.

CHAPTER XVI

Story Of A Trademark

Towards the middle of the century, Maine was making better use of its water-power. William King had first had the idea of bringing cotton cargoes from the South; but the cotton factory he built at Brunswick in 1809 was a failure. Its successor did better, and by 1820 Brunswick was turning out 100,000 yards of cotton cloth a year.

In 1825 a cotton-mill was started on the island side of Biddeford Falls. By 1831 it could be said to be a total failure; but the great textile expert of that day, Samuel Batchelder, came down from Boston, and within a year had got the island mill into profitable production.

The Biddeford side of these Saco River Falls Batchelder thought a better prospect; but it was 1844 before he got from the Maine Legislature a charter for the Pepperell Manufacturing Company. The name Pepperell he took from Sir William Pepperell of Kittery, the conqueror of Louisburg, who in his day could walk from Kittery to Saco without once stepping off his own property, and who had himself built a sawmill on the Saco side.

By 1848 there were 60,000 spindles and 2,000 workers in the two mills in Yoe Cat Gully—the lower site, and a third mill was rising on Ram Cat Hill above it.

In his excellent Men Of Pepperell, Dane Yorke writes: "Gold had been discovered in California; the greatest "rush" in the Nation's history was on. From Biddeford a tall-masted brig, built in the shipyard just below the Falls, had recently set sail with a group of local men dressed in flannel shirts, their trousers tucked into cowhide boots, their belts sagging with heavy pistols and wicked-looking bowie knives—all the regulation uniform of the amateur gold-hunter. And as that brig dropped gently down the river to the sea to begin the long voyage round Cape Horn to the goldfields, not a man aboard suspected that he was leaving behind in the new mill buildings on Ram Cat Hill a source of wealth that was to bring to Biddeford more growth, a more enduring livelihood, than all the gold ever to be found by the excited fortune-hunters on that brig."

True enough; but also true that it would be Maine ships and Maine seamanship that would play a large part in the Pepperell prosperity. Pepperell drills went as far away as China for their market; and a Maine clipper ship did not by any means call itself "a slow boat to China."

Those Eastern buyers must recognize Pepperell quality by its trademark, and since they were illiterate, this must be a picture trademark. A dragon was chosen, because the dragon plays so great a part in Chinese art and religion. But the Pepperell founders cannily avoided copying any one Chinese dragon complete. Some dragons were good, some were evil; it would never do to rouse a hidden prejudice by picking out a dragon with an evil meaning. The Pepperell dragon, therefore, was a hybrid, English with a Chinese flavor.

The dragon proved acceptable to the Chinese; but only because their fingers had detected the quality 'feel' of the Pepperell product. And, according to Men Of Pepperell, it is a Biddeford tradition that the great soldier of fortune, Gen. Frederick T. Ward, got from Biddeford the money that took him to China, where he trained for the emperor, the army that finally put an end to the Taiping Rebellion. General Ward uniformed his soldiers in the Pepperell dragon drill, and there must have been a good many of them, since the rebellion took a toll of 50,000,000 dead.

Augusta's cotton factory, with 10,000 spindles, began its operation in 1846. As for the Brunswick factories, they had their ups and downs. The Brunswick Company of 1834 went half a dozen years and stopped; was started again and stopped again.

In 1847 the Worumbo Manufacturing Company was incorporated. Its rules were strict and it refused to employ any one "who is habitually absent from public worship on the Sabbath, or who uses profane or indecent language in the mill or elsewhere or who uses ardent spirits."

Worumbo was succeeded by the Cabot Company, which at the start of the Civil War was turning out 50,000 yards of cotton cloth a week. This was a real advance over Brunswick's 100,000 yards a year in 1820.

A Great Maine Railroader

Even before the opening of the Atlantic & St. Lawrence Railroad in 1852, railroads were getting to be talked up furiously. There were opponents to be sure; and it was these the editor of the Eastern Argus had in mind when he wrote: "Though you bray a fool in a mortar, yet will not his folly depart from him."

And observers looking at the moon through Lord Rosse's new telescope thought they saw a little double hair-line about 150 miles long which ran straight and looked like a railroad on the moon. It was said that a daguerrotype of the moon would shortly be available, which would bring this novel fact out more clearly.

Early in the 1840's, the Portland, Company turned out a locomotive which, when put on the rails of the Portland Saco & Portsmouth Railroad, went tearing along the 13 miles to Saco in 25 minutes, incommoded though it was by having one coach hooked onto it. By the middle of the decade, the Portland Company began to manufacture railroad iron, as well as cars and locomotives. It was said that Maine was full of the best kind of iron ore. There was a heavy vein south of Buckfield. Aroostook was full of it.

By 1848, 18 railroads had been chartered in Maine, but they were mostly small, nothing in comparison with the great railroad from Portland to Montreal.

But some were small which were destined to grow big. For example, there was the Androscoggin and Kennebec Railroad, chartered the same year with J. A. Poor's big Montreal line, 1846 — its objective being to build a road to Waterville from a junction with the Atlantic & St. Lawrence at Danville; and at the same time the Penobscot & Kennebec got a charter to build a conecting line into Waterville from Bangor.

This again was Poor's conception; and as stated by Edward E. Chase in his Maine Railroads, "the only outstanding figure whose activities give the appearance of continuity and of adherence to a definite plan" is John A. Poor. While most of the men active in Maine railroads were content to consider local advantages, the scope of Poor's conception of Maine railroads was international.

It was Poor, in short, who wanted a railroad to come through Maine from St. John and Halifax, and tap into the Atlantic & St. Lawrence Railroad at Danville Junction. This was the "European and North American" project which was in debate for nearly 20 years before it got itself built. It was Poor's project, and without Poor himself it seems doubtful if it would ever have been built at all.

The whole business was complicated by the "war of the gauges." The Kennebec & Portland Railroad was chartered as early as 1836, but was not opened up all the way from Augusta to Portland until 1852. It was, of course, a rival line to the Androscoggin & Kennebec, and it had one outstanding advantage. Its narow gauge ran right into the narrow gauge tracks of the Boston roads at Portland, and there was joint use of the latter's Portland station.

The Androscoggin & Kennebec, on the other hand, was broad gauge. So was the Atlantic & St. Lawrence, which it joined at Danville. West freight shipped by this route came into Portland to what is now the Grand Trunk Station. If it was going to Boston, it had to be hauled across the city by horse vehicles; and worse than that, there was no telling whether the Boston road would take it when it was delivered. Apparently it would if not otherwise employed.

Not an auspicious beginning, surely, for the Maine Central Railroad. Yet those two sections of railroad, from Danville to Waterville, and from Waterville to Bangor, were actually consolidated into the Maine Central Railroad in 1862. It began as a railroad which really was in central Maine exclusively, and against serious handicaps managed through the decades to thresh its way to the border, and get an honest-to-goodness Boston connection. In the process it absorbed a good few poorly managed railroads, and quantities of railroad iron.

After the Civil War, Poor was again active in a project for a railroad from Portland to Chicago, ultimately a transcontinental railway, as he conceived it. This thing needed the consent of only seven chartered companies; six had come under Poor's spell and agreed; the delay of one company alone held things up, and during that delay Poor died. Probably the death of no man in Maine's history was such a truly tragic loss for her. There was no substitute for Poor; the great project which would have brought western wheat direct into Portland died with him; the iron framework to the West was laid down on another pattern, and what Portland lost, Boston and New York gained and waxed fat on.

Henry David Thoreau of Concord would have been Maine's first Development Commission, if he could have got anybody to read him. He was a natural booster for the Maine wilderness. He said that a glimpse of the heavy massed woods above Bangor was like a "whiff of hot cake to a school-boy."

Thoreau came first in 1846. He had an ambition, among others, to climb Katahdin. The Indian Louis Neptune had climbed it, and left a bottle of rum at its top, for the god Pomola, who lived there. And Pomola duly received this gift, since the next time Louis Neptune went there, the bottle was gone.

Or so he told Thoreau. And so this simple Indian began the industry of entertaining recreationers with tall tales of the Maine woods.

Actually, so far, few white men had climbed Katahdin. There was a man reported to have done so in 1804; the State Geologist Charles T. Jackson was there in 1837; and two young men from Boston reached the heights in 1845. Thoreau's was the fourth party, in August, 1846.

Writing in 1846, Thoreau said there were three kinds of people up above Bangor; the loggers, who were thick in Winter and Spring; a few settlers who had stores and sold supplies; and Indians who hunted the territory.

Of the Indian, Thoreau says: "In a bark vessel sewn with the roots of the spruce, with hornbeam paddles, he dips his way along . . . He builds no houses of logs, but a wigwam of skins. He eats no hot bread and sweet cake, but musquash and moosemeat and the fat of bears."

And Thoreau, like so many who have followed him, made his notes of the Maine character. Of Uncle George McCauslin, his guide, he writes: "A man of a dry wit and shrewdness, and a general intelligence which I had not looked for in the backwoods. In face," he adds—and how often the facts have borne him out—"the deeper you penetrate into the woods, the more intelligent, and, in one sense, less countrified do you find the inhabitants . . ." He thought he would much more likely meet with a narrow, uninformed mind on the high-road in Concord than in the backwoods of Maine.

Uncle George fed him royally on "piping-hot wheaten cakes" and ham and eggs and shad and salmon, with stewed mountain cranberries to top off with; and Thoreau ventured to predict that cranberries might one day be saleable. He washed it all down with spruce beer, the lumberer's drink.

posed to have mysterious virtues and to absorb perspiration . . . In every gang there will be a large proportion of red birds."

Uncle George and Tom called the river the thoroughfare, and the rivers, as late as 1846, were still Maine's best thoroughfares. They were skilled in poling their batteau, "shooting up the rapids like a salmon"; and so they came to the Sowadnehunk dead water, a dozen miles from Katahdin.

Here they cut birch poles, baited their hooks with pork, and got some three-pound speckled trout. As Uncle George had said, there was no trouble living off the country. And they slept soundly on a bed of fragrant cedar-tips.

And then they climbed Katahdin, and looking down from its windy height, Thoreau said: "There it was, the State of Maine — immeasurable forest for the sun to shine on . . . No clearing, no house. It did not look as if a solitary traveler had cut so much as a walking stick there."

He was in the vanguard of a great army of hunters and fishermen who would later learn that there's no place like the Maine woods for dusting the cobwebs from the brain's rafters.

Uncle George McCauslin dropped everything, and went along with Thoreau to Katahdin. He took a couple of blankets, 15 pounds of hard bread, 10 pounds of clear pork and a little tea. This, said Uncle George, would last six men a week, with what they could pick up as they went along.

Then on the Millinocket River they ran across old Tom Fowler sawing a window out of his new log-house. He had papered the inside of it with spruce bark, "which had a good effect." Tom Fowler in his turn dropped everything and went along with them, since they'd need two men to pole the batteau. Tom was in a waterman's boots and a red flannel shirt, red being "sup-

King Pine

"Penobscot against the world" said the Bangor Whig exultantly in 1834; and even a decade later Henry David Thoreau wrote: "There stands the city of Bangor, 50 miles up the Penobscot, at the head of navigation for vessels of the largest class, the principal lumber depot on this continent, with a population of 12,000, like a star on the edge of night, still hewing at the forests of which it is built, already overflowing with the luxuries and refinement of Europe, and sending its vessels to Spain, to England and to the West Indies for its groceries—and yet only a few axmen have gone 'up river' into the howling wilderness which feeds it."

Not that the Penobscot did all the lumbering, by any means. The Saco Valley had petered out; but the Androscoggin River cut 12,000,000 feet in 1820, and Bath shipped out lumber worth $100,000. A couple of decades later, 100,000,000 feet a year were being floated out of the Penobscot, 40,000,000 out of the Kennebec, 20,000,000 out of the Androscoggin. But the Presumpscot, the old mast country, had almost nothing worth cutting any more.

A few axmen had done it; and by 1835 the Kennebec had 1,500 men and 1,000 oxen in its lumber operations, the Penobscot perhaps twice as many. Three hundred loads of lumber were sledded into Belfast in a single day; Cuba was buying millions of feet of boards for sugar boxes, and Maine shippers were advertising, "Vessels wanted." Calais and Machias were big lumber ports, and in Aroostook, where cedar trees were more plentiful than bristles on a hog's back, shingles were actually used for currency.

When Maine became a state in 1820, her wild lands were divided equally between herself and Massachusetts. She created a land agent, and in 1823 there was a legislative resolve for the sale of state lands in lots of 500 acres to actual settlers.

There were likewise big private holders. William Bingham, Philadelphia banker, as early as 1793, had bought 2,000,000 acres of Maine in a land lottery. These were in two giant parcels called the Kennebec million and the Penobscot milllion, and by 1835 Col. John Black of Ellsworth, agent for the Bingham heirs, was selling these off to lumberers at the rate of a quarter of a million acres a Winter.

And not to lumberers only. 1835 was the year of the great Land Speculation, and Colonel Black wrote: "The Spirit of Speculation is quite on tiptoe." It was, in fact, a mad frenzy. Buyers in the morning were sellers in the afternoon. Land which had been sold ten years before for ten cents an acre now sold for $10 an acre. One Brown of Vassalborough, who made $150,000 overnight, gave $10,000 towards a state lunatic asylum, and said he knew where he could find the inmates.

Brokers' offices were set up in Bangor; at the land auctions bidding was furious and demented; and to mellow the crowd, the auctioneers poured champagne out of the original bottles into huge wash-tubs with dippers attached, and the bidders helped themselves and went on bidding.

Bangor hotels were filled to overflowing, and it was solemnly averred that a man who had paid 75 cents to lean against a signpost in the street sold his privilege next day for $5. A doctor prescribed for his patient "20 acres of land to be taken before breakfast, and if that did not operate in two hours, to swallow 20 more."

And there was the story—which history cannot vouch for—of two paupers who escaped out of the Bangor poorhouse and made $1,800 apiece in land speculation before they could be caught that night and put back.

Then came the crash. It turned out that a good many crooked surveys had been made, and maps drawn on which lands were represented as lying close to river-banks when in fact they were scores of miles away from them. And a lot of people were fooled, but the logs kept on ramming and charging and rearing down the river, and Orono's 200 mill saws cut them into fat pine boards with the first spring freshets.

Like Talleyrand before him, Henry David Thoreau, lover of the wild, protested. "The only real Aroostook war is war against the pines," he said. "But the pine is no more lumber than man is, and to be made into boards and houses is no more its truest and highest use, than the truest use of a man is to be cut down and made into manure."

But since the woodsman wouldn't spare King Pine, he had to give way finally to King Spruce.

Ups And Downs In Shipping

Perhaps the year 1853 was the high peak of Maine shipbuilding. Bath and Portland tonnage was up, and in Rockland this year was built for the British the famous clipper-ship, Red Jacket, of 2,500 tons, whose record run to Liverpool in 13 days, one hour and 25 minutes, the steam-packets had to battle for a decade to surpass.

So, too, in Waldoboro the ship-yards were active. Indeed, there were not enough of them; and just a little earlier, a schooner was built right in Jackson Russell's dooryard, and hauled by 40 oxen to Samson's Landing, where it was launched in due form.

In 1839, when Maine had a third of the whole ship tonnage of the United States, a third of Maine's tonnage was built in Waldoboro. In the 40's and 50's this percentage went down. Waldoboro's output was as great as ever, but other coast towns were competing with her and the day would come when her suspender factory would stand her in good stead.

In 1853 Edwin Achorn built the ship Woodcock, of 744 tons, at Waldoboro; but in that same year the town's neighbor Thomaston turned out—among other ships—the Ocean Clipper, 1,700 tons, sold to a Liverpool House as an Australian packet for $85,000. This was a big price to get for a ship even as big as the Ocean Clipper; and for some time now Maine fortunes had been made by building ships to be sold abroad, sometimes on their first voyage, sometimes on their second or third. It was a mystery to our British cousins how these sleek, American ships, with their clean entrances and their lean runs, could move through the water so much faster than bluff-bowed British ships, but so the fact was, and the British had enough trader instinct to swallow their pride, and "buy American."

So in 1853 Thomaston flourished, although if you were to judge it by the look of the General Henry Knox Mansion, you might have thought it was in a very bad way indeed. As long as the general's widow was alive—and that was nearly to 1830—a kind of shabby gentility lingered on. Mrs. Knox had her high pride, as the widow of the great patriot who had been foremost in the times that tried men's souls. Since she had grown too poor to keep horses and a coachman, she refused to leave the house "till she could do so in her former style and in her own carriage"—which carriage therefore stayed in the carriage-house until it was "powder-posted" with time, while Mrs. Knox, grown even more enormously fat than when the general was alive, stayed indoors and lived only for her nightly rubber of whist with some obliging neighbors, and a "snug little supper" afterwards.

No doubt the disconsolate old lady, lying in the state bed with its threadbare silk damask draperies, and hearing the rats scamper in the damp halls, told herself that Thomaston had gone to pot. But that would be only one more example of the tricks that viewpoint plays. Thomaston was prosperous; and when in 1853 there came the end of the Knox line altogether, and the Knox Mansion came into hands of strangers, Thomaston, like 50 other Maine coastal towns that had shipyards, was prospering in high degree.

The pride of craft was high; and the very seamen that sailed its ships were hardier than other men. John Counce, for example, got a big lead slug in his chest from an accidentally discharged pistol. The surgeons probed in vain and gave up in despair. John was unconscious for 12 hours; then came to, and on the 10th day according to the local chronicler, "portions of his several garments were expectorated in the order in which they were worn, so little changed that the buckram of his coat, and the elastic of his suspenders, showed little appearance of having ever been separated."

In short, at the end of three weeks, John Counce had quite recovered, and shipped out as an able seaman.

Later, of course, he would be glad to get work in the Waldoboro button-factory. The panic of 1857 was disastrous to Maine ship-building. Some firms were ruined, the chips grew grey in many yards. After the Civil War, there was some revival, but not on the old great scale. The art of building ships began to be forgotten, and the population of the six leading shipbuilding counties—Hancock, Knox, Lincoln, Sagadahoc, Waldo and Washington—fell off.

The panic and the Civil War, of course, played their part in this; but furthermore the "ugly duckling" steam was making an end of the great days of sail. The British tramp steamer was getting in where the Yankee windjammer had once queened it alone. American steamship interests absorbed our coastwise trade. In the 1870's, heavy tonnage taxes, both federal and state, began to be imposed. More steel and less wood was used in making ships. Foreign nations granted ship subsidies, and the word "subsidy" was anathema in our Congress.

As if in some sleep-walker consciousness, our men and ships began to be banished from the high seas.

Chapter XXII

The Slavery Issue

The storm-cloud of slavery, at first the speck no bigger than a man's hand, had now filled the heavens altogether. For a long time its rumblings had been heard, and as far back as 1820 the South had tried to bargain for the entrance into the Union of Missouri as a slave-state as a balance to the free State of Maine.

Nevertheless, to begin with, Maine was by no means in the mood to antagonize the slave states by backing abolition. The shipowners and the cotton manufacturers if they had done that, would have had small chance at southern cotton freights.

Brunswick, for example, was in the cotton trade, and when Professor William Smyth of Bowdoin made his house a station on the "Underground Railroad" which helped escaping slaves over the border into Canada, his house was mobbed. His enemies said he was neglecting his college work for abolition, and a committee was appointed to examine his classes. His students, however, rallied nobly to his support, and not a man failed that examination.

And when Professor Smyth subscribed to abolition tracts, the Brunswick post - master wrote "Nigger" on them, when they passed under his hand. Abolitionists were "Nigger-men," "Long-heels," but they persisted in their course. "Blow the trumpet . . . cry aloud and spare not" was their war-cry, and there were some that preached with a Negro overseer's whip laid by the Bible in the pulpit.

They did indeed "raise quite a breeze" when they asserted that the National Government had no more right to make a slave than to make a king; and although Dan Webster, the great Whig chief, thundered: "I say there is no power directly or indirectly in Congress or the general Government to interfere in the slightest degree with the institutions of the South", Maine began to be less sure of that, and in 1838 her House of Representatives passed a resolution against admitting slavery to the District of Columbia, and also against annexing Texas, which would come in as a slave state.

"Gideon's three hundred" were crying out "Let the oppressed go free", and although clubs and stones and rotten eggs were still the arguments against them, they were gaining ground. In 1843 Hanibal Hamlin of Maine made a speech in Congress against the gag rule which would have kept the subject of slavery out of legislative halls, and John Quincy Adams, that "old man eloquent", who had once been President, and now did his country greater service as a mere member of the House of Representatives, — shook Hamlin's hand, and cried: "Light breaketh in the East."

Not for nothing did Katahdin's peak take the sun's morning rays ahead of all the rest of these United States, cried the fiery Abolitionists. They were for action at all costs. "There is power enough in the gospel to break every yoke, but it must be applied," Professor Smyth of Bowdoin reminded his audiences. And in Boston the brilliant Wendell Phillips said the Constitution was the pillar of slavery and must be destroyed.

Yet despite the tears and cries that went up from those "fields of blood" in the South, James K. Polk admitted Texas as a slave state; and 1849 General Zachary Taylor, a slave-owner, became President. Then in 1850 came Webster's 7th of March speech in support of the Fugitive Slave Law.

That was a dark day for Abolitionists. "Union and liberty, now and forever, one and inseparable" Webster had cried in the moment of his greatest inspiration. Now he faltered; now it seemed to him that they could not be inseparable, and that even liberty must be sacrificed to union.

In Maine that year John Hubbard of Hallowell, a Democrat, was elected governor over his Whig opponent. And Governor Hubbard defended the Fugitive Slave Law. He was against Abolition, but he was for Prohibition. He backed up Neal Dow's efforts.

Four years later, in 1854, Anson P. Morrill of Readfield was elected governor; and he was for Abolition and Prohibition. He was against both drink and slavery; and out of sections of all parties who were against drink and slavery the Republican Party in Maine was born.

On July Fourth, at the height of the campaign, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was present at an East Livermore rally. She didn't speak from the platform, because women couldn't dream of being platform speakers yet; but she did talk with the ladies, and she told them that every word of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was written in Maine.

Beginnings Of Bates College

Bates College sprang from the vision of Oren B. Cheney, at a time when he was pastor of the Free Baptist Church of Augusta. At first he avoided the word "college." The state already had two colleges, and Bowdoin was only 20 miles away.

Cheney called for "Seminary," because that was "towards a college," and more than an academy. The petition to the Legislature asked for "an institution of a high order, on a broad basis, and centrally located," and in 1855 the Legislature issued a charter for the Maine State Seminary.

Forty-nine towns competed for it, and Lewiston won. Industry and education went hand-in-hand. Dr. Alonzo Garcelon—of whom it was said that "probably no man in America has traveled so many miles in a one-horse shay"—argued that Lewiston had the greatest waterpower in New England; railroads "converged" there; it had the best newspaper in the state; and Boston capitalists were building homes and factories.

Lewiston agreed to provide a site of 20 acres, and give $10,000 cash; the Franklin Company, which owned the waterpower of Lewiston Falls, made a land gift of $10,000; the State gave $15,000 at the outset. The biggest individual giver was Benjamin E. Bates, of Boston, a pioneer in the industrial organization of Lewiston and Auburn. His life-time gifts totaled $100,000, and the College, when it emerged from the Seminary, was named after him.

Nelson Dingley, jr.,—the great tariff expert of later years—said from the start it was a college that was knocking at their doors; and his Lewiston Journal editorialized: "We think it admirable that there should be some immaterial and immortal interests, some capacious, solid and attractive machinery for the growth and culture of the mind, in off-set to the everlasting clatter of machinery and buzz of the spindles for the weaving of cloth and the making of money."

The college would be an experiment, to be sure; but these were experimental days. On March 24, 1855, a telegraph office was opened in the Lewiston Depot. "The thing is started as an experiment and if it can pay expenses, it will be retained. If not, removed."

It was never removed. Neither was the College. Both experiments succeeded. But the Seminary, in charge of the Free Will Baptists of the state, was hard hit by the great Panic of 1857, when so many peldges had to be repudiated. Principal Cheney wrote in his diary: "Last Tuesday I came to the deliberate conclusion to advertise my house for sale, and if I could find a purchaser, to pay first my own debts and all notes I have signed, and then pay the remainder of those friends from whom I have borrowed money for the Seminary"

But the tide turned, new donations came in and by the middle of 1859 the Seminary was virtually free from debt. The College grew out of it "much as a sprout grows out of the trunk of a tree." In 1861, 15 students asked to pursue college studies. The year following, the Seminary was authorized by the Legislature to establish a "collegiate department," and given the power to confer college degrees. The Seminary's name was changed to Bates College in 1864; and in 1868 the college got a new charter.

It was co-educational, "a college for males and females in Lewiston," and had been from the start. The 1857 Seminary catalogue classified students as gentlemen and ladies. There were 83 gentlemen and 54 ladies. But, sad to say, the gentlemen made it a little unpleasant for the ladies. Bowdoin student jeers at the "Female Academy" at Lewiston were a little hard to take.

Said Bates' second president, George Colby Chase: "As many as seven young women entered Bates with the first class. Quietly one after another dropped out, scarcely knowing why. Really I suppose it was because some of those in authority had a subtle influence upon them to the effect that they began to regard themselves as out of place in College."

No doubt the gentlemen had let the ladies know that education was a male affair, exclusively. Ladies traditionally had been instructed in music, dancing, knitting, and "the Globes." And for a time the ladies took the hint and withdrew. The Fourth Catalogue had no freshman, junior or senior woman, and only one sophomore. Even the class of 1886 had only one woman graduate, and a tenacious soul she certainly must have been.

But in 1901, there were 29 women in a class of 58. Co-education at Bates had come to stay.

CHAPTER XXV

Israel Washburn, Jr.

Active among the anti-slavery forces in Congress during the 1850's was Israel Washburn, jr., of Livermore.

He was the oldest of the seven sons of Israel Washburn, sr., and it is doubtful if there is another family in Maine history which showed such various and high talents in a single generation. The seven sons scattered; five went West; Israel alone took root in Maine.

At different times in their lives, these seven brothers held one or more of these offices: secretary of state, foreign ambassador, senator, major-general, governor, representative in Congress.

Israel, jr., was first a representative, and then governor of Maine in 1860. He went to Congress in 1848 at the age of 29 and was there through ten Winters. Through most of that time prohibition and abolition made a tangle of Maine parties, but Washburn was not a Prohibitionist. Unlike Neal Dow, he felt that the evils of drink could not be cured by law.

Nor was he at first a strong Abolitionist, though he was against the institution of slavery. He was a Whig, a Clay man; and in 1850 accepted Henry Clay's new compromises, which took the place of the old Missouri Compromise of 1820. These were chiefly that California should be admitted to the Union as a free state, but that slavery should go in or stay out of any territory as the people might decide. The Fugitive Slave Law, another compromise, Washburn also accepted.

But by 1854, and even earlier, he had made up his mind that that compromise would never do. He wanted the Missouri Compromise, with its line, 36° 30; above which slavery could not be pushed. And when President Pierce signed the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, which repealed the Missouri Compromise, and threw all the territories open to slave settlement, Washburn made his mind up that the Whig party had lost its power to oppose slavery, and acted at once with thunderbolt force.

A few hours after the Kansas-Nebraska Bill passed the House, Washburn called a meeting of anti-slavery members of the House, and urged upon them the formation of a new party whose great immediate aim should be to resist the slave power. Then and there he made the suggestion that the new party should be called the Republican Party, because that had been the party of Jefferson, the party of freedom, as he said.

His eloquence carried the day, and going home to his constituents in Bangor, he raised again a new alignment of parties under a single new name, and made the first public suggestion that that name Republican.

Peter Washburn gave the credit for the organization of the fighting new party to Dr. Daniel Bailey, editor of the National Era, who did so much to bring together the scattered forces of anti-slavery opinion. It was Dr. Bailey who drafted the call for the convention at Pittsburgh which formally organized the Republican Party in February, 1856.

"Freedom had been losing ground from year to year," Washburn later wrote, "until at last it became a question whether she had any ground to stand on, even in the states of the North. It was to Dr. Bailey more than to any other man that the Country was indebted for the simple, but invaluable, instruction, how Slavery could be checked and freedom saved. The memory of this wise and good man should be enshrined in the hearts of all Republicans."

Undoubtedly Bailey was a powerful influence. Nevertheless, the first meeting of national leaders looking towards the new party was called by Washburn; and it was his strong leadership which brought such seeming opposites within the burning circle of the new thrust for freedom.

It was a man from Maine who named the Republican Party; and if Maine should ever be the last Republican stronghold, she will have the consolation of knowing that she was the first.

CHAPTER XXVI

On The Edge Of War

The weapon was forged, and at first it seemed that this new giant, the Republican Party, might be used to put Senator William Pitt Fessenden of Maine into the White House.

A friend in New York wrote to Washburn in January, 1860: "It seems to me as though Mr. Fessenden might be fairly viewed as holding a medium position, and thus turn up strong in the end."

In the end, however, it was Abraham Lincoln of Illinois who turned up strong, with Mr. Fessenden's colleague, Senator Hannibal Hamlin, as his running-mate. Lincoln and Hamlin got 180 electoral votes, a smashing majority; Maine casting for Lincoln 63,147 votes, as against 29,819 for Douglass.

"Babylon is fallen . . . is fallen" was the exultant Northern cry. But it would not fall without blood. "Gentlemen of the Republican Party," a fiery Southerner had cried, "I warn you. Elect your President, and we of the South will tear this Constitution to pieces, and look to our guns."

The National atmosphere was electric when Gov. Israel Washburn, jr. read his message to the Legislature in January, 1861.

Yet at this moment the State was prosperous. The chips in her shipyards were yellow; and from these ways had slid the hulls that made two-fifths of the Country's merchant fleet. The number of spindles in her factories was growing from year to year; the manufacture of boots and shoes was jumping ahead fast; the Maine fisheries were in a good state; Rockland lime was widely sold; and Maine forests still seemed inexhaustible.

As for agriculture, the best way to encourage that, said the new governor, was to encourage the European and North American Railway, the great international highway from Calway, Ireland, to New York by way of Maine.

Like J. A. Poor, Washburn was a natural railroad man. He rejoiced to see that Maine had already over 500 miles of rail road; and he knew what that would mean to farmers.

If he looked back to his young days in Livermore, he remembered that farmers were a long way from their market. A Livermore farmer would go to the Bath or Portland market perhaps three or four times a Winter. He would load his pung with a dressed hog, a tub or two of butter, half a dozen cheeses, a keg of cider apple-sauce, a hundred pounds of dried apples, and a few chickens or turkeys.

Those old marketings were full of life and zest to be sure. A whole caravan of pungs might set out to battle with the snowdrifts; and when night fell, the drivers would blanket their horses and take their ease beside some crackling inn fire the chimney's warmth would put them in the mood to tell tall tales.

But in those times a man's whole pung-load would bring not over $50, and the chances were he would have to take half of that in goods. Now the railroad came practically to his door, and the value of his goods was tripled.

More than that, he sold produce which formerly he couldn't sell, because it couldn't be transported. The land yielded 100 bushels of potatoes to the acre, and now he could sell potatoes at the neighboring depot for 50 cents a bushel. Green corn, now that canning factories were going up, made a profit of $50 an acre, and sometimes $100; and apples—those juicy and long-keeping Maine apples that seamen would find on the tables of Calcutta boarding-houses—were worth from $2 to a barrel at the railroad.

Such was the magic wrought by the Iron Horse, and Maine knew the smiles of fortune, both in her factories and fields.

And the new Governor did not think that war was very close. True, Lincoln had been elected, but the South's threat that she "would look to her guns" could be discounted. "We are told," he said, "that the slave states, or a portion of them, will withdraw from the Union. No, they will not. They cannot go, and in the end they will not want to go. They would know that their strength and happiness lay in the Union."

Here the voice of prophecy went astray; and within three short months the House Divided was at war.

Chapter XXVII

General Hyde Of Bath

Maine threw into the Civil War, first and last, more than 72,000 men, mostly in her 32nd Infantry Regiments, but a lot of men were in the cavalry and the artillery, and nearly 7,000 in the Navy and Marine Corps.

It is impossible to give a detailed account of the exploits of these regiments; I shall, in speaking of the services, of only a few outstanding Maine men.

Young Thomas W. Hyde of Bath came home from college in Chicago, and joined the 7th Maine. He recruited a company, at "$15.00 a month, pay and sustenance to commence immediately." Rifles with brass trimmings and saber bayonets were issued. Those bayonets would be good for digging shelters, the men thought; nobody liked to think of that other use to which they might be put.

They made young Hyde a major at 22 because he was the only man in the regiment who could drill a company. He describes the regiment in these terms: "Long, lithe sons of Aroostook, Indians from the Penobscot tribe, pale-faced clerks from the towns, river-drivers from the Androscoggin, sailors just off blue water, keen-eyed hunters from Moosehead Lake, old soldiers of her majesty, and a few of the Irish who in all times have scented the battle from afar . . ."

They little knew what lay ahead, of course. Their first battle was Williamsburg, where they used those saber-bayonets for something more than digging shelters. The great General McClellan himself—great so far—thanked them personally for their heroic charge and said they had saved the day.

They went on toward Richmond. Under a sign that said "21 miles to Richmond" was nailed a board ripped from a bread-box; and on this board was painted a large hand pointing the other way, and the words "647 miles to Gorham, Maine."

That was a home-sick sign. It was hot, the food was poor, the water vile, quinine a necessity of life; and not even the ration of whiskey poured around in big, tin pails could do much to sweeten the pill.

Young Major Hyde was in the thick of a good many battles, and lost some horses. Once he was thrown from a horse when it was wounded by a piece of shell. A cannon-shot covered him with dirt, and he supposed himself wounded; but in fact he had escaped without a scratch. A few days later we find him writing: "My mare's wound has healed. She is worn out by hard service. I wish I could give her an honorable old age at home, for she has carried me nearly a year, and in upwards of 20 battles."

But it was not to be. A fine thing, indeed, if the general could have knocked the shoes off that valiant animal and turned her out into a Maine pasture, but shortly we find him writing: "My mare is dead...I am in command of the regiment, but have no horse, blanket, overcoat or anything to eat."

At Bucketsville the women brought the regiment refreshments while shells were crashing through their houses.

"It was very touching," says young Hyde, "to see them standing with their children in their arms and not a thought of fear, and the young ladies pouring out water for the soldiers, while the bricks and shingles were rattling about their ears."

Near Bakersville his horse, wounded, reared and plunged, and Major Hyde slipped off over its tail. "I can remember, in the instant I was on the ground, how the twigs and branches of the appletrees were being cut off by musket balls, and were dropping in a shower. Finding my horse had only lost his back teeth, and had a charge of buck and ball in his hip, I mounted quickly."

He himself had nothing more than a scratch on the hand.

"The boys will have it that I bear a charmed life. I suppose I was fired at in that battle a thousand times, and what saved me was that Providence knew I was an only son and my mother a widow..."

In fact the general—he became a brigadier—thought himself that he bore a charmed life. In the campaign of the Rapidan alone he wore out two uniforms and five horses. He write home: "I have always had my life in my hand, and every man has his own time and place to die."

Well for the city of Bath and the State of Maine that he had the salamander's knack of going through fire unscathed. He came home and founded the Bath Iron Works and the Hyde Windlass Company. If bullet or saber-thrust had cut him down in his youth, would someone else have filled his place? Who can say? Too many cities after the Civil War, lacking such a man, fell back into the ruck of things.

Chapter XXVIII

A Maine Statesman

William Pitt Fessenden is one of the really great statesmen in Maine history. A Bowdoin man and the son of General Samuel Fessenden of Portland. He was elected to Congress in 1841, and found political life disagreeable "because of its great men and their little motives."

He was a Senator from Maine when the Civil War opened; and it is plain from his correspondence that at first he had no very high opinion of Abraham Lincoln's abilities.

In March, 1861, he wrote: "Our poor President is having a hard time of it. He came here tall, strong and vigorous, but has worked himself almost to death. The good fellow thinks it is his duty to see to everything, and consequently does many things foolishly."

Genius wears an invisible cloak; and most of the cultivated gentlemen in the Congress thought that they would have to lend a hand to keep the poor rail-splitter from blundering.

William H. Seward of New York, the Secretary of State, was especially officious, and really expected to hold Lincoln in the hollow of his hand. But then a rumor was started that Seward was having a bad effect on the conduct of the war.

As chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, Fessenden said to Lincoln: "You have asked my opinion about Seward's removal. There is a rumor that he has already resigned."

Lincoln said: "I have his resignation in my pocket, but I have not yet accepted it."

Said the Man from Maine, who had failed only by a little of being nominated for the Presidency, himself: "I feel bound to say that as Mr. Seward has seen fit to resign, I should advise that his resignation be accepted. Mr. Seward lost my confidence before he became Secretary of State, and had I been consulted, I should not have advised his appointment."

The President: "I had no opportunity to consult with you."

Fessenden: "No, sir, but my opinion was that before forming your Cabinet you should have come to Washington, where you could advise with Senators. I am sorry you did not do so."

After this wigging, the President was in a little lower spirits but he refused to accept Seward's resignation.

Fessenden wrote home to his wife: "Everybody is grumbling because nothing is done, and there are no symptoms that anything will be done . . . If the President had his wife's will and would use it rightly, our affairs would look much better," And again: "It is no longer doubtful that General McClellan is utterly unfit for his position . . . And yet the President will keep him in command, and leave our destiny in his hands. I am at times almost in despair. Well, it cannot be helped. We went in for a rail-splitter, and we have got one."

And in December, 1864, Fessenden writes: "We are in a crisis, and such a curious compound is our good Abraham that no one knows how it will eventuate. His attachment to individuals and his tenderness of heart are fatal to his efficiency in times like these."

The crisis was a money crisis, and "the good Abraham" met it by appointing Fessenden, himself as Secretary of the Treasury. Fessenden was ailing, and said "No." But the President answered that the crisis was such as demanded any sacrifice, even life itself; and that there was no other man than Fessenden with whom the Country would be satisfied for this post.

It was a job nobody wanted; but then that funny Abraham, speaking of the smallpox from which he had recovered, said that "he too had had one thing that nobody wanted"

Fessenden then risked his very life in an effort to sustain the public credit. The military situation was bad. Grant had to send the 6th Corps (which had so many Maine men in it) to drive back Jubal Early's troops from Washington itself—this at the very moment when the new Secretary of the Treasury was trying to find money to keep the war going.

"Oh for a great victory. What a financial operation that would be," cried Secretary Fessenden.

Then came Sherman's march to the sea, and the destruction of Hood's army by the brilliant General Thomas. After which with the help of that great businessman Jay Cooke, Fessenden had no trouble in floating bonds and re-establishing the credit of the Union.

He had also by that time come to see clearly that "the rail-splitter" was in fact a man for the ages.

Chapter XXIX

General Chamberlain

There has been no more indomitable spirit on the Maine scene than Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain. He sums up the best in Maine character, its courage, its tenacity, its leadership, its scholarship, its calm common sense. In wars and peace, as professor, as general on the field of battle, as governor of Maine, as president of Bowdoin College, he made his impressive contribution to the Maine legend.

Born and raised in Brewer, he studied in the Bangor Theological Seminary, became a professor of rhetoric, and later of modern languages at Bowdoin.

Who would have supposed that this gentle and lovable scholar had it in him to be a commander in the field? Chamberlain himself must have had his doubts at the first plunge. He refused a colonelcy, was made lieutenant-colonel of the 20th Maine, learned war fast in the disastrous battle of Antietam; and at Gettysburg received the Congressional Medal of Honor for "conspicuous personal gallantry and distinguished service."

Kenneth Roberts quotes Col. W. H. Powell, USA, as follows: "Historians have exhausted themselves in describing the actions of the 'Peach Orchard,' and the events of the third day at Gettysburg. Great stress has been laid upon the results of Pickett's charge, while famous pictures have presented that scene to the gaze of the American public; but the truth of history is that the little brigade of Vincent's, with the self-sacrificing valor of the 20th Maine, under the gallant leadership of Joshua L. Chamberlain fighting amidst the scrub oak and rocks in that vale between the Round Tops. . . saved to the Union arms the historic field of Gettysburg.

"Had they faltered for one instant—had they not exceeded their actual duty—while the left of the 3rd Corps was swung in the air half a mile to the right . . . there would have been no grand charge of Pickett, and Gettysburg would have been the mausoleum of departed hopes for the National cause; for Longstreet would have enveloped Little Round Top, captured all on its crest from the rear and held the key of the whole position."

At the battle of Petersburg, leading his troops into a heavy cross-fire, he was badly wounded; but recovered in time to fight the concluding battles of the war.

In his book, The Passing Of The Armies, Chamberlain contrasts the two great commanders who met to end the war at Appomattox Court-House. Lee, "a commanding form, superbly mounted, richly accoutred, of imposing bearing, noble countenance, with expression of deep sadness overmastered by deeper strength." And Grant, dressed in a "slouch hat without a cord; common soldier's blouse, unbottoned, on which, however, the four stars, high boots, mud-splashed to the top, sitting his saddle with the ease of a born master, taking no notice of anything, all his facilities gathered into intense thought and mighty calm.

"What momentous issues had these two souls to declare. Neither of them, in truth, free, nor held in individual bounds alone; no longer testing each other's powers and resources, no longer weighing the chances of daring or desperate conflict. Instruments of God's hands, they were now to record His decree."

The decree was unconditional surrender, and General Chamberlain and his Maine command were chosen to receive that surrender.

"I resolved," he says, "to mark it by some token of recognition, which could be no other than a salute of arms."

And so, as each southern division came opposite, Chamberlain's men gave the soldier's salutation. "On our part not a sound of trumpet more, nor roll of drum; not a cheer, nor word nor whisper of vainglorying . . . but an awed stillness rather, and breath-holding, as if it were the passing of the dead."

And one by one, Lee's famished divisions "fix bayonets, stack arms; then, hesitatingly, remove cartridge-boxes and lay them down. Lastly—reluctantly with agony of expression—they tenderly fold their flags, battle-worn and torn. . . and lay them down. . . and then only the Flag of the Union greets the sky."

So it was that brave men parted good friends; the war was over; the gallant general could ride up to any thicket he pleased, "without starting at the chirrup of those little bluebirds whose cadence was so familiar to our ears."

And now he was free to go back to Maine and be elected governor by the biggest majority ever.

CHAPTER 30

The University Of Maine

The University of Maine — whose first name was the Maine State College of Agriculture and the Mechanical Arts — got its start from the Morrill Act signed by Abraham Lincoln on July 2, 1862.

This was the famous Land Grant Act, set up to weld education into a National system. And it was to be a new kind of education. No man knew better than Lincoln how much a man's strength comes from contact with the earth itself. Man differs from the monkey physically chiefly in the fact that man can put in the tips of all four fingers on the ball of his thumb. From this comes his dexterity. The hand itself alerts the brain to think of new and more adroit uses for the hand; and it was Lord Bacon who first showed how closely hand and brain must work together to better man's condition.

Theory and practice are parts of one unfolding operation, and no Greek myth has more practical significance than that story of the old giant Antaeus, who redoubled his strength with each contact with his Mother Earth. The mighty hero Hercules himself conquered Antaeus only by getting him off the ground and strangling him in the air. And Lincoln, long before the Morrill Act, had said that a man was tall enough if only his feet could reach the ground.

The Morrill Endowment Act assigned 30,000 acres of the National land for each senator and representative in Congress, providing their respective states accepted the terms of this land grant, and agreed to set up colleges with the funds acquired from the sale of land scrip. Maine was entitled to 210,000 acres, if she accepted.

Her Legislature met in 1863, and in his message Governor Abner Coburn, who was to be a great benefactor to the college, said: "There can be no doubt, I think, that vast benefits will flow from this act."

The State Board of Agriculture was strong for acceptance and the Legislature voted to accept. The State pledged itself to support this college for the "liberal and practical education of the industrial classes."

But should the college be a separate institution, or should it be an adjunct of Bowdoin, Bates or Colby? Some legislators thought that three colleges were enough. Bowdoin and Colby were of this opinion too. Colby suggested a kind of educational circuit, with a professorship of chemistry as applied to agriculture and the arts set up at Bowdoin; at Waterville a professorship of engineering, and at Bates, a professorship of agricultural zoology and veterinary science.

Bowdoin proposed that these National lands should be transferred to Bowdoin, which college would then operate a college within a college, supplying the necessary instruction, and running an experimental farm and botanical gardens. The course would be for one year only, which led a Bowdoin professor to say satisically that "if the State had determined to bury it, Bowdoin could give it a more decent burial than any other institution in the State."

In the end the forces for a completely independent college won. It would be, as Dr. Ezekiel Holmes, editor of the Maine Farmer, wanted it, a 'tub on its own bottom', and it was finally decided to pitch it on the White and Frost farms at Orono. These farms were bought for $11,000 by the towns of Orono and Old Town, and given to the State.

Since the federal money could not be used to build buildings, the State appropriated $10,000 for that purpose. The college opened in 1868 with two sets of farm buildings and one college hall. Tuition was free to Maine students; room rent was free; three dollars a week was charged for board and 50 cents a week for washing and fuel. Since theory was to be combined with practise, students were asked t labor on the land, not more than three hours a day for five days a week. For the three hours' labor they were paid 25 cents. The college was made co-educational in 1872, but few women attended until the turn of the century.

So modestly and experimentally, at a time when there was no body of organized or scientific knowledge of agriculture, and with teachers who had to grope their own way to connect practise with theory, began the institution which has burgeoned into the modern University of Maine, with all its detailed ramifications into agricuture and the mechanical arts.

Chapter XXXI

The Grand Resource

The war being ended, the question now was what would bring prosperity quickest in the piping times of peace. And the argument was advanced that manufacturing must be the great and natural business of Maine.

Agriculture would play its part, shipping would come into its own again, and Maine forests were far from stripped, though pine was getting scarce. But it must be admitted that lumber was not exhaustless, shipping fluctuated, and farms, while prospering, could hardly make for too great an immediate increase in Maine's wealth and population. It was manufacturing that made prosperous cities; and manufacturing was based on water power.

And water power was, or might be, Maine's "grand resource," the real slave of the lamp, "the swiftest creator of wealth" as Walter Wells wrote in his report on the water power of Maine. It was power that turned spindles, "and in general it is found that for each 100,000 spindles a population can be counted upon of 10,000."

And it was Wells who calculated that the State had a potential of 2,656,200 horsepower in its waters, "equivalent to the working energy of over 34,000,000 men, laboring without intermission from year's end to year's end."

And these waters ran in riverbeds remarkable for the hardness of their rocks. After years by the uncounted thousands the falls were still sharp, the rocks were not worn away, as they would have been if they had been of softer substances. The "pitch" was still there and the water from natural rainfall was not swallowed up or run off underground, as was the case in limestone countries.

And like the rivers, the lakes which fed them retained their water well. They did not leak through their bottoms, being undelaid by granite—and a good thing too, since a leaky lake was no better than a leaky cistern, and lakes must be counted on as reservoirs.

These were all factors favorable to the harnessing of waterpower. There was certainly no lack of lakes: 1620 of them, exclusive of small ponds. The Kennebec River has more lakes feeding it than the mighty Orinoco, and the Penobscot more than the Amazon itself.

And since so many of these Maine lakes are high above the salt tide, and at the sources of the rivers. Their use as storage basins is unrivalled.

And storage basins there must be for the proper development of water power. Without them, as Wells pointed out, small streams would be useless. But with storage they were giants. Megunticook Stream at Camden was only three and a half miles long, but with its pond storage, yielded several hundred thousand dollars a year in manufactured goods. With the help of storage, a mere brook at Bridgton manufactured $600,000 worth of goods yearly, and at Mechanic Falls on the Little Androscoggin a constant power of better than 1,000 horse was got by natural storage basins tributary to the river.

Maine storage far surpassed that of the South, which had to depend on the natural flow of its streams. The acute salesman of Maine's water power was quick to point out that Maine's climate suited factory labor better than that of the South. A cold room could be heated more easily than a hot room could be cooled, and Maine operatives turned out more work by 10 per cent than the more languorous labor of the South.

As for the ocean tides, they were not yet harnessed to amounts of labor accomplished by this great natural water."

Maine had her "grand resources," and was now becoming conscious of it. Once she had forbidden the combination of capital which alone could set up factories; now she encouraged them. She exempted new manufacturing establishments from taxation, and allowed towns to subscribe to the stock of manufacturing enterprises.

Maine had been first in shipbuilding. She intended to be first in manufacturing. If waterpower was the key to it, nothing could prevent her.

Chapter XXXII

Manufactures In The 1870's

By 1870 Maine's shipbuilding had revived from the blow dealt it by the Civil War, and she was again building more than one third of the tonnage of the entire Country.

Her manufactures too were flourishing. Her boot and shoe business had made substantial gains. Auburn, a pioneer in shoes, had a total capital of $1,000,000 in the business and one of its factories, the largest in New England, turned out 750,000 pairs of shoes a year, valued at $800,000, a little over $1.00 a pair, wholesale.

According to the United States census of 1870, there were 20 cotton mills in Maine, employing 9,379 hands, and using almost wholly waterpower. Lewiston was the center of this industry. Her six mills had a total capital of $5,900,000, and the number of their spindles was 246,944. Three mills in Biddeford and Saco had 170,000 spindles, and a total capital of $3,200,000. And by the processing into cotton goods, the value of the raw material was just about doubled.

The flour mills were prospering. There were 85 of these, turning out 60,000 barrels of flour a year. Paris, Lewiston, Bangor, Portland and Waterville accounted for most of this.

Lumber continued to be one of the great industries in Maine, with 329 sawmills producing nearly 350,000,000 feet of long lumber. The Kennebec River, in the Spring of 1873, had 13,-300,000 feet af sawed lumber on hand and Bangor River, still the great lumber mart, 14,000,-000 feet. Calais that year had 15.800,000 feet, and Dennysville, Machias,, Ellsworth, Cherryfield and Androscoggin River had heavy outputs.

Pine at last was getting scarce, but there was still a world of spruce and the best judgment of lumbermen was that Maine's forest area would not be stripped of all its merchantable lumber for at least 50 years. Nobody had yet suggested that conservation and reforestation might be good things.

There were nine paper mills, with a ninvested capital of $1,-500,000; and the mill at Minot, the largest in the State, turned out 1,800 tons of paper a year.

Thirty-nine woolen mills turned out a variety of goods, such as "embraces" — braces, it would seem — doeskins, blankets, flannels and stocking yarn, and a mill in Sanford was the only one in the Country manufacturing plush carriage robes.

The brick manufacture was in a good state, Maine's 93 brickyards producing in 1870 71,000,-000 bricks, one company — Brewer turning out over 5,000,000, at the rate of 100 bricks a minute.

The little village of Sheepscot had five brickyards. According to Horace Marsh, an old Sheepscot resident, "We used to get the clay right out of the river flats. The boys would bring in a unit of 450 brick and lay it down and sun it; and then into the kiln with it, and after it was baked, schooners would load it at Jack's Wharf, and go down-river with brick just heaped on their decks. But then somebody invented a method of brickmaking so that one man could make 40,000 brick in ten hours, and after that they did away with brick-making here in Sheepscot."

Packing was now big business. The State had 33 canning factories, and it was universally agreed that the best canned corn came from Maine. Likewise the best canned lobster—231,600 dozen cans of lobster for 1873, the output chiefly of three Portland companies.

The packing of lobsters was on such a scale that it was feared the supply might not hold out. A few years before it was not uncommon to catch lobsters weighing from 10 to 20 pounds each. Now the average weight was from three to six pounds, and growing less. But, as with lumber, no move towards conservation had yet begun.

Ice, lime, slate and granite were other products, and the experts said there was granite enough in Maine to build all the cities of the world. This was a highly-paid trade, many of the the workmen receiving as much as $4 a day. Boot and shoemakers (male) got $12 a week; women, $8. Men in the cotton mills earned $10.50 a week; women $6, and children $3 (but the number of children employed was very small.)

In terms of today's "take-home" pay, these seem like small wages, but it must not be forgotten that the dollar of those days was a mighty dollar,

Chapter XXXIII

End Of Capital Punishment

There were various grumblings and complaints among the members of the Legislature that met in 1876.

For a long time it had been a custom of the Secretary of State to make a present of jack-knives to all the legislators, although it was no longer good form to whittle in either chamber. Members cried out that they were "stuffed with these little perquisites"—and also given two reams of stationery, envelopes to match, ink and pens—in order to blind them to the fact that they were being paid only $150 each for eight or ten weeks of the hardest kind of work.

And they proceeded to enact short work of the proposed amendment to the Constitution changing the time of the State election from September. "Put off the elections till November," said the opposition, "and the country loses the prestige of a grand Republican majority in Maine." Cynics added that the political managers would not get so large a contribution to the campaign funds as now they did.

Neal Dow enraged a good few members by appearing for a bill that would jail a man for selling cider, but his great Liquor Law still stood firm. As Governor Selden Connor had said in his message: "Maine has a fixed conclusion upon this subject. Liquor is an evil of such magnitude that the well-being of the State demands its suppression."

Elsewhere in his message, the governor had touched on capital punishment, recommending a law allowing a jury to affix either the penalty of death or life imprisonment in capital cases.

This subject had been debated in Maine as far back as 1836, when the Legislature appointed a Committee to study it. They found that Scripture was quoted by both sides. There was the command to Noah and his sons: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed" and this seemed to point to the death penalty.

But on the other hand, there was the command "Thou shalt not kill." And again: "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, I will repay." And still again: "Ye have heard that it hath been said, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; but I say unto you, that ye resist not evil."

And the anti-gallows people, as they were called, were not at all satisfied with that law given to Noah—"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." It was too all-inclusive. If it meant anything, it must mean that the executioner, as soon as he had dispatched the culprit, must suffer death himself—and so on, hanging after hanging to the end of time.

The 1836 Committee found the moral effect of hanging was bad. Juries were reluctant to convict if hanging was the penalty. The Government had no moral right to take life, except where the crime threatened the life of the state, as in treason. The committee reported out a bill providing that in all cases except treason, life imprisonment should be substituted for death.

The bill failed to pass, and now, after 40 years, the old arguments were all revived, under the stimulus of a petition by the Society of Friends. The question was thought to be "very snug," and a good showing of those new jack knives was out against the Bill. But it had a majority of seven in the House, and the Senate passed it easily by 18 to 11.

One of its disgruntled opponents said he "hoped the destroyers of the gallows would be the first victims of those who would deserve to be hung on them", to which the editor of the Eastern Argus replied that "a murderer would not be likely to harm one who had aided in removing his fear of suspension by the neck."

Actually this great reform in the laws of punishment came in without too much struggle. There was little or no editorial comment, and the bill to repeal the bear bounty law which came up next day seems to have got more debate.

Opinion on the subject of capital punishment still wobbled a little and it was restored in 1883, but was finally abolished in 1887. The argument at length prevailed that the death-penalty did not keep people from committing major crimes.

Chapter XXXIV

"Them Steers"

In his old age, Solon Chase of Chase's Mills said to his friends in Turner: "When the next hundred years have gone by, they will be hauling our road machine around in the procession as an antiquated relic of the past. And a hundred years hence, they will look back to the cranks of today, and call them far-seeing philosophers."

Solon Chase was what his Republican foes called a money-crank, and no doubt he hoped to be called a philosopher one day. Times were hard after the panic of 1873, and the Republicans, the hard-money men, wanted to resume specie payment. They wanted to redeem paper money in gold coin. That, they said, was the only way to keep paper currency at par. That was the only way to struggle out of this slough of despond.

On the other hand, Solon Chase and his Greenback friends said that that was just another way for the money kings to rob the people. The thing to do was to print more paper money. The country was suffering for want of money, and nobody but the Government could print it. Only let the Government print a good supply of greenbacks. and then everybody would have their hands and their hats stuffed full of it, prices would revive, and Solon Chase and his farmer friends would be able to sell "them steers" at a profit.

Chase drove a yoke of lean

and hungry steers from town to town, and used them as his object lesson. He had bought them as three-year-olds, fed them a year, and now as four-year-olds, they were worth less than they had been as three-year-olds. They were a great pair of persuaders, and for a year or so he even published a newspaper called Them Steers.

His fame went beyond the State, and the New York Times said that what had given Solon his grip on the people was his energy, coupled with home-spun pride and a shocking bad hat, and that pair of cowhide boots which he dangled from every grocery counter, along with his tempting but nefarious "soft money" doctrine.

It was a doctrine for "plain folks," but some of the "quality people" shared it. Solon Chase spoke at Boston Music Hall, on the same platform with the brilliant orator Wendell Phillips, and next day the papers said: "Phillips' French kids and Uncle Solon's cowhide boots had the same squeak."

Maine's educated Republicans, who really knew the truth about money, took fright in the 1878 campaign, and some wanted to let Greenbacker Chase have his head a little. But the scholarly Nelson Dingley, jr., publisher of the Lewiston Journal, had too much backbone and too much common sense to yield.

He debated it with Uncle Solon in Auburn Hall. Hard money or soft money? Paper dollars had paper legs — they would sink under the burden, Dingley argued. Not so sickly as all that came to, Uncle Solon answered him. "At West Point as a boy, they said I had consumption and would soon die, and here I am getting elderly and still sound and hearty."

It was "them steers" that would really die of a galloping consumption, unless the Government printed more money. And where was the harm in that? All it needed was a little paper and a little lamp-black, and a man to come into town every Saturday night with a satchel of money, and then everybody would be happy in this new-found wealth.

Nelson Dingley, jr., reminded Uncle Solon that the Confederates in the Civil War printed paper money until it took a clothes-basketfull of it to buy a pair of shoes. But Uncle Solon said you couldn't expect Confederates to make anything work out right.

"It would be just as sensible for a doctor to tell an old soak with delirum tremens to drink harder and deeper as a remedy," Dingley argued.

But Solon Chase of Turner, man of the people, only pointed to "them steers" with his goad.

"I can see that the vote we are going to throw this Fall will strike both parties like a streak of chain lightning," he said.

And so it proved.

Solon Chase had against him all the rising men of Republicanism — Dingley, Blaine, Hale, Frye, and one and all, these able citizens, without rhyme or reason, were impaled on the horns of "them steers." The Greenbackers threw so heavy a vote that there was no choice for governor by the people. In the Legislature Greeubackers and Democrats combined to elect Dr. Alonzo Garcelon of Lewiston.

Solon Chase retired "them steers" to his farm. At 12 years old one died, and he sold the other for Christmas beef. "Republicans and Democrats ate him," Uncle Solon used to say. "No Greenbacker would touch that meat. 'Twould have been cannibalism."

Chapter XXXV

The Day Of Two Legislatures

In the election of 1879, as in 1878, Solon Chase's Greenbackers were in the field, along with the Republicans and the Democrats; and again there was no choice of governor by the people. None of the candidates got a majority of the votes.

It was therefore the duty of the Legislature to elect a governor. Democrats and Greenbackers had leagued together to make a Fusion Party. Was the Legislature to be Fusion or Republican? On the face of the returns, the Republicans had it; but the Democratic governor and council, by construing the returns strictly for technical errors, counted out a good many Republicans and counted in a good many Democrats; and on this construction, the Democrats had it, both in the House and Senate.

Instantly there was uproar all over the State. The Supreme Court ruled that the governor and coucil had acted wrongly in throwing out Republican returns for trivial technicalities. Notwithstanding, the Fusionists organized the Legislature under the certificates issues. The Republicans withdrew in a body, and organized their own Legislature.

There was now no governor and no government. The Fusion Legislature assembled in the State House; the Republicans withdrew, claiming no quorum. The Fusionists were jubilant. The Supreme Court's opinion, said Solon Chase in his paper, was worth no more than as if it had been issued "by seven jackasses in Australia. The Supreme Court is a very august body, but it has no more power over the governor than the ghost of Solomon."

But Governor Garcelon's term of office had expired, and there was no governor. On Jan. 12, Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain, head of the state militia, assumed supreme control as acting governor.

The Republicans, on the evening of ha day, asked the general for permission to use the State House to organize their Legislature. He granted it, though he had previously rejected the urgent plea of Gen. Thomas W. Hyde of Bath to "pitch the Fusionists out of the window."

Learning that the Republicans had been admitted to the Capitol, a Fusionist mob rushed in, and threatened Chamberlain with his life. Many had pistols but the General had been in a bigger war than this one. He said calmly, "I am here to preserve the peace, and I will do it at all hazards."

The mob recoiled. Its leader, under the spell of Chamberlain's authority, cried out: "By God, the man who lifts a hand against you, general, is a dead one."

No hand was lifted, and the Fusionist sympathizers retired from the State House.

Not so the Republican Legislature. They had the fort and meant to hold it. Out of this night session came a decision to ask the Supreme Court to decide which Legislature was legal.

Everything was still "between a sweat and a shiver." The Republican Legislature elected Daniel F. Davis as governor. The Fusionists elected Joseph L. Smith to that same high office. The Republicans still held the fort, and refused to admit the Fusionists to the State House. The Fusionist Legislature thereupon held its meeting in the street in front of the State House.

All this while there had been wild alarms and rumors of civil war. Governor Garcelon had ordered arms to be brought to Augusta from the state arsenal in Bangor, at the start of the deadlock. The Republicans cried out that the Fusionists were going to make a "fortress" of the State House. They were going to "Mexicanize" the State of Maine. The "man on horseback" had arrived.

And now the Fusionists were on the sidewalk in their turn, and said that General Chamberlain was this very man on horseback. Their "Governor" Smith issued an order relieving the general of his command of the militia. The general replied that the "governor" must first show the evidence of his authority.

On Jan. 27, the Supreme Court handed down a decision that the Republican Legislature was legally elected, and that the Fusion Legislature, if it persisted, would be an enemy to the public peace. There was fierce talk of resistance among the Fusionists; but cooler heads prevailed. Fusionists "Governor" Smith said: "I shall give up the fight now and go home," and he prevailed with his partisans to follow his example. Solon Chase might think what he would of his "seven jackasses of Australia," the Supreme Court — although certainly it took its time—did finally assert its authority with something more than the power of "the ghost of Solomon."

Chapter XXXVI

Speaker Reed

Towards the end of the 1880's, when Thomas B. Reed was Speaker of the National House of Representatives, and Nelson Dingley, jr., was Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, and in the Senate the powerful voices of Senators Eugene Hale and William P. Frye were calling for the rehabilitation of the merchant marine and the expansion of the navy, the Maine delegation had a greater influence on national legislation than that of any other State in the Union.

Not merely as Maine went, in those years, but as Maine said, so went the nation; and her motto "Dirigo" never had a clearer application.

Brightest of all her stars, greatest of all her wits, clearest of all her thinkers, most powerful of all her men of action, was Thomas Brackett Reed, Speaker of the House. A native of Portland, where the Cumberland Club was his great haunt, he was the boon companion of those who knew him well; but in debate he wielded the terrible swift sword of satire, and could slay a man in his tracks.

Everybody knows the famous retort to Springer of Illinois, when Springer said "I had rather be right than President" and Reed replied: "The gentleman may rest easy; he'll never be either."

When a western correspondent asked him to define a statesman, Reed said "A statesman is a successful politician who is dead," and when the correspondent telegraphed "Why don't you die and become a statesman?" Reed wired back: "No . . . Fame is the last infirmity of noble minds."

With his succinct mind, he was very skilful in debate under the five-minute rule; and when John Russell of Massachusetts sat down after that little space of getting members, Reed said to him :"You do not understand the theory of the five-minute debate. The object is to convey to the House in the space of five minutes either information or misinformation, and you have done neither."

His wit and good-nature were as well known to his family circle as to his wider audience. Once when he was backing down into a chair where the family cat lay sleeping, his little daughter, Kitty, snatched the chair away, to save the cat, and Reed with his 274 pounds came crashing to the floor.

"Kitty," he said, when he had breath enough to speak, "you must remember it's earier to get another cat than another father."

His wit could even flash on a subject as dry as a Congressional quorum. When the House, trying to escape a quorum sent out telegrams to absent members, one member, delayed by a flood on the railroad, wired: "Wash-out on line. Can't Come." Reed wired back: "Buy Another shirt and come on next train."

It was on the subject of the quorum that Speaker Reed rendered perhaps his greatest service to the country. In those days there was a method of blocking action even more effective than a fillibuster. Since the country's beginning, a quorum had been determined simply by the call of the roll. But in Reed's day, the Republican majority was very slim; so slim indeed that sometimes even if all Republicans were present, there would not be quorum, without some Democrats present. And since the Democrats, when their names were called, simply set silent, the quorum by roll-call could not be set up. The House was at a stand-still.

Reed cut the Gordian knot. When the Committee on Elections reported out a resolution awarding a disputed seat to a Republican, the Speaker called the roll and the Democrats sat silent, as he knew they would. He then said calmly: "The Chair directs the clerk to record the names of the following members present and refusing to vote." He then named a list of Democrats whom he saw present, but silent.

There was an uproar then, and voices enough replaced the silence. One Democrat cried: "I deny your right Mr. Speaker to count me as present." Reed replied: "The Chair is making a statement of fact that the gentleman from Kentucky is present. Does he deny it?"

It was a revolutionary ruling, and had no precedent to back it up. Yet the Constitution provided that members present had the right to arrest absent members and bring them into the House by force. Could such members then become constructively absent merely by refusing to open their mouths? Reed said that such an interpretation was fantastic; and the Supreme Court upheld him in his ruling.

Far too much of Tom Reed's wit and wisdom perished for lack of a scribe to take it down in black and white. Governor Samuel McCall was right in saying there should have been a Boswell for this Johnson.

Chapter XXXVII

Industry In The Late Eighties

We get some notion of the condition of industry and labor in Maine in 1888 from the remarks of workingmen and women appearing before the Commissioner of Industry and Labor.

Said a ship-carpenter: "Shipbuilding is fluctuating. Sometimes we can save a few dollars, and then again cannot save anything. The way I keep square with the world is, I buy for cash and in quantities when I can."

Said a cooper: "I depend on the fishermen. There has been a scarcity of mackerel on the coast, and a failure in the catch is a falure for me." There were those who said the whales had frightened the mackerel inshore, where they had eaten sand which served as ballast and kept them on the bottom. But who knew what those wily fish were actually thinking about?

Said a woman web-drawer in a cotton-mill: "And what of the water we drink? Are the great tanks in the top of the tower as clean as they should be? I do not wish to be fault-finding, but I think water standing open to the dust and dirt of a factory and exposed to rats, mice and cockroaches, should be looked after pretty often?

A weaver in a Lewiston woolen mill was more optimistic. "The work is dirty, but theh money is clean," she said.

But the more fastidious women were against her. Said a quilt weaver: "I think it would be much pleasanter for me if the overseers would enforce the rule that employes should not use tobacco and spit on the floor."

And a saleswoman in a store testified: "The store is kept dark for fear of fading the dress-goods, which is the reason the girls look as if they had consumption. When a clerk is 25 years old, she feels like dying, and sometimes does. In towns, girls have to work every evening in the week but one."

This from a stitcher in a book-bindery: "One of the girls had a fainting fit one morning and was detained from work half an hour. Three cents was taken from her week's pay of $4.00."

Said a paving cutter, a worker in granite: "Paving cutting is out-door work and in cold weather we can't do anything. Those who keep from running into debt from January through March do very well."

And another paving cutter complained: "I have been eight years in paying for my $400 home."

Still, it's something to think that you could have a home for $400. As a body, the granite workers grumbled at the method of pay.

Said one: "Mostly we work by the piece, and hardly ever get a settlement till the blocks are shipped. I have myself gone seven months without getting pay."

Said another: "The company store system is a great wrong to workingmen. Prices are generally high, and men have to buy there or lose our jobs. Every workingman should get cash, and have the right to spend it in the cheapest market."

A quarryman exploded: "How often am I paid? For a man who has not been paid for 15 years, that question is a stunner. I did have a little coming last Fall, but my employers said they thought they would likely need it in the Winter. Money is such a scarce article with us they were afraid I might get excited and spend it at some other store."

But granite as an industry was flourishing, and the state had this year 1,400 granite cutters, 1,000 paving cutters and 1,600 tool sharpeners, quarrymen etc., with another 500 hands on the granite freighting vessels.

The great man in Maine granite was Joseph R. Bodwell, who indeed came to be recognized as the leading granite man in the United States. He began his operations at Vinalhaven, where he drove the ox-team that moved the granite, and shod the oxen with his own hands. Later he shifted to Hallowell, where the granite was lighter in color and of finer grain and from this came much of the country's colossal statuary of the period, including the Sphinx in Mt. Auburn Cemetery.

Bodwell got into ice and lumber as well as granite, imported Hereford cattle for his farm outside of Hallowell, and was elected Governor of Maine in 1886, dying in office the following December. His life coincided with the great age of granite, the stone age, so to say, and no man knew better than he how to turn granite into gold. And no man had more monuments to mark his life's work.

Chapter XXXVIII

The Plumed Knight

By 1878, of the 38 states, only Maine, Massachusetts and Rhode Island elected governors annually. The short term was favored to bring governors to frequent accountability to the electorate.

sold his influence would not down.

Blaine's action was dramatic. From the floor of the House he said: "I say this House has no more power to order what shall be done or not done with my private correspondence than it has with what I shall do in the nurture and education of my children; not a particle. But I am not afraid to show the letters. Thank God Almighty, I am not afraid to show them."

And reaching into an inside pocket of his black coat, he drew forth a small package, slammed it on his desk and shouted: "There they are."

He opened them and read from them. His friends said that Blaine had vindicated himself. His foes cried out that he had not read all the letters, and that he was unwilling to deliver them to the Investigating Committee. Of those that were made public, the most dubious was one to a Mr. Fisher of Boston: "Your offer to admit me to a partnership in the new railroad enterprise is as generous as I could expect or desire. I do not feel that I shall prove a deadhead in the enterprise. . . I see various channels in which I know I can be useful."

The enterprise was the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad, the life of which had depended upon the action of Congress and a ruling of the Speaker when Blaine was Speaker.

Said Robert G. Ingersoll: "Like an armed warrior, like a plumed knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American Congress and threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen foreheads of the defamers of his Country and the maligners of his honor. For the Republican Party to desert this gallant leader now is as if an army should desert their general on the field of battle."

But the ghost of Mulligan would not down. Except for those fateful letters, Blaine would have had the nomination almost by acclamation. As it was, Rutherford B. Hayes took

In 1860, Blaine tried again, and this time was defeated by James A. Garfield, who made him Secretary of State, a defeated candidate's best consolation.

At last, in 1884, Blaine got the Republican nomination on the first ballot. But the indiscretion of a preacher who, with Blaine on the platform behind him, said the issues were "rum, Romanism and rebellion," lost him his great chance, and Cleveland was elected.

In 1888, Blaine got a scattering vote, though not a candidate; and Benjamin Harrison, like Garfield, made him Secretary of State, in which office he did brilliant service in developing Pan Americanism and in reviving United States shipping connections with South America.

In 1892, Blaine made a last try for the presidential nomination, and again lost to Harrison. The "Blaine Legion" had vanished and Blaine did not long survive this final extinction of his hopes.

But on the National scene, Maine had a different method. There she must make up by quantity. By keeping her Senators and Congressmen long in National office, she enabled them to grow powerful.

Among the most brilliant, resourceful and adroit of all these leaders was James G. Blaine, who came to Augusta as a newspaper editor in 1854. His political sagacity brought him quickly to the fore, and he was in Congress from 1863 to 1876. By 1869 he was Speaker of the House of Representatives, and as such a great National figure. From 1876 to 1881 he was a Senator from Maine.

And he was a perennial candidate for President. No man was ever groomed more often for that high office; and no man, it might seem, ever had surer prospects. There were times when it seemed impossible that he should fail; but by one dark miracle or another, he always did fail, though his henchmen battled for him for 20 years and through five political conventions.

In 1876, Blaine's name was presented to the convention by Robert G. Ingersoll of Illinois, in what was called the most brilliant nomination in history. But the affair of the famous Mulligan Letters had cast a cloud on the candidate. Did they tend to show that Blaine had used his power as a politician to get favors for Western railroads and that in return he had been bribed by these railroads?

Blaine had got possession of the letters and would not give them over to the Inversigating Committee. But the charge that the Speaker of the House had

Chapter XXXIX

Pulp And Paper

Papermaking is said to have begun in Maine in the early 18th century, when Samuel Waldo contracted to built and lease a papermill at Falmouth. At the same time Col. Thomas Westbrook built one at Stroudwater.

About 1800, a Frenchman invented a way of making paper in a continuous web, which was a stimulus to the industry; but the big stimulus did not come until after the middle of the 19th century, when a way was found of using wood commercially as a substitute for rags.

The first way to treat woodpulp was to grind it mechanically; and this method was used in Topsham as early as 1869.

phite process, which involved cooking wood chips in bisulphite of lime. The first sulphite mills in Maine were those of the Eastern Manufacturing Company at Brewer; and soon mills of this kind were operating at Orono and Lisbon Falls. By 1893, the daily sulphite output in Maine was calculated at 100 tons.

The soda process on the whole was simpler, and Cumberland Mills began making soda fiber in 1880. Caustic soda was used as a powerful solvent for all the elements in the wood except a form of cellulose, which must be separated out for paper.

It was plain that Maine would come to the front fast in pulp and papermaking. She had the rivers for water-power, and she had the trees. Not much pine any more, but a world of spruce; and spruce had been found to be best for paper. So too the soft waters of Maine rivers were better than western waters for pulp and paper manufacturing.

By 1880, there were seven pulp mills and 12 paper mills in Maine. By 1890, there were only six mills, but they were bigger, and the value of their output five times as great as it had been a decade earlier. At Rumford Falls in 1890, the daily output was 60 tons; this was the largest mill in the United States for manufacture of newsprint. So to the S. D. Warren Company at Westbrook was among the biggest of its kind in the world, with 1,000 hands, and an output of 50 tons of book paper daily.

At Winslow and Gardiner, the Hollingsworth & Whitney Company employed 350 hands, and the Eastern Manufacturing Company at Brewer 100 hands, using 50 cords of spruce daily. In the valley of the Penobscot alone, between 1880 and 1890, there sprang up $10,000,000 worth of pulp and paper mills, and there were 30,000 men cutting in the woods.

Said ex-Governor Daniel F. Davis: "If there were this progress in a western State, they would have boomed it all over the Country, and the air would have been as thick with advertisements of the same as autumn leaves that strew the vales of Vallombrosa."

Maine said nothing and sawed wood. A fear was beginning to creep in that perhaps she was sawing too much wood. Governor Davis reminded his hearers that it took 250 years to mature a spruce—a somewhat liberal estimate—and that cutting practices must be strictly attended to.

A few years later the State Forest Commissioner was more reassuring. He said the stand of merchantable spruce was 21 billion board feet, and that the pulp mills were not taking more than the annual increases. But then of course there was the annual increase of the mills to be considered.

Where mills were set on the upper reaches of the rivers, there had to be new transportation; and this really came first. Hugh J. Chisholm, in developing Rumford Falls, where his optimistic engineer said there should be a city of 120,000 within half a century, first got a railroad in from a Maine Central connection, next organized a water-power company, and finally built the Rumford Falls Paper Company, which made newsprint at the then phenomenal speed of 500 feet a minute. Exceptionally adroit in his handling of the various factors involved in paper-making, Chisholm went on to head the International Paper Company, which in 1898 consolidated several of the mills on the river.

By 1899, Maine was second among the States in her output of paper and pulp, not counting the plants of the Great Northern which were just building at Madison and Millinocket. Capital investment totaled $30,000,000, the daily output stood at 1835 tons, and $5,000,000 a year was paid in wages.

Pulp and paper making was beginning to be called "the imperial industry in Maine."

Chapter XL

The Gay Nineties

The Gay Nineties do not seem to have been particularly gay for Maine's working population. Cotton and woolen mills were on the increase, but the conditions of work were far from being what they are today.

Dust from carding and beating thickened the air and tickled the throat. Some of the women got chronic catarrh, with pains in the chest, hoarseness in the voice, loss of appetite and sometimes fever.

A rag-sorter in a papermill testified: "In the boarding-house the company furnishes us our wood an kerosene and a place to wash and iron our clothes. Also a duster and cap to wear over our clothes while at work."

But the dust sifted through in spite of this protection; the operatives at the end of day felt dusty inside and out—dusty in their very souls. A woman inspector going through the boardinghouses noted a lack of sociability among the girls. They were grim; they went into the diningroom without exchanging nods. They had got through another day, and that was that.

Sometimes they complained because the boarding houses lacked fire escapes or because the streets on which they fronted were unlighted. But for the most part they endured what had to be endured and laid plans for getting married.

Their boardinghouses were usually neat enough. The floors of the rooms were mostly bare and unpainted, but there might be a strip of gay carpeting in front of a bureau and a saltbox on the windowsill filled with pansies or geraniums in pots. They hired or bought stoves and filed them from a big painted woodbox. The parietal regulations were not too severe. They must be in their rooms by ten at night, but if they gave good reason for a later hour, they could have a latchkey.

The best authorities agreed that the law making 12 years the legal age for girl employes ought to be enforced: ten hours was a long day even for the 12-year-olds.

In time they learned some bad habits; and chewing snuff was especially frowned upon by the supervisors. "Scouring", it was called. Bored by the monotony, the girls fled away into the secret places and rubbed snuff on their gums with the cotton waste used to clean machinery.

"Girls will scour and sometimes it makes them dizzy," said an inspector. More liable to make them dizzy was the habit of tightlacing, which gave them

marvelously small waists but pushed their shoulderblades out too far. Indian girls dressed more naturally, and came to work corsetless and stocking less, in slippers.

And if they got married, they were still not clear of the knitting and the weaving. Women with families would knit horse-nets in their spare time. They got six cents apiece for these, and a good knitter could knit a horse-net in three hours. Often the women sat knitting long after the rest of the family were in bed, because six cents was still six cents.

No doubt the horses at least were grateful. And Maine had a lot of them, both workhorses and trotters. General Knox had run a mile in two minutes and nineteen seconds, and there was a general feeling that it had been a mistake to sell him out of the state. Nine horses sired by the General had sold for over $100,000; and there was no reason why Maine should not continue to supply the demand, people said. And so said the knitting-women.

As if General Knox had set the pace everywhere, the wheels were turning faster; in the mills, and on the rails too. Trains leaving Portland at 6.15 a. m. reached Boston at 10.50 a. m. A Livermore scribe with a flair for prophecy asked: "Will our children travel from Livermore to the Hub in half an hour, and from the Hub to the moon in half a day?"

But with all this quickening of industry, the voices of working people could be heard protesting. A Portland hostler testified: "I have never been helped by the city, but it is a hard rub to live. We seldom have beef and pastry never. We live upon vegetables and cheap soupbones." . . . Said a Bar Harbor painter: "Provisions of all kinds are very high, and the best we can do is to make one hand wash the other. God in his loving kindness permits the sun to shine on the poor as well as the rich and in Him do we put our trust."

Conclusion

With the 20th Century, we come into current times, and here is a logical place for our Story of Maine to have a stop. Not that Maine stops—for like time itself, she marches on. The last 50 years are crowded with developments.

That "grand resource"—water power — described by Walter Wells in 1869, has gone beyond even his anticipations; and Maine's modern dams have played a mighty part in the turning of her wheels and spindles.

Some industries, like ice-cutting and brick-making, have vanished. Wooden shipbuilding is gone; but Maine's yachtyards have a high prestige. And the recreation business is at a height which could not have been dreamed of by those who took a few casual summer boarders back in the eighties.

Maine's military record, in two world wars, is a brilliant continuation of her tradition in the field; and her giant contribution of merchant and naval vessels in these wars have proved that the legendary skills and aptitudes are still very much alive. They were called forth overnight, and performed miracles in steel ship-building which would have warmed the hearts of shipwrights of an elder day.

A thousand years have passed since the white man had his first glimpse of the coast of Maine, and the physical configuration of the scene has not altered very much. Katahdin's knife-edge still takes the light of the morning sun first of all places in the United States. The trees of the forests are not so tall as in the years when Dunbar put the King's broad arrow on them; but the State is far from denuded, despite all the cutting. The rivers run through hard-rock beds, and the falls, the pitches, are still sharp and serviceable.

And the character of the people, molded by the trials and hardships of three centuries, has changed as little as Maine's own granite ribs. It is a blend of all the races that came and saw and conquered—French, Scotch, English, Irish, German—first selected in a pioneering age for strength, courage, durability and the power of makeshift, and transmitting these qualities to their remote descendants.

We see it best in those prominent characters of whom the written record speaks; but we know well that the same qualities must have animated the hearts and hands of the men and women who make the great silent foundation-deep of history. Their deeds are lost to us, but it will not do to say that their names were writ in water.

They are shadowy now, but they had compelling substance once. The forward thrust of history could have been nothing without them. Sir William Phips could not have salvaged that fabulous treasure of his without a crew of stout Maine seamen to fist in sail for him. They are dust now, their shouts are gone with the wind, but they did a good sea-job in their day. And so Sir William Pepperrell could not have worn the scarlet coat of a conqueror without the valiant soldiers who took Louisburg for him, when all the world said it was impregnable. Nor could the great MacDonough have won the battle of Plattsburg Bay without the Maine shipwrights who built his flotilla for him.

They did a good job, and they are gone; but they bequeathed to us the momentum which carries us along. They loved Maine and looked back to Maine even when they planted her standards far beyond her borders. Prince Talleyrand said that seaman were an idle and transitory tribe roving over the sea with no fixed affections anywhere; but Mane seamen gave the lie to that.

Maine rayed out her forces to the ends of the earth, but she was the magnet which drew these forces back, in the end. Nobody ever willingly forsook her; nobody ever left her to seek name and fame in faraway places but he made a private resolution to come back and make his peace with her at last. And to this day, wherever Maine men "pitch" — and they have made the fortunes of a good many other places — they do not forget the heritage so slowly builded from the deep past.